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WEATHER

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Booming back to the Eighties

Shares soar and credit card sales set a new record

MICHAEL HARRISON and MAGUS GRIMOND

Fresh evidence that Britain is on the verge of an Eighties-style boom emerged yesterday as the stock market soared to an all-time high, spending by plastic broke new records and an influential survey forecast the biggest rise yet in house prices.

The triple whammy of upbeat news on the economy raised hopes of a further cut in interest rates but also revived fears of an unsustainable consumer boom in the run-up to the next election.

The FTSE-100 index of Britain's leading companies ended the day 35.5 points higher at a record 3,873 as lower public borrowing figures and renewed hopes of interest-rate cuts sent shares soaring.

Meanwhile, a report from the National Institute of Economic and Social Research said that economic conditions were now similar to those a decade ago when Britain witnessed the biggest boom in the property market since the Second World War.

The institute is predicting an increase in house prices of more than 10 per cent next year. The euphoria in the City of London was spurred by a spate of recent good economic news, culminating yesterday in further evidence of booming sales to the consumer and strong public finances.

John Lewis, the department store chain, revealed that sales rose 23 per cent in the first week of August, compared with a year ago. It expected sales to be 7.5 per cent higher in the latest six months of the year.

Meanwhile, the British Retail Consortium said that credit-card sales in the high street broke the £1bn barrier for the first time in the second quarter of the year.

Andrew Sentance, BRC's senior economic adviser, said this reflected the general improvement in the climate over the first half of the year.

Economists said official figures showing that central and local government repaid £1.66bn in debt last month had put the Government's forecasts for public borrowing back on track and would strengthen the hand of the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, for tax cuts in November's Budget.

Hopes that he may override the opposition of Eddie George, Governor of the Bank of England, to further interest-rate cuts were fuelled by rumours that the Bundesbank may lower German rates on Thursday.

Adam Cole, an economist at stockbrokers HSBC James Capel, said the Chancellor could "hang another rate cut" on last week's inflation figures, which showed the underlying rate of retail price rises unchanged in the three months to July, while the underlying level of industry's costs are at their lowest for a generation.

But yesterday's borrowing figures will give renewed encouragement to Mr Clarke, who has hoped to cut taxes as well in his November Budget. After overshooting the Treasury's £26.9bn target so far this year, economists said the July figures are back in line.

However, observers warned that much of yesterday's enthusiasm could dry up later in the year. The market was partly driven by technical considerations deriving from the futures market and political uncertainties and arguments over monetary policy could return to haunt equities.

Richard Kersley, at brokers Barclays de Zoete Wedd, warned that markets had not factored in fully the prospect of a Labour government and said new worries may emerge around the time of the party conferences in the autumn.

"Squabbles between Eddie George and Ken Clarke, concerns that monetary policy is too loose," he said. The NIESR said that the real cost of buying a house was at its lowest level since 1989. It also pointed to the high level of loans that banks and building societies are prepared to advance against properties. It estimates that the loan-to-value ratio is the highest since mortgage lending was deregulated 30 years ago.

Earlier this week the Halifax, Britain's biggest mortgage lender, gave a further boost to the housing market by offering to indemnify buyers from being caught by negative equity.

Footsie hits new highs, page 16

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How Methley Terrace launched a turf war against the car



Grass grows under their feet: Children playing in Leeds before and after Transport 2000 and local residents launched the Streets for People campaign to encourage traffic reduction

Photographs: John Houlihan/Guzelian; PA

NHS not to fund octuplet treatment

LIZ HUNT Health Editor

The "cash for foetuses" controversy surrounding Mandy Allwood, the woman pregnant with eight babies, took a new twist last night when the Midlands health authority responsible for her care said it would not pay for her specialist treatment in London.

An assumption that Ms Allwood's medical bills would be met by the NHS of the World, with which she and her partner Paul Hudson signed a six-figure deal, turned out to be false. Solihull Health Authority said Ms Allwood's GP had contacted it asking if it would pay for her care under Professor Kypros Nicolaides, a renowned ante-natal expert at King's College Hospital, London.

Senior health authority officials yesterday rejected the request, arguing that that Ms Allwood, 31, would receive expert care far more cheaply in a Birmingham maternity hospital. A spokesman denied that the deal with the newspaper had influenced the decision.

Dr Michael Deakin, a consultant in public health medicine, said: "We would have reached the same decision whether or not a newspaper was involved. It is important for her to have excellent maternity care locally and it is available. It is ridiculous that she should be living in Solihull but being cared for by someone in London."

However, a consultant obstetrician in the Midlands, who asked not to be named, said that

the health authority was bluffing. "There is no doubt that a pregnancy like this requires the top-level care and equipment that is available in the NHS, and that is at King's," he said. "What they don't want to do is fork out taxpayers' money - and who can blame them - for the care of someone who may receive hundreds of thousands of pounds for babies born on the NHS."

Ms Allwood, who is 14 weeks pregnant, has been under the care of Professor Nicolaides since she was referred to him by the private hospital where she underwent fertility treatment with drugs.

He has appealed to the NHS of the World to cancel its contract with the couple. Professor Nicolaides, who is refusing to comment on the new development, has advised Ms Allwood to undergo selective abortion of six foetuses to safeguard her own health and ensure she has some surviving babies.

A spokesman for King's said that the hospital had no choice but to refuse treatment for Ms Allwood if her local health authority would not fund it. The NHS of the World said that Ms Allwood's treatment was a private matter for herself and her doctors.

However, Max Clifford, the PR guru representing the couple, said: "Mandy would be delighted if she could return home to Solihull and get the high level of care and equipment needed for her safety and that of her babies. But she has been told by Professor Nicolaides that she needs to be in London."

Cheating universities poach thousands of students

FRAN ABRAMS Education Correspondent

Thousands of students are being poached by universities which often simply telephone them and offer them places after seeing their A-level results, the head of the admissions service has warned.

Some universities are encouraging young people to apply direct to them, bypassing the admissions regulations, while others are looking at the A-level grades and phoning up students who have done better than expected.

Further education colleges which run higher education courses have been particularly hard hit, with some saying that in past years they have lost hundreds of students to poachers from universities. They only know that this has been happening when their new recruits fail to turn up in September.

Some sources say that many new universities would not be concerned even if the official admissions system collapsed, as they get a majority of their students

by unofficial means. The official way for students to get into university is to apply through the admissions service before Christmas the previous year. They can then accept one offer and keep another for lower grades as a kind of insurance. If they meet the necessary requirements of either one, they must take it up. The clearing system exists to match up spare places with students who have nowhere to go.

Tony Higgins, chief executive of the Universities and Colleges Admissions Service (Ucas), has written to vice-chancellors in an attempt to persuade them not to take part in any underhand dealings.

Too many students are being asked by universities to bypass the official system, he says, and some have even drawn up their own application forms for unofficial entrants.

Mr Higgins has also written to several universities individually to warn them that there have been complaints about their recruitment methods.

He said the system was set up

to prevent chaos and to help both students and universities. A proposed system under which everyone would apply after the A-level results came out would prevent such problems occurring, he added.

"All freedom is based on restrictions. The whole system is geared to the candidates' needs so that everybody is applying under the same rules. Universities don't want to find in October that they are thousands light of their targets," he said.

Julian Gravatt, senior registrar at Lewisham College, south London, said it had lost students in the past, often to much larger institutions. "Both the university and the student would say that it was better for them, but it isn't always true. There is a possible problem with drop-out along the line because those places don't offer the supportive environment to students that we can," he said.

Ted Neild, spokesman for the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, condemned the practice. Before the central admissions service was set up in 1961, universities never knew how many of their students would turn up because they might easily have accepted two or more offers, he said.

"Actions like these, if they are occurring, pose a threat to the integrity of the central admissions service which has done everybody so much good."

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QUICKLY

£70m to smash IRA
The Callaghan and Thatcher Governments blew more than £70m on the ill-fated De Lorean project in the hope it would help provide "a hammer blow to the IRA", according to secret Government papers. Page 2

Costly commissioner
Gill Rowlands, Commissioner for Protection against Unlawful Industrial Action, cost taxpayers £92,803 last year, and was unable to help any of those who asked for her help. Page 4

Lebed on offensive

Boris Yeltsin's special envoy to Chechnya, Alexander Lebed, yesterday demanded the dismissal of Russia's powerful Interior Minister, Anatoly Kulikov, denouncing him as "one of the main culprits in the war". Page 9

Blyton snubbed
While towns across Britain prepare to celebrate Enid Blyton's centenary, the town council in Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, where she lived and worked for 30 years, has forgotten its most famous daughter. Page 5

CONTENTS

Section 1
BUSINESS & CITY 16-17
COMMENT 11-13
CROSSWORD 26
FAITH & REASON 15
GAZETTE 14-15
LEADING ARTICLES 11
LETTERS 13
OBITUARIES 14-15
SHARES 18
WEATHER 2
Weekend
ARTS 34
BOOKS 5-7
BRIDGE & CRESS 25
CHURCH SERVICES 24
COUNTRY 8

GARDENING

GOING OUT 24
LIVING 2
MONEY 21-22
OUTRIPS 19
PROPERTY 13
SHOPPING 9-11
TRAVEL 14-18
TV & RADIO 25-26

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on descends ce at Arsenal

sacking him. Winning a place in Europe with a team full of new blood and a style was a reasonable achievement. Especially when it was achieved by a team that was not even in the top flight of the league. The Arsenal manager, Arsène Wenger, was sacked yesterday after a run of four defeats in five games. Wenger had taken Arsenal to the top of the league last season, but they have since fallen to 11th place. Wenger's sacking is a surprise, as he has only been in charge for a short time. Arsenal's board of directors, led by chairman Peter Hill, decided to sack Wenger after a meeting yesterday. Hill said that Wenger had lost the confidence of the board. Wenger's last game in charge was a 2-1 defeat to Manchester United. Arsenal's next game is against Tottenham Hotspur on Sunday. Wenger's replacement has not yet been named.

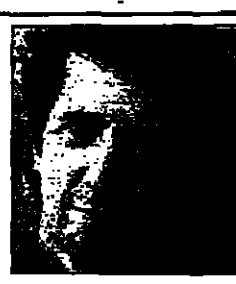
urnamen

Darby said: "In my opinion this is the first time that a player has said that about himself at the club." That statement goes over the limit, goes over the line, and is one that can go straight to the top of the club. Arsenal's board of directors, led by chairman Peter Hill, decided to sack Wenger after a meeting yesterday. Hill said that Wenger had lost the confidence of the board. Wenger's last game in charge was a 2-1 defeat to Manchester United. Arsenal's next game is against Tottenham Hotspur on Sunday. Wenger's replacement has not yet been named.

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Ulster scandal: Cabinet papers reveal that ministers wasted £70m to secure 'hammer blow'

De Lorean cash used in battle with IRA

ANTHONY BEVINS
and MICHAEL HARRISON

The Callaghan and Thatcher governments of the late 1970s and early 1980s blew more than £70m of public money on the ill-fated De Lorean car project in West Belfast, because it was hoped that it would help provide "a hammer blow to the IRA", according to previously secret government papers.

The revelation is one of several sensational disclosures in Cabinet and ministerial papers that are being released into the public domain by a New York court next week.

The hearing, in which the Government is suing auditors Arthur Andersen, is part of long-fought preliminaries before the action comes to court. It was decided on Thursday that the papers could be made public, and in a London press release last night the auditors provide the first evidence of how ministers repeatedly ignored warnings about De Lorean because they were so desperate to give Ulster jobs and good news.

The papers even include Cabinet minutes - which were notably excluded from the evidence given in the Matrix Churchill case. In one critical minute from July 1978, the

then Northern Ireland Secretary, Roy Mason, says it is "of the utmost political, social and psychological importance that the project should go ahead. This would be a hammer blow to the IRA". His advice followed a warning the previous week by the management consultants McKinsey and Co that "the chances of the project succeeding as planned are remote".

The profligacy did not end with Labour. In July 1980, the Thatcher government agreed to provide assistance, of £14m extendable to £21m, on the advice of the Northern Ireland Secretary, James Prior.

When De Lorean hit a further financial crisis the following February, the Cabinet was asked for a bank guarantee. It was argued: "We cannot settle this on commercial grounds alone. The De Lorean venture has become something of a symbol for HMG's commitment to Northern Ireland."

Mrs Thatcher wrote a note saying: "I take it this is the last [doubly underlined] help we give to this unwise project." The company went into liquidation one year later.

The Government began its legal action against Arthur Andersen in 1985, but 11 years later - and 14 years after De Lore-



Road to nowhere: John De Lorean in his ill-fated car in 1982. More than £70m was blown on the project Photograph: PA

an collapsed - the case has yet to come to court. It took two years just to decide which country the action should take place in: the auditors wanted it heard in Britain; the Northern Ireland Department of Economic Development wanted it held in the US, where courts can award triple damages in the event of the plaintiff successfully suing.

For two years between 1989 and 1991, the Government and Arthur Andersen fought a separate case over whether the Cabinet minutes and other confidential Whitehall documents relating to the collapse should be made available to the defence. Such documents are not normally released for 30 years, but the court eventually ruled

in Arthur Andersen's favour. In April this year, Judge Mukasey of the New York southern district court dismissed the Government's case for the action to be heard under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organisations Act, which would have permitted it to claim damages of up to \$1bn.

The judge also told the Government that if it wanted to keep any of the Cabinet documents under seal then it would have to show compelling justification. On Thursday night, in an historic ruling, he decided that it had not done so.

In the last five years, depositions have been taken in writing and on video camera from hundreds of witnesses, includ-

ing government ministers involved at the time, senior civil servants and consultants. Until yesterday they remained locked in lawyers' safes in New York.

The team of consultants from McKinsey and Co that advised the Government on the project was led by Sir John Banham, who went on to become director general of the CBI and head of the Government Commission on Local Government.

In his deposition, Sir John says: "There are very few projects where hindsight and foresight seem quite so clearly aligned."

De Lorean Motors was formed in 1978 when John De Lorean, now 71, a former Chrysler executive, persuaded the then Labour government to

back his dream of a stainless steel, gull-winged sports car. The Government's Department of Economic Development ploughed £78m into the project, much of which was siphoned off into Swiss bank accounts by Mr De Lorean and other senior executives. The venture finally collapsed in 1982 with the loss of more than 2,000 jobs. Only 8,333 cars were built.

Although a warrant was issued for Mr De Lorean's arrest, he never faced trial. In 1984, he was acquitted of cocaine trafficking after a US jury decided he had been entrapped by FBI undercover agents.

SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

The Defence Secretary, Michael Portillo, said yesterday that the Conservatives would robustly defend their "demonic" Tony Blair poster, after the chairman of the Advertising Standards Authority confirmed it was a possible breach of its code. The "New Labour, New Danger" poster, depicting the Labour leader with fiery eyes, was compared by Mr Portillo to the 1992 campaign poster, issued by Labour, which featured then-Chancellor, Norman Lamont, as "Vatman", in Batman garb. *Anthony Bevis*

A dozen RUC officers and their families have had to flee their homes because of threats, police revealed last night. They were forced out in the aftermath of the Orange Order stand-off at Drumcree, loyalist protests over the handling of the Apprentice Boys parade in Londonderry and a march in the village of Dunloy, Co Antrim.

Finding a resting place for the symbolic rock of Scotland's ancient sovereignty, the Stone of Scone, will prove to be a difficult choice. The Secretary of State, Michael Forsyth, put the matter out for public consultation. Almost 80 suggestions, some brilliant, some bizarre, some expected, had been submitted by the deadline yesterday. Odds-on favourite is Edinburgh Castle. St Giles Cathedral on Edinburgh's Royal Mile is also in the running.

Ulster's meat plants were under pressure last night to resume the BSE cattle cull. It was suspended by the Meat Exporters' Association after negotiations with the Department of Agriculture over the cost of killing the 30-month-old cattle broke down. Ulster Farmers' Union president Greer McCollum said: "They should stop playing around with the livelihoods of beef farmers."

Richard Burden: In the issue of 9 August, Don Macintyre wrote that the Labour MP Richard Burden had last year accused Tony Blair of being Stalin in the making. While making sharp criticisms of Mr Blair's leadership style, Mr Burden did not compare him to Stalin.

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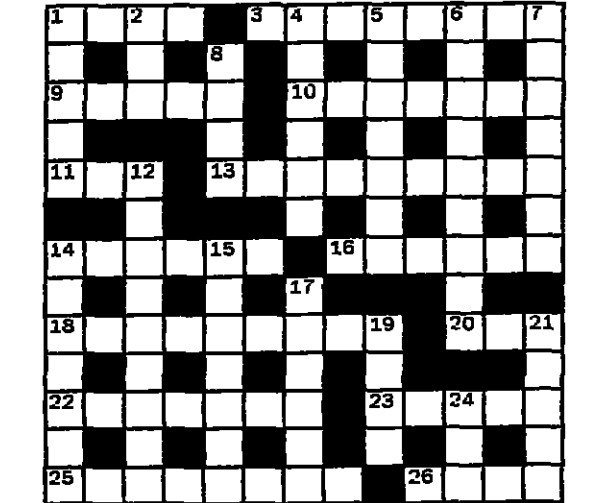
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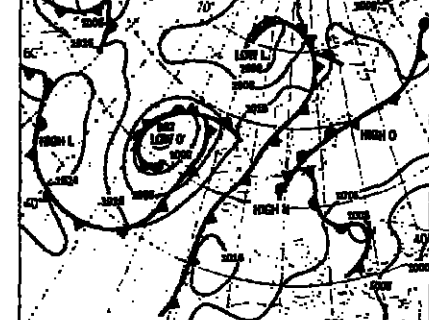
- ACROSS**
- Tip (4)
 - Apprehended (8)
 - Light wood (5)
 - Dramatic scene (7)
 - Gentle blow (3)
 - Continental roll (9)
 - Ghost (6)
 - Mongrol (6)
 - Harsh (9)
 - Health resort (3)
 - Express strong disapproval of (7)
 - Bric-a-brac article (5)
 - Anything much sought-after (4,4)
 - Leave out (4)
- DOWN**
- Custom (5)
 - Zero (3)
 - Share (6)
 - Legation (7)
 - Reference book (9)
 - Cowed (7)
 - Soft, pliable mineral (4)
 - Chief (9)
 - Lively party (7)
 - Thoroughly chilled (3-4)
 - Precious stones (6)
 - Credit (4)
 - Concerning (5)
 - Edge (3)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:
ACROSS: 1 Dollar, 4 Might (Dolomite), 8 Ulcer, 9 San Juan, 10 Landing, 11 Flare, 12 Err, 13 Acid, 15 Each, 18 Rum, 21 Ally, 23 Amateur, 25 Pithier, 26 Evict, 27 Range, 28 Attend, DOWN: 1 Double, 2 Laconic, 3 Ahipper, 4 Monk, 5 Gravel, 6 Tundra, 7 Usage, 13 Red alert, 16 Crevise, 17 Dapper, 19 Maybe, 20 Granted, 22 Latin, 24 Very.

Notes

NOON FORECAST

Light rain, with some sun, and a freshening southerly wind. The weather will be cloudy with rain and a freshening southerly wind. The weather will be cloudy with rain and a freshening southerly wind.



Low L and Q are moving north-east. High H is slow moving with little change in central pressure.

Location	Temp	Wind	Cloud	Temp	Wind	Cloud
London	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	London	12-15	Partly cloudy
Birmingham	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Birmingham	12-15	Partly cloudy
Manchester	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Manchester	12-15	Partly cloudy
Newcastle	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Newcastle	12-15	Partly cloudy
Glasgow	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Glasgow	12-15	Partly cloudy
Edinburgh	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Edinburgh	12-15	Partly cloudy
Cardiff	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Cardiff	12-15	Partly cloudy
Belfast	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Belfast	12-15	Partly cloudy

WORLD WEATHER

For more details, see page 10. For more details, see page 10.

Location	Temp	Wind	Cloud	Temp	Wind	Cloud
London	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	London	12-15	Partly cloudy
Birmingham	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Birmingham	12-15	Partly cloudy
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Newcastle	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Newcastle	12-15	Partly cloudy
Glasgow	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Glasgow	12-15	Partly cloudy
Edinburgh	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Edinburgh	12-15	Partly cloudy
Cardiff	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Cardiff	12-15	Partly cloudy
Belfast	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Belfast	12-15	Partly cloudy

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Birmingham	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Birmingham	12-15	Partly cloudy
Manchester	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Manchester	12-15	Partly cloudy
Newcastle	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Newcastle	12-15	Partly cloudy
Glasgow	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Glasgow	12-15	Partly cloudy
Edinburgh	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Edinburgh	12-15	Partly cloudy
Cardiff	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Cardiff	12-15	Partly cloudy
Belfast	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Belfast	12-15	Partly cloudy

Independent Weatherline

For more details, see page 10. For more details, see page 10.

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London	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	London	12-15	Partly cloudy
Birmingham	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Birmingham	12-15	Partly cloudy
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Edinburgh	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Edinburgh	12-15	Partly cloudy
Cardiff	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Cardiff	12-15	Partly cloudy
Belfast	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Belfast	12-15	Partly cloudy

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London	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	London	12-15	Partly cloudy
Birmingham	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Birmingham	12-15	Partly cloudy
Manchester	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Manchester	12-15	Partly cloudy
Newcastle	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Newcastle	12-15	Partly cloudy
Glasgow	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Glasgow	12-15	Partly cloudy
Edinburgh	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Edinburgh	12-15	Partly cloudy
Cardiff	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Cardiff	12-15	Partly cloudy
Belfast	12-15	SW 10-15	Partly cloudy	Belfast	12-15	Partly cloudy

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Source: The Met Office

مركزنا من الامارات

Theatre pioneer attacks Fringe

MARIANNE MACDONALD
Arts Correspondent

Criticism of the Edinburgh Festival heightened yesterday when one of the city's best-known arts entrepreneurs attacked the state of the Fringe. This followed the anxieties expressed earlier by Professor George Steiner that the Festival had lost its sense of purpose.

Yesterday, Richard Demarco, one of the founders of the Traverse Theatre in Edinburgh, the country's first fringe theatre, lamented the decline in quality of the city's Fringe Festival and its increasing domination by stand-up comedians.

At a debate on the role of the 50-year-old Edinburgh Festival in the next millennium he said: "In the old days 90 per cent of what was on at the Fringe was of high quality. Now there are hundreds, even thousands, of theatrical events but the fact is that you cannot be sure everything will be good."

"There has also been a terrible increase in the number of stand-up comics. There are so many it has become an infestation with it impossible to keep out. I've loved comedy all my life, but I want to see more of a balance between comedy and tragedy in the Fringe."

Mr Demarco, who is showing the first British exhibition of the work of the ex-convict sculptor Jimmy Boyle for 12 years, said there was also a danger that the visual arts would become totally eradicated from the Festival.

Major exhibitions of Velázquez and Giacometti were being given the same status in the Fringe Festival programme as other, more minor shows.

"That is ridiculous," he told the audience at the Demarco European Art Foundation.

The organisers must also take more trouble to encourage performers from places such as

Bosnia, Romania and Russia, he said. "So many of the hundreds of millions of people who were cut off from us in the Cold War earn \$40 a month. Unless they are famous, how on earth can they afford to come here? And how are they going to come here if all we can give them is a small space?"

John Calder, the Scottish publisher who was also involved in the founding of the Traverse in the early 1960s in a bid to retain the Festival spirit in Edinburgh all year round, said the Festival was under-promoted.

"It's amazing how little the Festival is known around the world and I think the Scottish Tourist Office does an extremely bad job in publicising it. There's something wrong with Edinburgh in that it's still a secret. People who come here love it but not enough people know about it."

In future, he believed, the Fringe would expand to include more performances of opera and ballet. As subsidies continue to be drastically cut people will have to find ways of raising their own money, often under impossible conditions. The arts in the future are going to be about basic simplicity and they will have to work out how to accomplish this.

But Mr Demarco added that in its previous half-century, the annual Festival had done much to change the Scots' down-tendency and their "Knoxian Presbyterian prejudice against anything which gave one a smile."

"The Festival has somehow, little by little, related that the Scotsman may be full of people writing letters saying 'Why don't they clean up the beaches instead of throwing money away on the Arts', but underneath it all they can now afford to face the fact that life can be about joy."

Writers' roots: No celebration for centenary of Noddy's creator



Culture classic: Edmund Burke, the 18th-century political writer, upstages Enid Blyton, the popular children's author. Beaconsfield forgot her birthday



Blyton abandoned by her birthplace

REBECCA FOWLER

There will be no lashings of ginger beer, no buns for tea and no jolly larks in Beaconsfield next summer. While the rest of Britain is preparing to celebrate Enid Blyton's centenary, the local town council in Buckinghamshire has forgotten the birthday of its most famous daughter.

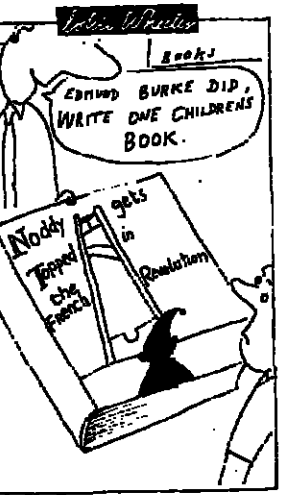
The celebrated children's writer, who was born in August 1897 and lived in Beaconsfield for 30 years, wrote more than 700 children's books in her lifetime. Among the most well known were the Famous Five adventures of Anne, Dick, George, Julian, and Timmy the dog, and the Noddy books.

But Beaconsfield has chosen to honour the bicentenary of the death of an 18th-century political writer instead. Edmund Burke also lived in Beaconsfield, from where he went on to produce some of his own most famous works including *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. Lesley Mallinder, deputy mayor of Beaconsfield, said: "We are not snubbing Enid Blyton, this was not a deliberate attempt to not celebrate the centenary. It was an oversight."

We simply didn't realise it was the centenary next year. People are not terribly au fait with dates of things like that."

She added: "It may not be true of rest of Britain but Edmund Burke is more famous in Beaconsfield. There's only one road named after Enid Blyton, that's Blyton Close, but there are many after Burke. We're not against a celebration, but we couldn't have anything that clashed."

Many of Blyton's books have



attracted the ire of the politically correct in recent years, for their racism and sexism, and some libraries banned them from their shelves, but the council insisted the absence of a celebration was purely an oversight.

Despite the indifference in Beaconsfield, a number of national celebrations have been organised. Trocadero, which bought up Blyton's work for £13m earlier this year, has set up publishing, broadcast and merchandising deals.

The Royal Mail will also launch a set of commemorative stamps, and Noddy, whose adventures have been translated into 30 different languages including Latin, is being given a place on the Internet. The television dramas will include the Famous Five, Amelia Jane and the Secret Seven.

Gillian Baverstock, the author's eldest daughter who is organising the centenary year for Enid Blyton Limited, was stoical about the lack of celebrations in Beaconsfield. She said: "I suppose if the town council can only afford to celebrate one author, then Burke is a tremendous political figure. There will be plenty of countrywide celebrations for my mother."



Carefree days: Noddy and Big Ears were not to know that in years to come they'd be considered politically incorrect

Talking up a £2m storm in the name of art

Artspeople
with David Lister

When is a deadline not a deadline? When it is in the persuasive vocabulary of Mr Tim Clifford, director of the National Galleries of Scotland.

Mr Clifford has won his campaign to keep Guernica's 17th-century painting, *Erminia Finding the Wounded Tancréd*, from going to the Getty Museum in California. But the dramatic midnight deadline on Thursday to raise the £2.8m to keep it in Scotland was actually dramatic licence on the part of Mr Clifford. He knew that an anonymous benefactor had pledged to make up the difference if the appeal failed to raise the cash. Mr Clifford just wanted public donations to continue so the outstanding amount would be as low as possible.

I suppose being economical with the truth is permissible in the name of art. It was disingenuous Mr Tim Clifford... after midnight.

The success of *Independence Day* as a special-effects science-fiction blockbuster is a little unnerving for its star, Jeff Goldblum. "We thought it was a comedy," says Goldblum. "The special effects were added later, and amazed the cast as much as the audiences. The actors' bank managers can live with it, though."

Here's one for theatrical trivia quizzes. Who is the only female performer to have won all four of the biggest show business awards - Oscar, Tony, Grammy and Emmy?

The answer is Rita Moreno, the American star who played Anita in the film *West Side Story*. The 64-year-old actress/singer is taking over the role of Norma Desmond in Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Sunset Boulevard* on the London stage for eight weeks, from 9 September while the present incumbent Petula Clark is on holiday. The holiday relief could prove the most interesting of Sir Andrew's many Normas.

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NT SHORTS

Michael Portillo, said yesterday would robustly defend their seat, after the chairman of the charity confirmed it was in a. The 'New Labour. Now the Labour leader with fiery eyes, also to the 1992 campaign poster, featured then-Chancellor, Norman Lamont garb. Anthony Berris

and their families have had to flee threats, police revealed last night in the aftermath of the Orange, loyalist protests over the ce Boys parade in Londonderry and Derry, Co Antrim.

ed for the symbolic rock of ercigny, the Stone of Scone, will be. The Secretary of State, matter out for public consultation, are brilliant, some bizarre, some dited by the deadline yesterday, Edinburgh Castle, St Giles' Royal Mile is also in the running.

were under pressure last night to call. It was suspended by the lion after negotiations with the ce over the cost of killing the 30-reen. Elderly farmers' Union said: "They should stop playing off of beef farmers."

in issue of 9 August, Don MacIntyre MP Richard Burden had last of being Stalin in the making. While of Mr Blair's leadership style. Mr Blair to Stalin.

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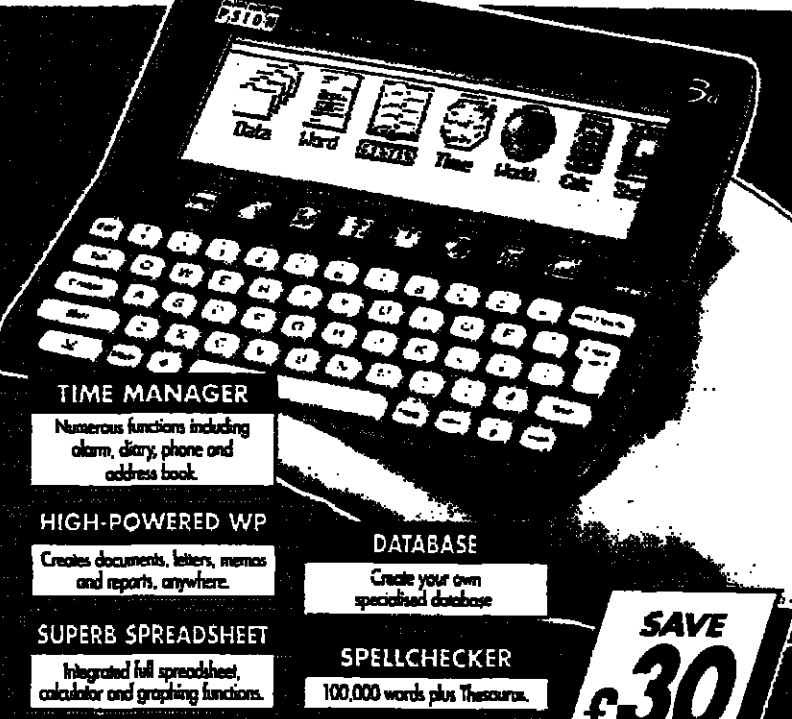
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Dixons There's a great deal going on

Jubilant Dole rides high on media hype



Pap culture: Bob Dole, pictured with wife Elizabeth, left nothing to chance at this year's convention: no serious gaffes, no juicy rumours and no visible splits. Photograph: AP

'I will betray nothing'

Rising in the polls and bolstered by \$62m of new federal funds, Republican presidential candidate Bob Dole headed out yesterday for the campaign trail, promising sweeping tax cuts and a return to vanished old-time values as the cure for America's ills, writes Rupert Cornwell.

In a rousing finale to a hugely successful convention here, Mr Dole placed the issues of trust and honesty at the forefront of his forthcoming election battle with Bill Clinton - "not merely whether the people trust the President", but whether the President and his party trusted the people. "I will betray nothing," Mr Dole told 2,800 cheering, flag-waving delegates.

Hitting what will be a key theme this autumn, Mr Dole contrasted a "Clinton administration elite who never grew up, never did anything real, never sacrificed and never suffered", with his record as a man "tested by adversity, made sensitive by hardship". He presented his 73 years as the key to recapturing a lost golden age.

Yesterday Mr Dole and his running mate, Jack Kemp, held an oceanside departure ceremony before starting a cross-country swing through Colorado, Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania, all states the Democrats won in 1992.

The ticket must now build on the momentum of San Diego. But Republicans are taking heart from a CNN poll before Thursday's acceptance speech, showing a convention "bounce" which has already halved Mr Clinton's lead from 22 per cent to 11 per cent. The money shortage which has plagued Dole is also no more, with the arrival of federal funds for the official Republican nominee.

In his 56-minute speech, he stressed traditional Republican themes, promising lower taxes, a crackdown on crime, hardened foreign and defence policies, and higher personal standards: "Permissiveness and destructive behaviour must be opposed". The Republican party was "broad and inclusive" and resolutely opposed to discrimination. "If you don't agree, the exit signs are clearly marked," he told delegates to loud applause.

Rupert Cornwell on the Republican Party's triumph of administration over substance

San Diego — Never have so many spent so much time communicating so little of importance. All week, the handsome city of San Diego has been host to 2,000 delegates attending the Republican national convention, a formidable contingent but swamped by 15,000 members of the American and world press. The invasion has brought \$160m (£104m) into the coffers of one of the most affluent municipalities of the US. But for what?

THE US PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

Before Bob Dole's acceptance speech on Thursday evening, this mighty media army had been tossed scarcely a crumb of news: not a single decent row, barely a visible split, not a serious gaffe, not even a juicy rumour to chase; nothing, in short, that had not been programmed in advance.

By day one, the erstwhile rebel Pat Buchanan had made peace with the Dole camp. Pundit speeches were timed to the nano-second and purged of the slightest controversy. Bar-

conservative war-dance that terrified moderate voters and may well have doomed George Bush. Never would such a mistake be made again, the new party chairman Haley Barbour vowed, and made no secret of the fact. But the networks committed a crucial error in disclosing their plans to limit prime-time coverage to one hour per night.

At once the Republican schedulers got to work. Less-than-popular figures such as Newt Gingrich were kept out of prime time, and the most divisive, like Pat Buchanan, kept off the podium completely. The cast was packed with women, minorities and, above all, moderates. A Marian in San Diego this week would have had no idea that the Christian right, accounting for 60 per cent of delegates, but considered dangerously extremist in swathes of the population, even existed.

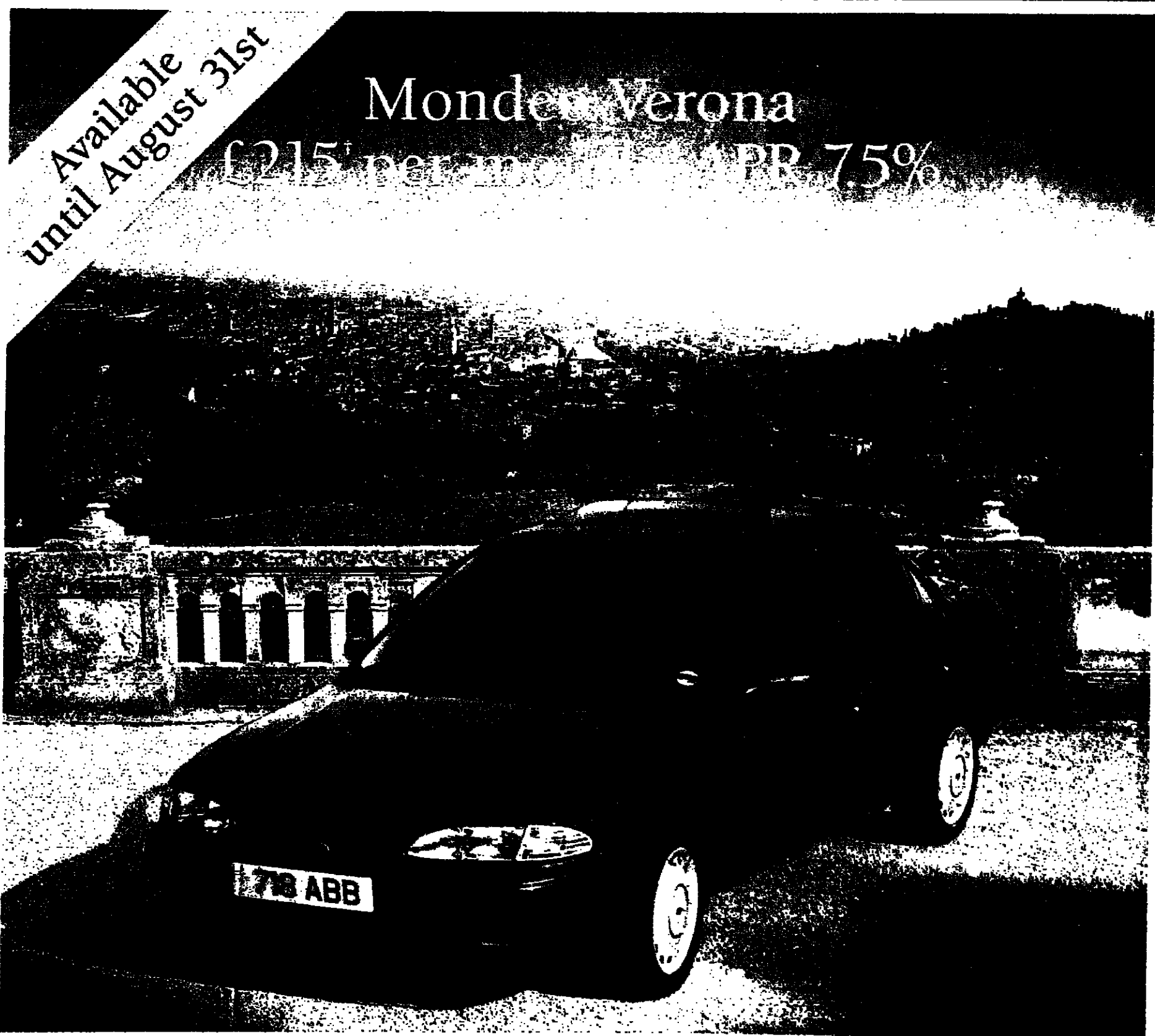
And the Republicans, convinced (with some justification) that the media are biased in favour of the Democrats, made sure nothing would disturb the Marian's peace of mind. That hour of prime time was chopped up into snappy segments, each lasting a few minutes. Gone were the windy introductory speeches, during which a network could roll out pundits to place their jaundiced spin on proceedings. Cleverly, the organisers built in a few "down" minutes for commercial breaks, but the rest was a seamless promotion of the party message. Take it or leave it, the networks were told. For the most part, they have taken it.

In terms of dictating what appeared on American TV screens, therefore, it has been game, set and match to the Republicans. Anchormen whose fame is eclipsed only by the President himself have been reduced to crying foul. One of them, Ted Koppel, host of ABC's admirable *Nightline* programme, stumped out of San Diego saying there was "no news to report".

But the victory may prove Pyrrhic. A political party needs positive coverage — but above all it needs coverage. Good news is no news, and modern conventions may be sweet-talking themselves into network oblivion. ABC's convention viewers on Tuesday were just 4.5 million, compared with the 15 million who tuned into its *Home Improvement* sitcom an hour earlier at 9pm. NBC and CBS did no better, and even Colin Powell on Monday could not prevent a 20 per cent drop in total operating night audience, compared with Houston in 1992.

In truth, 1996 may be the last year in which the major networks bother with the conventions. Conventions are not only a ratings bomb, but in this era of contested primaries and candidates' debates, no longer a vital component of the election process. Nevertheless, full coverage of them is available on CNN and the specialist public affairs channel, C-SPAN, which reach more than two-thirds of American homes. Herein surely lies the future of convention coverage. And perhaps 15,000 media folk will find better employment for their time.

Nation's gun crisis, page 9



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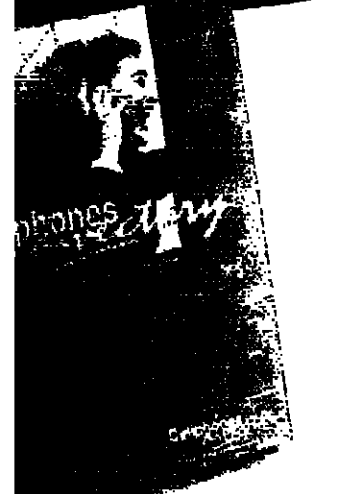
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Kremlin struggle: As battle to replace Yeltsin goes public, a separatist commander talks of his determination to fight on

Lebed blasts rival for fuelling Chechen war

PHIL REEVES
Moscow

The battle ground in the Chechen conflict switched abruptly from the Caucasus to the Kremlin yesterday when Alexander Lebed, Boris Yeltsin's special envoy to the republic, demanded the dismissal of Russia's powerful Interior Minister, Anatoly Kulikov.

The former general publicly denounced the minister as "one of the main culprits in the war", and implied his ministry was behind attempts to foment conflict in neighbouring republics.

His onslaught, made after he returned from talks in Chechnya with the rebel leadership, prompted a furious showdown in Moscow, where recriminations are flying over Russia's loss of Grozny to separatist forces.

Mr Kulikov accused Mr Lebed of being "engaged in the maniac pursuit of power". The minister, who said he was drafting a resignation letter, was also critical of the Kremlin, citing a "crisis in Russian power".

He said his ministry's thousands of troops in the republic were "catastrophically" underfunded and undermanned. He complained that he had repeatedly appealed in vain for the imposition of a state of emergency in Chechnya.

There was no indication yesterday of Mr Yeltsin's response to the brawl, although it suggests that his grip on his government is weakening. The President's aides say he is working for only two to three hours a day as he struggles to recover from the "colossal weariness" caused by the elections which ended more than six weeks ago.

Mr Lebed's outburst is yet another step in his campaign to consolidate power after being swept into high office in June by Mr Yeltsin. After he won 10 million votes, the President appointed him secretary of the Security Council. He has since placed him in charge of settling the Chechen crisis.

Within two months, Mr Lebed has secured the scalp of his arch-enemy, the former

Defence Minister, Pavel Grachev. He has led a purge in the senior ranks of the army, ousting a handful of generals. He has played a major role in the removal of Mr Yeltsin's hardline confidant, Alexander Korzhakov, and the dismissal of the head of the KGB-style Federal Security Service, Mikhail Barsukov. He has also persuaded President Yeltsin to greatly increase the power of the Security Council.

Mr Lebed accused Mr Kulikov of having "a Napoleon complex". He alleged he had caught agents of the Interior ministry spying on him. He announced that Mr Yeltsin had a choice to make: "only one of us can stay - Lebed or Kulikov." However, he later said this was not a threat to resign.

His remarks seem likely to deepen his conflict with Viktor Chernomyrdin, the Prime Minister, with whom he is engaged in an open battle over who will eventually replace Mr Yeltsin.

On Thursday, Mr Chernomyrdin unveiled his new

cabinet in which Mr Kulikov remained at his post, despite the Chechen débâcle. Nor is the Prime Minister likely to have welcomed other blunt remarks by his rival, including a warning that Russia was "on the verge of a social explosion".

Although Mr Lebed is creating enemies in the Kremlin, his approach appears to be winning friends in Chechnya, where the Russian Interior Ministry is loathed. The Chechen leader, Zelimkhan Yandarbiyev, has spoken warmly of Mr Lebed's efforts to create peace, saying he "deserved strong praise".

The separatists whom Mr Lebed met on Thursday yesterday underscored their approval by releasing 17 Russian hostages. Meanwhile, Russian and Chechen commanders met to negotiate an order suspending combat operations. But these moves towards peace face many hurdles. This includes opposition from the Russian military, who still cling to the belief that they can win outright.



Last hope: A Chechen fighter checks the papers of a woman trying to flee Grozny

Photograph: Robert King/AP

Rebel lord of Grozny revels in his triumph

CARLOTTA GALL
Grozny

The master of Grozny, Shamil Basayev, was sitting in a spartan room in a cellar in the city centre, nursing a wounded foot.

Though in pain, he seemed at ease and very much in control. Notorious for his raid on Budyonovsk last year, when his band of fighters seized more than 1,000 hostages in the town hospital, Mr Basayev, 31, has established himself as one of the most accomplished guerrilla leaders in the world.

Ten days ago he led 1,500 men in an audacious three-pronged attack on the garrison town of Grozny, reaching the centre within half an hour.

Since then the Chechen rebels have surrounded thousands of Russian troops in their command posts all over the city.

"[The Russians] can take the city back. It would take half a year and they would have to destroy the town. They can take it even in a month, but it would cost them 10,000 to 15,000 men," he said.

Mr Basayev, who commanded the defence of Grozny in the

first three months of the 20-month-old war, has presented Moscow with a big challenge. "The aim [of the operation] was to take the town and fight the Russian forces at close quarters," he said.

His fighters undoubtedly control most of Grozny, driving around in captured government Volga cars and police jeeps. Every district has its own headquarters with a top commander in charge.

Every approach to the Russian positions is manned by fighters, recognisable by their camouflage uniforms and berets with green Islamic headbands. The green flag of the independent Chechen Republic of Ichkeria, with its distinctive white-red-white bands, is seen on their uniforms or berets.

They were polite, especially to a journalist from Britain, which retains a good reputation in Chechnya from pre-revolutionary times. Any suspicion they showed was instantly dispelled by a pass bearing Mr Basayev's personal red stamp, with its emblem of the lone wolf.

He said he was not interested in attacking the small Russian posts dotted around the town and on the main bridges. The Chechen side had even prepared leaflets to hand out to the Russians, suggesting they surrender. Fighters would run up to deliver them after shouting to them to hold fire, he said.

The Russian soldiers did not want to fight, Mr Basayev said, and were reluctant to leave their bases to storm the town again. Mr Basayev said the rebels' patience had run out after Moscow went back on its word to end the war peacefully when it launched bombing raids in the mountains in July.

Asked if his humiliation of Russia would bring better results than peace talks, he said: "Do you not think Russia humiliated us for 300 years? It cannot even feed its own people, that is its humiliation. It should pay its hungry miners rather than spend money on this war. Soldiers were eating dogs from the streets here in January, they were so hungry," he said.

The mortars are landing on our land, killing our people, and ruining our mountains and villages," he said. Despite obvious tiredness and faintly shaking hands, Mr Basayev brightened when he described his fighters' success. They had captured several tanks and armoured personnel carriers, positioning them on the edge of the market to use against attacking helicopters and planes. The Russians now feared to fly close, he said.

He claimed he had personally shot down two planes with a machine gun in the battle for the town. He had lost only 35 men, with 80 wounded, few of them seriously. His estimates of Russian casualties ranged from 2,000 to 3,000, with over 200 armoured vehicles destroyed. He was sceptical about Alexander Lebed's efforts to end the conflict. "I do not believe a single Russian man. The Russians are not people who keep their word," he said. "But there is a hope that we can do something to resolve our fate."



'Do you not think Russia has humiliated us for 300 years?' - Shamil Basayev

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international



Suharto: Warned of risks

Suharto endorses 'red scare' and rules out political reform

RICHARD LLOYD PARRY

Thirty years after anti-Communist pogroms left half a million of his countrymen dead, President Suharto of Indonesia yesterday warned that the country is still at risk from left-wing insurgents, and rejected any possibility of reform after violent pro-democracy demonstrations in Jakarta last month.

Mr Suharto was giving his "state of the nation" speech, an

annual address marking the 51st anniversary of Indonesia's independence, which is celebrated today in parades and ceremonies across the country. Despite three decades of unchallenged rule, the president has never been noted for his powers as an orator. Apart from endorsing the "red scare" started by his generals three weeks ago, yesterday's speech was significant mainly for the subjects it failed to address: the

corruption, political uncertainty and economic inequity which, many Indonesians believe, lie at the root of the present unrest. Above all, he failed to mention his own plans for the next few years. 75-years-old and dogged by rumours of ill health, he is in the second half of his sixth unopposed term. Presidential elections will be held in 1998, and Mr Suharto has given no firm indication so far of whether or not he will stand.

The uncertainty about his intentions, and the lack of any obvious and credible successor, appear to be at the heart of simmering tensions which boiled over on 27 July in riots that left at least four people dead and a dozen buildings gutted. They were triggered by police raids on the headquarters of the Indonesian Democratic Party (PDI), and the arrest of followers of Megawati Sukarnoputri, the PDI's popular leader

who is campaigning for a reform of Indonesia's highly constrained political system. Within days of the riots, officers in the powerful Indonesian armed forces (Abri) were blaming them on the People's Democratic Party (PRD), a small left-wing organisation, which they likened to the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI). The PKI was persecuted into oblivion after an alleged coup attempt in 1966 in the

aftermath of which Mr Suharto came to power. In the last fortnight, the police and Abri have arrested dozens of PRD members on suspicion of the capital crime of subversion. "The imposition of one's will and changes by force, the destruction and burning of buildings and public facilities are acts of anarchy, undemocratic and irresponsible," Mr Suharto said yesterday. "These riots had nothing to do with democracy.

Their perpetrators and participants will be held accountable for their actions before the law ... We are determined never to allow the recurrence of a PKI rebellion in our homeland. "If we are not yet satisfied with the role played by the three forums of our political forces, let us improve the existing forums," he said. "And not by establishing a new forum where the support of people is still entirely unclear."

A dozen steam locomotives kept Tuzla from freezing to death through Bosnia's brutal winters of conflict, reports **Emma Daly**

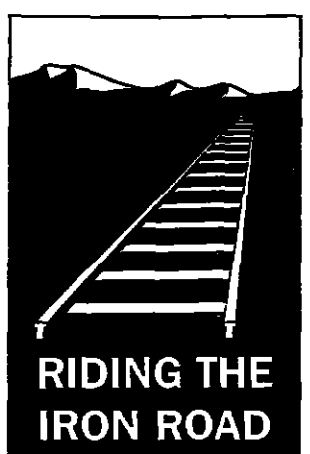
Warhorses that saved besieged city's life

The roar of the furnace, the wind in your hair, the charm of a gentle chug - it is the first inkling of the joy that steam trains inspire in the enthusiastic amateur. And these particular engines are life-savers, old-fashioned old faithfuls that kept a city going through siege and snow and misery.

But we are in the Balkans, where nothing is as you expect, so of course the drivers who spend their days in the oily cabs once used by Hitler's army are longing for the modern convenience of diesel locomotives. "I've driven these engines for 20 years and it's very hard and dirty work," said Ibrahim Klincevic, chief driver at the dilapidated and weed-infested railway sidings of the Kreka coal mine in Tuzla, northern Bosnia.

"Can we have a diesel engine as a present?" Mato Markelic asked hopefully. "It could be small, it doesn't need to be big," Mr Klincevic added.

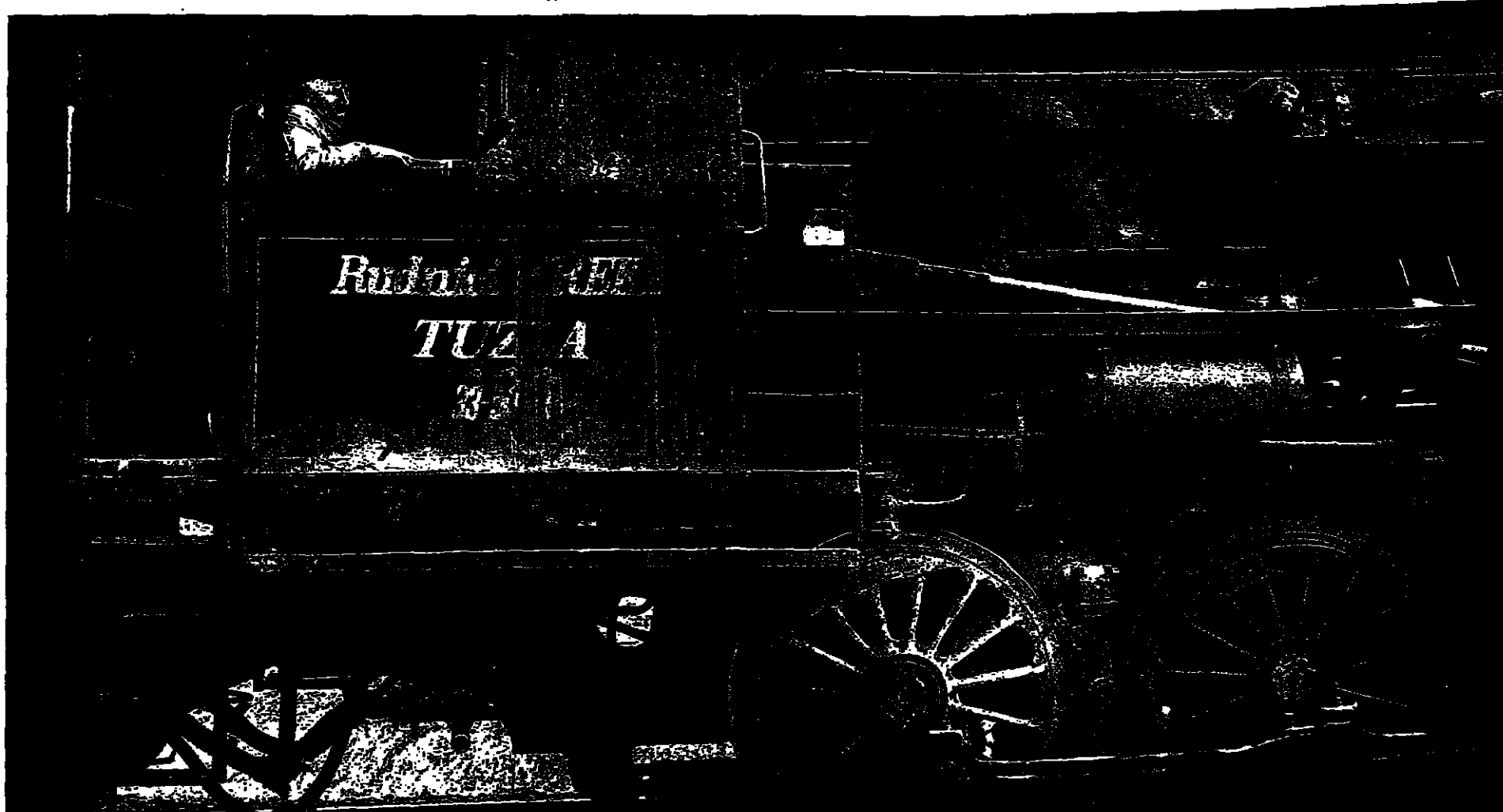
Trains have played a bizarre role in the Bosnian war: there has been more than one attempt to turn a train into a lethal weapon, packed with explosives and rolled towards an



RIDING THE IRON ROAD

enemy town. A couple of branch lines were kept open by miraculous means, and one train was towed by a lorry, but most of the network was unusable, littered with mines, bridges blown.

But Tuzla was lucky, and the men do not underplay the work done by the steam trains. The city, its population swollen by 250,000 refugees, was under siege and in despair for much of the war, short of food, water and fuel. Without the locomotives



Old faithful: Ahmet Divkovic driving one of the Forties series 33 locomotives maintained by a determined workforce and the help of the ODA

Photograph: Jim Cochran

hauling coal from the mines to the city's huge, hideous power station, to generate electricity for almost a million people, Tuzla would have frozen to death and its factories and hospitals would have shut down. "These steam trains should be given medals," Mustafa Saracevic, resident steam buff at the Kreka mine, said. "How

could we have lived without electricity throughout the war?" As the war progressed, the elderly engines started to stumble for want of vital spare parts, and Mr Saracevic issued an emergency appeal to the Overseas Development Administration (ODA) on the grounds that the British love steam trains and might help. Mike Bristow at the

ODA came to the rescue, with £22,000 worth of grease, oil and white metal, and got the trains back on track. "That was the only method of getting coal from the mines to the power station," Mr Bristow said.

Tuzla was not heavily shelled for most of the war, but it was virtually cut off, particularly during 1993, when the Muslim-Croat war in central Bosnia was at its peak.

The popplace was entirely dependent on humanitarian aid, but the food lorries were forced to run a dangerous gauntlet of big guns along a route known to foreigners as "bomb alley", and supplies were erratic. "The convoys would be coming tomorrow and then just not appear," Mr Bristow said.

In the brutal Bosnian winter

heating is vital, and those who could not afford to buy wood were dependent on the centralised heating system that ran water warmed by the power station through the city's grim apartment blocks.

The steam engines also car-

ried consumer goods shipped to the front-line villages to be bartered for potatoes and other basics.

Eight of the locomotives are German series 33 engines built by Krupp in the early Forties and used by Hitler on the East-

ern Front during the Second World War. The other four are series 62, based on a French design and built in the Fifties in Slavonki Brod, a Yugoslav town that now stands on Croatia's border with Bosnia-Herzegovina. And despite the drivers' complaints, the beasts will be around for a while - the men are

repainting the engines red and green, with red and white wheels and a golden lily, the symbol of Bosnia. "I loved steam engines when I was a kid, but it's a great feeling when you drive a new engine," Mr Klincevic said wistfully as the engine bumped and ground to a halt with a hiss of steam. "It's like a new car - you know, Mercedes versus Trabant."

Mr Saracevic refused an offer for the trains from an Austrian museum before the war, and may do so again. "Now that the war is over we are probably going to have to substitute diesels for them soon," he said.

"We will preserve these and wait for the next war. That is the law here. We have them quite often."

'These trains deserve medals ... it was the only way of getting coal'

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SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

Strikes gripped key Australian industries yesterday, erupting into violence at one picket line, in the face of planned changes to the labour market. An oil refinery, car plant and bottle-making factory in Victoria have been shut or severely disrupted by growing wage disputes. Strikers outside a Melbourne bottle-making plant withheld an attempt by baton-wielding police to breach a picket line. Industrial tension has been building since Australia's main conservative political parties won election in March, pledging to free up the labour market and weaken union influence. *Reuter - Melbourne*

Belgian police have rescued two kidnapped girls aged 12 and 14, in the first successful conclusion to a series of child disappearances which have been linked to paedophiles. Two men and a woman were arrested. *La Dernière Heure newspaper said 14 girls and one boy had disappeared in the past six years. Reuter - Brussels*

Two more white men were indicted with conspiring to burn a black church, a day after two white men pleaded guilty to a similar charge. The men, both former members of the Ku Klux Klan, were accused of conspiring to burn a church in Bloomville in June 1995. *AP - Charleston*

Child prostitution in Estonia has become a serious problem and needs to be tackled, a Social Affairs Ministry spokesman, Jaan Ruutman, said. He said about 1,000 children were engaged in prostitution. *AP - Tallinn*

The defence of "homosexual panic" in murder trials is to be reviewed in New South Wales. The Australian state ordered the legal review of the Homosexual Advance Defence, which argues that homosexual advances are a provocation for murder, because of its growing usage. The defence has been used in 13 criminal trials in the state since 1993. *Reuter - Sydney*

With charges of torture in Palestinian jails growing, Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat has agreed to give the Red Cross access to his prisons. Amnesty International called for the immediate release of two Palestinian police officers who have not been heard from since their arrests in May and July. *AP - Beirut*

Riots flared in the Jordanian city of Karak as scores of demonstrators protested at an increase in bread prices. *Amman*

The rickshaw has fallen victim to traffic and will be barred from Calcutta's clogged streets. Hand-pulled rickshaws and carts are to be banned from the city at the end of the year. *Reuter - Calcutta*

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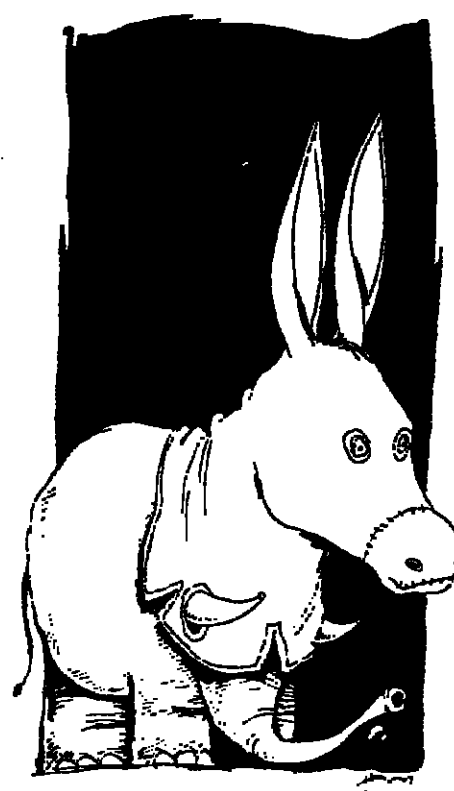
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1500 1111

Whitewater, not Dole, is Clinton's main worry

The curtain has fallen and first of all, one cheer for the producers. The Republicans put on a fabulous show in San Diego this week. Were they not supposed to be the party of intolerance, cherished by gun-toting rednecks, anti-immigrant xenophobes, abortion clinic bombers, and economic Darwinists for whom success in the marketplace is the only guarantee of survival? Instead, for four days, America was treated to a symphony of moderation. Not a spokesman of the religious right was heard from the podium. Women were everywhere, delivering the keynote address, lambasting Bill Clinton, holding forth about defence and foreign policy - and this from a party which before the convention was trailing the Democrats among female voters by some 30 per cent. But American political conventions are an exercise in the suspension of disbelief. By this measure, to use Bob Dole's characteristically laconic numerical scale of excellence, this one rated a 10, maybe an 11, for sleight of hand and image makeover from the 1992 Houston convention of dark memory, when Pat Buchanan ruled and the downfall of George Bush was sealed.

But a convention is ultimately mere packaging. What now for the product? Given his dismal record as an orator, Bob Dole made a fair fist of it on Thursday evening. Trust me, he asked his countrymen, contrasting himself to the self-indulgent, deceitful baby-boomer in the White House. He was, he claimed less plausibly, "the most optimistic man in America" - although his entire acceptance speech was posited on the premise that the country of his youth was a godlier, nobler place than the one led by Bill Clinton. There were some purple passages, and some meandering litany of vague intentions, at best tedious, at worse scary, all typical Dole. Thanks to his convention managers, he now has a chance of winning in November. A chance, but no more.



Mr Dole has several assets. His wife, Elizabeth, is graceful and exceedingly accomplished, possessed of a political acumen for which Hillary Clinton would kill. In Jack Kemp he has a splendid running mate, inspirational, nationally known, and a credible president should anything happen to a chief executive partially disabled and 73 years old. Above all there is the incredible Dole life story, how he overcame war wounds that would have broken the body and soul of a lesser man, and the huge moral authority that flows from it. But the role of preachy grandfather has risks. Mr Dole's speech pressed the usual Republican buttons on crime, taxes and education and defence; but nothing in his exhortations to patriotism, decency and the American Dream suggested he has a clue about the everyday problems of modern life.

Not so the man he will face in November, the most skilful campaigner in recent American political history. On 26 August, the Democrats will have their chance in Chicago, directing their convention fire less at Mr Dole than the mean-spirited, ultra-conservative Republican platform the candidate professes not even to have read. As measured by the attending delegates (most of them wisely prevented from speaking), this was the most right-wing Republican convention of modern times. The Democrats will not let him forget that.

There are other handicaps as well. Ross Perot is not the force he was in 1992 but still has a \$2bn personal fortune. Assuming he wins his own Reform Party's nomination this weekend, he will take more votes from Mr Dole than from President Clinton. The Dole "vision" is still next to non-existent: stripped of the purple passages inserted by his speechwriters, his address was plodding. And, despite the verbal firepower provided by Jack Kemp, that high priest of the supply-side, Mr Dole's tax-cut proposals don't add up, either literally or figuratively. Why, when the economy is thriving and the deficit falling, should his countrymen get rid of an incumbent President who after a miserable start seems to have got the hang of his job?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Better A-level results since schools banished fear from the classroom

Sir: Once again we are questioning standards at A-level now that this year's record results are out. The exams are assumed to be too easy, but no one is looking at the great improvements that have been made in the standards of teaching at all levels.

Thirty years ago, teaching was largely done through fear. We were all given a fear of failure. Those who coped did well but many pupils with loads of potential but fragile personalities fell by the wayside. Now, the emotional needs of children are paramount to their future success and pupils can now look forward to genuine care and concern through counsellors and well-trained tutors. Most school children now like their school

teachers and see them as kind, caring and above all normal people. Fear has gone and a much more healthy working relationship has developed. Happy, well-supported young people learn far better and many more of them achieve their potential. This is why the results continue to improve.

Employers complain of poor literacy standards. For this they should look at the role of television, video and PCs in the lives of young people. A spellchecker now does the job far more quickly than using a dictionary and mini-computers do the maths in a split second. This is surely human evolution rather than poor standards.

Sir: One important point has been overlooked in the debate about improved A-level results: since the introduction of league tables schools and colleges are increasingly reluctant to enter those candidates who are uncertain of achieving a pass grade. I recently spoke to nine examiners and, without exception, they observed that this year there was not the "tail" of very weak candidates.

Of the nine, eight also felt that there was an improvement in the overall quality of scripts and put this down to the fact that students were better prepared to meet the demands of the paper.

standards of A-level grades have any connection with competition between examination boards to persuade schools to register with them rather than their rivals?

MARTIN LYNN
London SW4
Sir: The concern over standards of A-level examinations is justified. Thankfully my daughter has just been granted a university place. However, I am acutely aware that her general knowledge is poor and this was confirmed when I devised the following set of questions:

- 1) Who was President of the US before Clinton?
- 2) What is the capital of South Africa?
- 3) In what year did the First World War commence?

- 4) What does PAYE stand for?
- 5) Name two fossil fuels.
- 6) Who wrote *La Traviata*?
- 7) Name one Graham Greene novel.
- 8) Who designed St Paul's Cathedral?
- 9) What is the currency of India?
- 10) Which British newspaper has the largest circulation?

She scored only two (questions one and five). I find this appalling. Are we devoting too much time to ensuring pupils are crammed with facts to pass exams while neglecting their overall knowledge and awareness of the world around them?

R RILEY
Hawthorn, Kent

LETTER from THE EDITOR

One of the most engaging "Not For Publication" letters I received this week came from a couple who were concerned (in the politest possible way) about whether we were drifting away from the central newspaper business of carrying the news. The answer is emphatically "no" - but it's the kind of question that reminds you, not only how varied people's ideas of "news" are, but also how firmly they are convinced that their definition of news is absolutely and incontrovertibly the correct one.

Some journalists are fond of defining it with the sort of one-liner that says something like, "news is what you didn't know yesterday". Such definitions may be quite useful as media studies exam questions, but they're not much help when you're making hour-to-hour decisions about what to put in a newspaper. The truth is that editors put things in their paper because their guts, like a cook's nose, tell them it's what their readers want.

Which is why that letter was interesting - because it specifically defined news as what's going on in "Burundi, etc ... not pictures of butterflies".

Intriguingly, almost the next letter I read came from a reader objecting to our carrying a front-page story and picture about the recent massacre in Burundi, on the grounds that it was distressing. And the next letter after that came from someone who was "delighted by the butterflies, not least because they made a break from all the scenes of carnage". Which just goes to prove you can't please all the people, all the time.

You can try though - and last Saturday's butterflies did seem to please an awful lot of readers. The only item in the post-bag outnumbering congratulations for our lepidopteral photomontage was letters about abortion. The most intriguing aspect of this story, to me, has been the way in which the moral focus has shifted. It started on the woman and her twins; it shifted to the pro-lifers; then to the medical ethics of searching out the woman and doctor and shifted back to the doctor and the ethics of disclosure. It makes you wonder whether anyone can remain clear-eyed about moral absolutes - let alone news values.

Is it not also striking that we regard the manner of political campaigning (this week's demonstration of Tony Blair by the Tories, for example) as being as significant a political event as any argument over policy? I was taught that style is inseparable from content: if that still holds true, surely the style of an election campaign tells us something about the ideas in its perpetrators' heads?

And if news is defined as what's new - well, A-level results wouldn't figure much. As a former education correspondent, I can confidently say that I have seen all of this

Anyone who really thinks we are going backwards educationally has forgotten how bad it was when we kept college education for the very few

week's A-level stories several times before. In the education world, there is nothing new under the sun. But that doesn't diminish each year's drama: the moment, which most students will never forget, of opening that envelope and feeling either shattered, or relieved, or elated beyond expectation. The results are news every year because they touch so many people - parents, brothers, sisters, friends. But they are also good news, because so many young people now go on from their A-levels to university, giving us a vastly better educated workforce. Anyone who really thinks we are going backwards educationally has forgotten how bad it was when we kept college education for the very few.

Still, those who missed a proper education the first time round can catch up with our D1U University summer school, appearing each week-day on the Commentators page. Next week you get DNA, economics, and a bundle of other wonders. Stick with it.

Colin Hughes
Deputy Editor

QUOTE UNQUOTE

This report and its findings are a disgrace to our Parliament. The gun lobby can breathe a sigh of relief - John Crozier, who lost his daughter Emma, five, in the Dunblane massacre, after the Commons Home Affairs Select Committee rejected a ban on handguns. I have been active in Northern Ireland, Central America, the Falklands ... and I get shot buying a Chinese takeaway - Peter Drissel, RAF wing commander, who was shot five times by Richard Humphrey, the killer who bought his guns by mail order. It's difficult to swim in hydrochloric acid with your legs chopped off - Alexander Lebed, Russian security chief, describing the task forces trying to reach a long-term settlement in Chechnya. I hadn't looked at that dress for 30 years but thank goodness it was there - Eileen Norton, pensioner, whose wedding dress in the loft of her house in Havant, Hampshire, broke the fall of a block of ice from a passing aircraft after it crashed through the roof. The sweetness of a cream cake combined with its creamy mouthfeel are natural stimulators of the pleasure pathways in the brain, a response that guards against disease - Professor David Warburton, co-ordinator of Associates for Research into the Science of Enjoyment (Ariste).

Prescott, Blair and Labour principles

Sir: My heart leapt for joy when I read John Prescott's plea for a return to "principles" in Labour Party politics during his interview with Colin Brown (16 August). The effect was, however, rather spoilt when John went on to admit that he had "headed up" a team which masterminded the least principled election in the history of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

No one should be in any doubt about what happened in the Shadow cabinet election. Some candidates were threatened into not standing, others were offered favours and, if that was not enough, the proxy voting system was abused.

Surely honest John has been in politics long enough to understand that without free and fair elections politics can never be principled. I would not like John to go down in political history as the man whose only principle was lack of principle. I therefore advise him to read Tony Benn's excellent book *Arguments for Democracy*.

There is, however, one point upon which I agree with John and Tony Blair and that is that my estimable colleague Clare Short should stop whingeing, stop talking about herself and come out fighting on matters of policy.

BRIAN SEDGEMORE MP
(Hackney South and Shoreditch, Lab)
House of Commons
London SW1

Sir: Nick Brown ("Labour to crack the whip on MPs" 15 August) says the election is fought by national political parties, and the role of the individual, although important, is subservient to the role of the party. This is only a half truth.

MPs are elected to keep a party in office but they are also elected as the only people with effective power to

check a government drawn from that party. The job of a backbench MP is only possible if these two potentially divergent responsibilities can be run in tandem. If a Blair government intends that one of these responsibilities should automatically prevail over the other, it would complete the transition which began with the onset of election television, from a parliamentary to a presidential system of government. If Mr Blair intends to introduce a presidential system he must also introduce the constitutional safeguards appropriate to such a system, beginning with a written constitution.

Earl RUSSELL
Liberal Democrat Spokesman on Social Security
House of Lords
London SW1
Sir: The Conservative Party seems ill-advised to have produced an advertisement in which it sees Tony Blair as a satanic monster ("Speak of the devil", 13 August) for the folklore surrounding vampires and other hell-hounds clearly suggests that, when in human form, these creatures can only be recognised by a demon of the same family.

DENNIS WALKER
Oukham, Leicestershire
Sir: The demonisation of a leading politician has a distinguished precedent. William Hogarth's *John Wilkes Esq* was published on 16 May 1763. It shows Wilkes wearing a wig organised to suggest horns, leering wickedly, and bearing - jauntily posed atop his staff - a Liberty cap. May we hope that Blair might live up to this?

Professor MARCIA POINOTON
Department of History of Art
University of Manchester



Revivalists: Working on a locomotive in Eritrea Photograph: David Orr

Eritrean railways win through

Sir: It is interesting to have news of the resurrection of the Eritrean Railway ("Old times put Eritrea's trains back on the rails", 7 August). We resurrected it once before - in 1941. This remarkable little railway was originally, I believe, built by the French. Its 95cm gauge track drops through barren mountains for 1.5 miles in the 40 miles from Asmara down to Massawa.

After the heroic victory at Keren by the 4th Indian Division the 10th Royal Engineers Railway Company followed up to get it running again. This we did, with the co-operation of the locals and I am pleased to see that they are resurrecting the railway yet again. We, at length, were sent back overland (via barges up the Nile) to the Western Desert for several more years.

ELLIS MILES
Stamford, Lincolnshire

Ancient cruelties

Sir: P J Stewart (letters, 14 August) misses the point. The issue is not the rationale behind the growth of empires but the question of innocence. Both Christianity and Islam perpetrated cruelties on their conquered and subject people to varying degrees and at various times. Robert Fisk's shy visitor who wanted the Pope to apologise for the Crusades was not wrong to suggest it, but it would be salutary for all sides to confess to past depredations and utter a sincere "mea maxima culpa". We could then get on with a constructive dialogue about, amongst other things, peace in the Middle East and non-aggressive co-existence between our different and valued cultures.

However, given Islam's current perception of itself as a victim and only a victim in its encounter with Christianity, Judaism and Zionism this seems unlikely to happen - to everyone's lasting loss.

JOHN D NORMAN
London W5

Odds stacked against university science

Sir: Not wishing to incite panic among the nation's engineers, I am writing to correct an error of detail which I made while explaining how the universities cope if popular departments over-recruit ("Record grades trigger the race for places", 15 August).

Universities have complete discretion to move student numbers between departments, so as to avoid exceeding their total student number, which is set by the Funding Council. However, it is not correct to say, as I did, that over-recruitment in English can lead to a reduction in the numbers of engineering students. This is because that flexibility extends only within subjects in the same fee band.

Over-recruitment of English students would lead other classroom-based subjects to lower

their recruitment. The same might happen within the laboratory and workshop-based subjects, in the (alas) rather unlikely event that one of them were over-subscribed. Over-recruitment in biology, for example, could lead universities to cut engineers, chemists or physicists.

However, such is the widespread unpopularity of all science and technology subjects that this would probably be a rare event indeed. Universities do all they can to encourage the recruitment to science and technology. But until society (and employers) value graduates in these subjects properly, the odds are stacked against them.

Dr TED NIELD
Press and Public Relations Manager
Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals
London WC1

Pigs in luxury

Sir: I am delighted that scientists have taken just one year to perfect the indoor en suite shower for pigs (report, 15 August).

It has taken organic farmers several thousand years to perfect their system for keeping pigs cool, but it involves a complex and unpredictable combination of wind, rain, mud, snow, sun and shade. I am worried that some of our sows will see the article and will demand that we install this novel technology. We will have no alternative but to agree. In exchange for them accepting life in a dark stall in a smelly building where the principal entertainment will be biting each others' tails, unless they've been chopped off already.

TIM FINNEY
Eastbrook Farm Organic Meats
Swindon, Wiltshire

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. (Fax: 0171-293 2856; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

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Benidorm queen: Gilda in hell

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the commentators

What is an airport for?

It's for a quick and simple check-in and take-off... not an appalling orgy of consumerism, argues Terence Conran

Airports, I believe, should be civilised gateways from one country (or city) to another. More than that, they should be in some way representative of the character of that country. Napoleon belittled us as 'ignation of shopkeepers', but is that really the impression we wish to perpetuate? The British Airports Authority, it seems, would think so. And nobody – certainly not the Government, and certainly not the planners – is responding to the huge and vulgar change in emphasis that has overtaken Heathrow and Gatwick Airports, whereby they are now principally concerned in the business of retail.

Around the world, but especially in the UK, retailing has overwhelmed the main purpose of air terminals: to ensure that passengers enjoy a swift, safe, calm and easy transition through check-in procedures and passport control to board an aeroplane. While John Gummer has announced his intention that the Department of the Environment should strengthen its commitment to town centres and curb out-of-town supermarkets, my understanding is that once planning permission for an airport terminal is granted, the BAA is free to use and develop that site as it chooses. If you or I wanted to convert an empty school into a shopping centre, the first step would be to seek permission for the proposed change of use; the BAA, by contrast, has converted Heathrow and Gatwick Airports into huge out-of-town shopping centres, and they are set to become bigger still.

The figures, apparently, speak for themselves: airport shopping is big, booming business. According to the BAA, gross retail income for 1995/96 rose by 10.5 per cent on the previous year to £566m, accounting for 44 per cent of total BAA revenue, the largest single source. And although duty-free sales were dominated by liquor, tobacco and perfume, it is clothing, electrical equipment and jewellery that are the fastest growth areas in terms of sales.

With this in mind, the BAA is embarked on an ambitious expansion plan, concentrated mainly on Heathrow and Gatwick airports. In part this is in response to the rising number of airline passengers, but there can be no doubt about how the BAA views its captive population. The recently completed expansion of the



Soaking it to them: the BAA has turned Gatwick and Heathrow into huge out-of-town shopping centres

Photograph: Kalpesh Lathigra

international departure lounge at Heathrow Terminal One increased its size from 4,000 square metres to 16,000 square metres (400 per cent), yet seating allocation only rose from 800 to 2,000 seats (150 per cent). By contrast, the number of shops rose from eight to 31 (387 per cent), and of food outlets from one to five (500 per cent).

I was flying from Terminal One only last month. All is glossy and new, clean and tidy in the shopping areas; in the walkways and the departure lounge, however, it's an altogether different story. They are fitted with stained, worn-out carpet held together with

the BAA is scared of the impact that the loss of duty-free benefits to passengers travelling within the EU will have, if the legislation concerning this comes into force, as anticipated, on 1 July 1999. Yet I wonder what effect the airport shopping boom is having on the costs of the carriers, as passengers stagger on to their aircraft laden with last-minute duty-free shopping?

The strategy being pursued by the BAA is the supreme example of the folly of knee-jerk privatisation, whereby a previously nationalised company feels obliged, on behalf of its shareholders, to pursue a course it was

landside (to everybody) and airside (to passengers only). The retail balance heavily favours airside shopping at the moment, but the possible abolition of intra-EU duty-free benefits will significantly dent the BAA's income and may lead to a shift in emphasis.

Asked last year by one of the planning inspectors conducting the Terminal Five inquiry how the BAA would react if conditions were imposed to limit landside shopping, Michael Maine, of the BAA, said objections would be raised, even though such conditions would be "totally unnecessary". As Peter Brown, spokesman for Local Authorities Against Terminal Five, explains, "Under current arrangements, the application is essentially for a big box; what is put in that box is entirely at the discretion of the BAA."

An air terminal should be an air terminal – a pleasant, efficient, relaxed place for boarding passengers on to planes with a minimum of fuss. I cringe at the thought that the last impression many people take home with them when leaving the UK is of a cluttered, frenzied, shopping mall, a bargain-basement bazaar from which there is no escape. And I cringe yet again when I see BAA's crass advertising on television, using a larger-than-life image of a man in a suit to make VAT- and duty-free purchases.

I am not against airport shopping per se: it is the scale of the BAA's operation that appalls me. The new airport at Hamburg, for example, has shops, but the departure lounge is not overwhelmed by them. The Eurostar Terminal at Waterloo (a close equivalent) similarly strikes a balance between providing space for shops where last-minute essentials might be

bought, and plenty of space for waiting passengers to sit in peace and comfort. Of course, the check-in line for Eurostar is just 30 minutes prior to departure, and it has no duty- or VAT-free shopping.

British airports, by contrast, are partly so overcrowded because passengers are encouraged to check in so early. (And then they are stuck in the departure lounge with nothing to do but shop.)

In November last year, *Retail Week* listed Sir John Egan, chief executive of the BAA, as one of the 50 most important people in British retailing. What happened to the business of running Britain's airports? Sure, people might want to buy a newspaper or pick up a paperback, or they might suddenly realise they forgot to pack a toothbrush. But airport shopping has gone way beyond the means of providing such a service. In the words of one of the BAA's recent press releases: "Everything you needed and quite a few things you didn't even know you needed are now available."

Such rampant consumerism offends me, even as a retailer myself. I am also concerned about the impression it gives to visitors to our country. For I am a designer, one who passionately believes in the dignity of fitness of purpose. I am also a taxpayer, and as such I object to the enrichment of BAA's shareholders at the expense of tax lost on airside purchases – tax losses for which the rest of us have to pay. BAA has quite lost sight of its original purpose, turning our airports into major retail outlets, with the opportunity to catch your plane if you can find it. These are fundamental changes, yet they have never been presented to government or the planners.

DAVID AARONOVITCH



Postal strikes

This week, the magnificently named Tory MP Dame Angela Rumbold wrote a stiff note to one of her constituents, the equally well-monitored Hilary Penrice. In it, Dame Angela committed the unforgivable sin of telling Penrice that, as a constituent whinger, she was to get off. This week, I have collected a series of letters in a similarly frank but suicidal vein, which really ought to get sent.

From the Vice-Chancellor's Office, New University of Ulster.

Dear Mr Burns, Barnes Barnes Burne Burne Birne.

Thank you for your application to read English Literature here in Ulster. I am sorry for any delay in replying, but it took five members of our office more than a month to decipher your handwriting and spelling. This included calling in a number of language specialists, following up one (later discredited) theory that your letter had been written in Serbo-Croat by a traumatised refugee from ethnic cleansing.

When we finally understood that your illiterate scrawl was supposed to constitute a request to sit at the feet of Professor McElrathhart and imbibe the poetry and prose of these isles, our hearts sank. But, dear Mr B, beggars cannot be choosers (except in your case, apparently), so we look forward to receiving you in Ulster in late September. Student accommodation is limited, so you would be well advised to purchase a tent. Catalogues, including flysheets in the university colours (maroon, puce and white), are available upon request.

Yours sincerely, Sir Hamish Hamilton

From Alastair Campbell, Leader of the Opposition's Office.

Dear Señor Delgado,

I am writing to you, in your capacity as Mayor of Benidorm, to warn you of the forthcoming visit of our transport spokesperson, Glenda Jackson, to your resort next week. It is just a publicity stunt in advance of our general election, and not a piece of sabotage cooked up with your rivals in Benidorm's aimed at denting Benidorm's tourist trade. She'll stay a couple of hours, get photographed with a pair of big-bellied Brummies and then push off.

From the Chairman of the Conservative Party.

Dear Charlie and Maurice, I have a confession. You remember that slightly drunken game we played in the upstairs room at the Eel and Compass last month – who can design the most ridiculous, self-deleting poster ever? And Lettice Fox-Clellin came up with that hilariously involving 'Tom Blar' Well, to cut a long story short, I put it in my briefcase, where somehow it got mixed up with the real designs. So I'm afraid it's coming down to a billboard near you.

Yours, a contrite Brian Mawhinney

From the Secretary of the Kennel Club.

Dear dog owner, Following the unfortunate incident involving Tracey Dykes' chihuahua Chizey and the valium – in which a nervous, yappy dog the size and attractiveness of a rat on steroids was turned into a docile bundle of inert fluff – the committee has decided that all chihuahuas will be given valium before club events. And their owners.

Yours faithfully, Dame Bunt Tooth

From the Shadow Minister for Overseas Aid.

Dear Tony, I think I owe it to you to be honest. Forget all that stuff about "dark forces" and presentation. It's all bollocks. It's you I can't stand. Just one of those things, I suppose.

FOAD, Clare

From TESDA Superstoves.

Dear Customer, This product, "pure minced English lamb", is guaranteed to contain no more than 20 per cent beef. An occasional bit of prawn may also make an unscheduled appearance. But it's better than tinned, or old sticking plaster, isn't it? Come again.

H Groul, quality control.

Heathrow's check-in desks are falling to pieces. Even a Third World country would feel disgraced by the squalor and shabbiness

odd lengths of black tape, patched plastic tiles, odd wires hanging all over the place, broken chairs with their stuffing hanging out, cigarette burns on table tops, rubbish on the floors. The check-in desks are falling to pieces.

Even a Third-World country would feel disgraced by the squalor and shabbiness. It's transparently clear where BAA's priorities lie. No doubt it would blame the passengers' loutish behaviour, perhaps it should look to its own loutish advertising for the source of this behaviour.

The BAA argues that it needs to develop airport shopping to keep its running costs as low as possible and to fund the expansion of airport capacity. The latter will naturally incorporate an even greater number of shops than we already have. And, of course,

never intended to follow. Answerable mainly to its board and shareholders, the BAA enjoys a monopoly on tax- and duty-free retail space, which it shares with a select group of retailers. Tax- and duty-free purchases deny the Government millions of pounds of revenue. How is it that the same Government can be so unquestioning of the unique advantages it has created for a privatised company and a select group of high-street retailers?

The Heathrow Terminal Five inquiry brings to light some interesting attitudes towards shopping on the part of the BAA. Already, Gatwick Airport, in my opinion, is being advertised as a shopping destination regardless of whether people are then boarding a plane. There is a blurring of the distinction between what is available

'Independence Day': battle begins here

It's a war movie, a love story, spangled with cliché. What more could you want, asks Emma Daly

The year's worst schlockbuster. Spend your cash on popcorn instead, says Ruth Picardie

Thrill to the triumph of good over evil, weep at the loss of mother and father, laugh at the devil-may-care one-liners of the wisecracking heroes, marvel at the ring of fire consuming the Empire State Building – *Independence Day* has it all, the ultimate B-movie.

Of course it's rubbish, but what fun it is even if you're not an American. Obviously, now that the US of A rules the world it needs a new challenge: to rule the universe, and Hollywood has come up with trumps. It's a war movie, a love story, a thriller, a horror/sci-fi comedy and a tale of redemption, bathed in special effects and a nod to the rest of the world.

Women, admittedly, get rather short shrift, keeping the home fires burning while the men go off and do their thing, but at least there are lots of men to watch. The President, handsome, decent, WASP, the biffin, sexy, smart and Jewish; the pilot, sexy, brave and black.

The aliens are distant cousins to ET and descendants of the alien plot-twist, they are the beings that might justify the existence of the *National Enquirer* and the news section of *Sunday Sport*.

The makers of *Independence Day* have, in a stunning cinematic achievement, managed to assemble pretty much every film cliché there is in a single package. Apart from the obvious sci-fi precursors – *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters* – the movie pays tribute to *Top Gun*, to all war movies and all hacker movies, the *War of the Worlds*, *Dave*, *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, *Lassie*, *North by North-West* and even to the James Bond oeuvre (the opening scene with a submarine commander reporting something fishy on his telephone hot-line).

Performances are charming and cheesy, the minor characters bring pathos (the Grim Reaper looms above them), product placement is unusual (Sky News in the Oval Office? CNN should sue). It's not often that you see the symbols of American power (the White House, the Stealth bomber) blown away. The stereo-

types are splendid – plucky Brits, chain-smoking Russians, inscrutable Orientals and spear-carrying Africans. Aussies in the audience cheered the shots of Sydney Harbour, though apparently in the US the blitzing of Washington drew rapturous applause.

Best of all there are no dreary, millionaire stars. Instead the makers have employed actors – Jeff Goldblum, Judd Hirsch (who made the leap from *Taxi* to the big screen), Bill Pullman (who you would probably recognise, though I can't remember any of his other movies) and some plucky babes who will, I hope, be launched to greater glory next time around.

Independence Day is the ultimate in easy viewing. It does not inform or educate or offend. It is well worth a fiver and two hours of your time, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.



Aliens rearrange the White House: but is 'Independence Day' worth the ticket price?

Sure, it deals in the grossest stereotypes: Harvey Fierstein, the mother-obsessed, neurotic gay; Judd Hirsch, the kvetching, yarmulka-twirling Jew. Sure, the film is an orgasm of American patriotism. Sure, nobody seems bothered by the slaughter of millions. But so what? Hollywood schlockbusters deal in types, not characters, and the land of the free is always the goodie in this popcorn world.

That's the way I like it, and this summer has been great. *The Rock*? Loved every bombastic, violent, clichéd, testosterone-crazed minute. *Mission Impossible*? Couldn't get enough pseudo-scientific hokum and machismo-fuelled chase scenes on the tops of trains. *Twister*? Deliriously mindless action. At the end of a desk-rage-filled day at work, or a snotty weekend with the kids, I want to be pulverised by

explosions; I don't want to be made to think. Naturally, I couldn't wait for *Independence Day*, the biggest grossing blockbuster of all time, featuring mass destruction! Exploding American icons! Jeff Goldblum in military uniform! But half way through I started to wish I'd spent the evening snobbing in front of *Three Colours: Red*, for *Independence Day* is the mother of all bores, failing every criteria of escapism action.

First, the plot has more holes in it than the moon, and plot is the engine that drives the schlock machine. Why, exactly, are the aliens attacking Earth? Their only aim seems to practise their smart bombing technique, which is highly refined already. What happens to Harvey Fierstein, introduced early on as one of the types (black, Jewish, gay) who then bury their differences to save the world?

What kind of President allows an inarticulate computer buffon, plus intensely irritating dad, on board Air Force One? And why bother introducing the First Lady, when the President grieves for all of five seconds when she sighs and dies?

Second – and this is a much greater sin – the baddies aren't proper bad guys; they're not interesting enough to make you scared (this is known as the Hannibal Lecter effect).

In *The Rock*, the anti-hero was a twitching Nam vet teetering between madness and valour, *Mission Impossible* was a dazzling double-bluff of spot-the-enemy. *Twister* had problems because the bad guy was a tornado, and tornadoes aren't wicked or devious; they just blow a lot.

So it was with the *Independence Day* aliens, who are a tiny bit scary because they are ripped off from the original, nightmare, *Alien*. Otherwise, all they seem to want to do is play Cowboys and Indians with planet Earth, which is probably why the film is a certificate 12.

So don't believe the hype, grown-up Earthlings. *Independence Day* is a colossal bore. Spend your ticket money on popcorn instead.

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To win a pair of tickets to the event simply name the name of Leftfield's current album and call:

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Leave your answer and name and address with a daytime telephone number.

Winners will be selected at random from all correct entries after the closing date of midnight August 19, 1996. Calls cost 30p per minute (excl. VAT). Other rules apply. There is no cash alternative. Entrants must be over 18, have a valid UK passport and be available August 22-25, 1996.

ek

best sun beds. I'm not, I always thought the Reds went under the beds.

Four old Glenda Jackson. I bet she had to grit her teeth like they've never been gritted before when she was offered the joyous task of 'retaining the beach in Benidorm to promote the Labour Party. I really can't think of anything worse than trying to persuade the Brits to take a holiday in a roydion-by-the-sea to vote for Tony.

It seems it was a bit of an uphill struggle as she lighted upon tanned lobster after tanned lobster who proffered an undying love for Lady Thatcher. I went to Benidorm and about half an hour. Union Jacks flew from numerous balconies and great numbers staggered along the front, uttering either sunstroke or alcohol poisoning and combining the two in that glorious Brit neanderthal about half-vomiting, half-retching. Ammonium. Into all this is plunged the cool and committed Glenda... a must have been hell. Apparently she also gave up after half an hour. No Labour, new danger? In Glenda's case, a strange apposite slogan.



Beachdom queen: Glenda in hell

obituaries

Julian Strykowski

Julian Strykowski was one of the more interesting as well as one of the more controversial of Polish 20th-century novelists. He is unfortunately not yet translated into English (with the one exception of *The Inn*, 1966), and therefore not so well-known to the English-speaking world as other Polish writers such as Witold Gombrowicz, Bruno Schulz, Zbigniew Herbert, Czesław Miłosz, and Tadeusz Kościuszko. He was never an open critic of the Communist regime, and thus did not attract the Western approbation frequently afforded to dissident and émigré writers regardless of their literary ability.

His controversial past ensured that Strykowski remained a lonely figure though recent publicity surrounding his novel *Silence* (1993), in which he openly declared his homosexuality for the first time at the age of 88, provoked discussion of his other themes – his Jewish heritage and his one-time deep commitment to Communism – and helped to establish him as an important literary figure. Many of his novels, published originally in the Fifties and early Sixties, have been recently republished.

Strykowski was born Stark and took his later name from the small provincial town of Stryj in Eastern Galicia, then in the Austrian-ruled section of partitioned Poland, where he grew up in a shtetl (an exclusively Jewish community), as the son of a Jewish schoolteacher. Although Strykowski claimed never to have been a believer, he was nevertheless deeply influenced by the enclosed, traditional, intensely religious atmosphere of the shtetl. During his teenage years he immersed himself in the study of Hebrew and became a committed follower of Zionism, a creed which he was soon to abandon but later re-embraced following his disillusionment with Communism during the 1950s.

In 1932 he completed a degree in Polish literature at the University of Lvov (now Lviv) and became a grammar-school teacher in the town of Plock. He joined the Communist Party of the Western Ukraine and was imprisoned for his party activities during 1935-36 by the inter-war Polish government. When war broke out in 1939 he was living in Warsaw but returned to Lviv, where he was employed by the Polish Communist daily the *Red Standard*. When the Germans reached Lviv he moved to Moscow, remaining there until 1946, and

then returned to Poland, by then a Communist satellite state.

From 1946 to 1952 he worked for the Polish Press Agency, and from 1954 was for many years a member of the editorial board of the leading literary monthly *Zwrotnosc*. His disillusionment with Communism was gradual. A severe blow to his loyalty had been the execution of Rudolf Slansky, former General Secretary of the Czechoslovak Communist Party, in November 1952, for allegedly being a Zionist, but it was not until the expulsion of the philosopher Leszek Kolakowski from the Polish party in 1966 that he finally gave up his own membership.

Strykowski's involvement with Communism, especially during the war years, led to his being badgered in recent interviews into justifying his former behaviour and loyalties; he tended to fudge the issue by claiming that he always regarded himself as "a writer, not a hero" and that his former ideological blindness was no more reprehensible than that of many other people. In an interview with the Polish newspaper *Gazeta Wyborcza* in 1994 he also strongly suggested that his lifelong suppression of his homosexuality fundamentally impaired his ability to be free and open regarding any moral issue that touched him personally.

It is therefore noteworthy that the area which occupied Strykowski most in his novels was that of personal moral responsibility and the threats made to an individual's conscience by the pressures of the real world and especially by the dilemmas forced upon individual human beings by historical and cultural change. His characters' need for a strong moral and cultural orientation is deeply interlinked with his Jewish background, the only experience in his life with which he consistently identified. His best works portray Jewish themes. His first novel *Voices in the Darkness* (written in 1943-46 in Moscow and published in 1956) depicts the tragic frustration experienced by an orthodox believer faced with modern cultural and social changes which he cannot accept but to which his close family and fellow villagers succumb. Later novels portraying Jewish themes include *The Inn*, *April's Dream* (1975), *The Stranger from Narbonne* (1988) and *Echo* (1978). Meanwhile other novels, *Great Terror* (1979) and its sequel *The Same, but Otherwise* (1990), are largely autobiographical; in the first of these he portrays his experiences as a Communist in wartime Lviv.

As portraits of Jewish life in Poland, Strykowski's works stand comparison with those of both Bruno Schulz and of Isaac Bashevis Singer, but what makes him unique is the combination of a first-hand knowledge of shtetl life with a personal involvement with Communism.

Ursula Phillips
Julian Stark (Julian Strykowski), writer: born Stryj, Poland 27 April 1905; died Warsaw 8 August 1996.



Strykowski: 'a writer, not a hero'

Sir Frank Whittle

It is sad that John Golley, who knew him so well, should have repeated so many of the old myths about Frank Whittle (obituary, 10 August), writes Anthony Furse.

There is no doubt that most of the delays in making British gas-turbines to Whittle's designs were due to his long refusal to allow any of the established aero-engine manufacturers to work on his designs.

As a serving officer, the RAF not only kept him on full pay whilst he took an Engineering degree at Cambridge, and did a further year as a postgraduate, but continued to do so when he decided to allow his invention to be developed by a private company, stipulating only that the Air Ministry must have Free Crown Usage of engines developed to his patents.

Despite the adverse report on Whittle's invention from Dr Griffith of the Royal Aircraft Establishment in 1937, Air Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman, Air Member for Research and Development, continued to back Whittle, on the advice of Professor Tizard, providing first £1,900 towards a total cost of £9,000, and then a further £6,000, before the outbreak of war. Early in 1940, Freeman listed the gas turbine as one of the few "potential war-winners" and backed the decision to give contracts to Rover to put Whittle's engines into production, because Whittle refused to work with the aero-engine firms.

Churchill's decision to put Beaverbrook in charge of Aircraft Production led to the de-

parture of Freeman, Tedder and Tizard. Whittle's three main supporters, by December 1940, and although full information about his invention was given to the GEC company in the United States, and to de Havilland, Metrovick and Armstrong Siddeley in Britain, as early as 1941, and although Rolls-Royce gave Whittle endless help, production of Whittle engines was restricted to the Rover company until Freeman returned to the Ministry of Aircraft Production with full executive powers in October 1942.

Co-operation between Rover and Whittle had deteriorated by then and Whittle had become a difficult colleague under the stress of his work, and the side-effects of his dependence on benzadrine, to which he had been addicted since 1940, and Freeman realised that Rover lacked the resources to make successful engines. After failing to persuade Whittle to throw in his lot with Rolls-Royce, he judged that to force the issue might make things worse, and simply transferred the Rover gas-turbine factories to R-R instead.

Hives, and Sidgreaves, his Chairman, were far too committed and patriotic to have worried about the effect on their piston engine business of a switch to turbines, and but for Whittle's prejudiced phobia against the aero-engine establishment, he could have been given the full support of Rolls-Royce as early as 1940. A great man, but at times his own worst enemy.



Cullen as 'Wee Burney' in Rab C. Nesbitt

Photograph: David Quickshanks

Eric Cullen

As "Wee Burney", the younger son of the foul-mouthed Scottish philosopher in the BBC2 comedy series *Rab C. Nesbitt*, the 4ft 4in actor Eric Cullen achieved national fame.

The star, Gregor Fisher, had taken the character of Rab from the cult series *Naked Video* to his own programme, complete with a family consisting of Elaine C. Smith as his wife Mary and Cullen and Andrew Fairbairn as his revelling children Burney and Gash. While their father, forever wearing a string vest, would utter sexist diatribes in a Scottish accent as thick as broth, they would deal with problems such as rats in the kitchen by clubbing them to death with a frying pan.

Cullen made his television debut at the age of 13 as Wee Jaikie, one of the "Gorbals Diehards" in the BBC Scotland serial *Hungrytown*, adapted from John Buchan's novel, attended drama college with his older sister and worked consistently as a child actor. His television appearances included roles in *A Sense of Freedom* (1981), the drama based on the murderer Jimmy Boyle's autobiography, *Playfair*, *The Cam-*

erons, *Govan Ghost Story* and *Deathwatch*. He left school with no qualifications but went to college, then took a degree in social sciences at Glasgow Polytechnic with a view to a career in teaching.

Returning to acting, he appeared in the comedy sketch series *A Kick Up the Eighties* (1984) and alongside Robbie Coltrane and Tracey Ullman in *Laugh, I Nearly Paid My Licence Fee*, as well as with Rikki Fulton in *Scotch and Wry*. But he was best known for the role of Burney, which he first played in a 1988 Christmas Special, *Rab C. Nesbitt's Seasonal Greet*, the first spin-off from *Naked Video*. He acted in the first three full-length series of *Rab C. Nesbitt* (1990-93) and also appeared in a stage version which toured Britain in 1993.

Having made his name in the comedy, he became co-presenter – as "Norton Yarnally" – of a Scottish Television Sunday morning children's series, *Werrus Boy 902101* (1993), alongside Grant Storr, who has since joined Children's BBC.

Last year, Cullen was convicted of child pornography offences, when his own history of

being sexually abused since the age of 13 was revealed, but his nine-month prison sentence was reduced to three years' probation on appeal. He had not worked since, but the writer of *Rab C. Nesbitt*, Ian Patterson, and the producer, Colin Gilbert, were planning at the time of Cullen's death to invite him to appear in one episode of the next series of the hit show.

Cullen's theatre work included appearances in *Volpone*, at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, *Pride of the Clyde*, at the King's Theatres in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and a tour of George's *Marvellous Medicine* with Borderline Theatre Company.

He also appeared regularly in pantomimes including *Mother Goose*, *The Caisie Whirl*, and *Tom Thumb*, all at the Gaiety Theatre, in Ayr, and also *Babes in the Wood* at the King's Theatre, Glasgow. He was a patron of the Volunteer Centre in Scotland and of the David Cullen Childhood Leukaemia Fund.

Anthony Hayward

Eric Cullen, actor: born 1965; died 16 August 1996.



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Who the Dickens invented Oliver Twist?

DJ Taylor on the art of George Cruikshank

Illustration: Mary Evans

LIVING.....2	COUNTRY.....8	TRAVEL.....14-18	MONEY.....21-23	TV & RADIO
ARTS.....3-4	SHOPPING.....9-11	OUTINGS.....19	GOING OUT.....24	TODAY.....26
BOOKS.....5-7	PROPERTY.....13	GARDENING.....20		SUNDAY.....25

More women are victims of INTESTACY than DIVORCE

A woman, on average, lives longer than a man. So she is more likely to have to face the difficulties of intestacy – the legal term for being left in a mess because her husband didn't make a Will.

Many men assume that, on their death, all they own will automatically go to their wives. This isn't so. When a man dies intestate, not just his wife but brothers, sisters and even cousins may have a claim on what he owned.

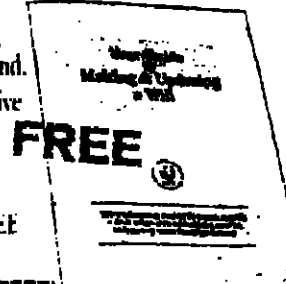
His widow may have to sell the house to pay off his relations. None of this need happen if he makes a will. Yet seven out of ten people fail to take this simple step.

Now, as a service to the public, WWF UK (World Wide Fund For Nature) has produced its own plain language guide to making a will. It explains:

- why everyone needs to make a will
- how to go about it
- and how to minimise tax liability on what you leave behind.

Don't leave it to chance. Give yourself the peace of mind of knowing your loved ones are properly provided for.

Send or phone for our FREE guide to making a Will, today.



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UTOMATIC TEMPER
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living

INSIDE STORIES

5-7

BOOKS

DJ Taylor on George Cruikshank; Frank McLynn on film biographies

8

COUNTRY

The Field Good Factor – how your own personal plot can help you unwind

9-11

SHOPPING

The great net-curtain debate; the best whites for men; the queen of the crystal necklace

13

PROPERTY

How does your garden sell?

14-18

TRAVEL

The Gentle and the Genteel: Zanzibar; Norfolk; and Brian Patten's Edinburgh

19

OUTINGS

Going Green at The Centre for Alternative Technology; Playing Poohsticks in Ashdown Forest

20

GARDENING

The flowering of the independent nursery

21-23

MONEY

Motor insurance: the best deals

22-24

LISTINGS

Weekend events, Saturday and Sunday television and radio

Corsets and codpieces hold court



If there is one thing guaranteed to make your palms itch with the desire to see something, it's a sign saying "No Entry". Hampton Court, still inhabited here and there by old ladies who have endeared themselves to the crown, is full of them: black gloss-painted barriers scattered liberally under arches.

Jane Malcolm-Davies, in a black wool minidress, marches past one and through a low doorway. Beyond is a magnolia-painted corridor. "This is actually part of Wolsey's apartments," she says. "It used to be a delightful Department of the Environment green." Behind the walls, early visitors are looking at the Cardinal's exquisite taste in murals. Here, at the cutting edge of heritage, is something more practical: a lift that can hold five people, as long as they've brushed their teeth. It takes us to the second floor. There are buttons for the first and third, but it can't stop at either. The exit from the first is actually bricked up.

Next to a grace-and-favour apartment, whose ornately carved entrance belonged to that unfortunate divorcee, Catharine of Aragon, we enter a series of cluttered rooms. It's like being backstage at a very well-endowed school play: bulging racks of puffed silk dresses, swords, shoes, pikes, codpieces, corsets and hose. A mantelshelf serves as a stand for a set of polystyrene heads. Each bears a frizzy *perruque*. Elizabeth Taylor would be licking her lips.

Half a dozen people bustle about in various states of undress. *Tristan Langlois*, who kicks off the first tour of the William and Mary apartments, is already frock-coated, and fiddles with his wig. Lucy Capito, who guides people through Henry VIII's state rooms a quarter of an hour later, has all but her lacing to complete. Julie Hudson and Alison Sim wear linen shifts. Roy Porter is in frilly shirtsleeves.

There's a certain air of tension today. Julie, just back from holiday, is doing her first day as a Tudor, after three-and-a-half years in the following century. She's been preparing for a couple of months. "I'm very nervous," she says. "I did all the research before I went, and when I came back I couldn't remember anything about William and Mary, which I've been doing for more than three years. And Henry VIII is a total blank now." Alison calmly expects her to be fine. "It's always like this when you step out. But you bounce off the room a lot; there's always something that will spark your imagination, or someone will ask a question that sets you off."

Roy, meanwhile, is doing his first day ever in costume. He's going to be a Yeoman of the Guard – "a Stuart Yeoman of the Guard" – and shadow Tristan. He came down from Oxford a couple of

Serving wenches, Yeomen of the Guard and 17th-century grandes dames wander the royal apartments of Hampton Court with groups of captivated guests in tow. But this is no Kitschy Historyland® theme tour. The art of historical reinterpretation is serious business.

Photograph by Glynn Griffiths

SERENA MACKESY



In another life

years ago ("I guess the subfusc prepared me for dressing up for a living") and worked in a warehouse before he joined JMD Heritage Interpretation. "It wasn't very enjoyable. No colour, no frills." He's got the frills now, in abundance: Jane is picking his hose. "Do you want the green or the pink?" Everyone looks. "Pink," they cry. "Definitely," says Jane. "Shows how much of a man you are."

Hampton Court has been dressing a proportion of its guides in costume since 1992. The idea was the brainchild of the Historic Royal Palaces Interpretation Manager, Anne Fletcher. "We wanted to think of a way of giving information that was fun, and to make it as interactive as possible. Theory about how people learn and retain information suggests that the more you involve people, the more they remember. If you put a sign in a room saying, 'This was where the farandole was danced', they look at it and it means nothing. If you show it taking place, it's more memorable. If you let them learn the steps, it's even more so." After a successful experiment with hobby historians in the Tudor kitchens, Jane, who had co-founded the heritage interpretation company Past Pleasures in 1989, was drafted in to set up a professional team, and the rest, literally, is history.

The Malcolm-Davies guides have taken the costume thing to a new level. One could assume, glancing them unawares across the Clock Court, that this was some ghastly themeparking, and indeed the guides themselves refer jokingly to their patches as "Tudorland" and "William and Maryland". Actually, they're more serious than that: you need a degree at least to be part of

JMD's 18-strong staff, and everyone is expected to contribute to the knowledge pool each year. Alison's book, *The Tudor Housewife*, is published by Sutton in September, and academic vacations see James Loxley, a lecturer at the University of Leeds, don tricorn and codpiece and swank round the royal apartments. There is very little you can ask these people that they won't be able to come up with a plausible answer to.

And the punters love them. In Tudorland, Lucy leads a group of a good hundred round the sights. They brush occasionally against another group led by a more familiar type of guide – there will always be people who will doubt the credibility of someone dressed as a serving wench. Lucy's gang is captivated by the combination of theatricality, humour and grinding knowledge, and participate eagerly.

Oddly, people seem more willing to ask questions of someone in a wimple than a badge. Maybe one feels less self-conscious about hand-waving when the person one is approaching looks so much more conspicuous.

There is also a tactile quality about these guides that you could never get from a hairdo wearing a pussycat bow. Their clothes, made in obsessively accurate detail under the auspices of the costume manager Caroline Johnson and costing around £1,000 per outfit (and that's before you add the wigs and shoes), are subjected to constant assault. "A lot of people," Julie sighs as she pulls on a starched linen cap, "want to feel your corset. Particularly men." Brenda, responsible for costume maintenance, has her work cut out. "The wear and tear is enormous. A lot of the garments can come apart very easily in an afternoon. The braid on

the Yeoman of the Guard costume can come in hanging off. I'll be putting them back together during the rest periods."

Apart from the manhandling, they enjoy their costumes. "My bodice," says Jane, who waltzes through the apartments dressed as a 17th-century grande dame, complete with heart-shaped beauty spots, "is better than a Wonderbra. It's worth all the inconvenience. It gives me a cleavage, which I would never have in normal life." And then there's the underwear question. "Personally I find it more comfortable not to wear any knickers. You've got all these layers of petticoats and it gets very hot. Knickers were really only invented in the late 19th/early 20th century. Actually, I find that quite an interesting subject to discuss with visitors, and they do ask, you know. And about codpieces. Laundry. Personal hygiene. All these things are of great fascination to the general public. You can go from underwear to politics in one breath. It's funny the leaps you can make."

Lunchtime, back in the dressing room, and everyone dons butchers' aprons as protection. Roy has acquitted himself well, even if his *peruque* and flat top do make him look like the guitarist in Guns N' Roses. James fishes a wrist-watch from the flap pocket of his frock coat. Tristan is a bit battered from the personal attentions of a thousand punters. "They'll come up and start tugging wigs and grabbing clothing without asking you. They wouldn't do that with an ordinary guide. The first time it happened, I was shocked. It's this velvet suit that does it. I get far fewer people wanting to touch me in my green one."

"I know," Lucy replies. "A lot of them think we're only there for photographs and that we're no better than models. They put their arms round you and try to kiss you – particularly foreign men. They think because you're dressed as a wench that you are one."

This sounds like purgatory. They disagree. "It's a brilliant job," says Julie. "It's one of the few ones where you're encouraged to carry on learning. You're always researching, you're always reading, you're always finding out new things. That doesn't happen in most jobs." Lucy still gets a buzz from it. "I love it. It's great seeing people's fascination. They've seen the clothes in pictures, but they can't imagine how it worked in reality. It's like seeing a picture come to life."

Things can get a tad tricky, though. They're surprised by how few adversarial point-scorers they come across, but they all get put on the spot from time to time. "This lady once asked me," Lucy recalls, "if we were Old Henry, I had to come for you. But you knew I would, didn't you baby? We're going down to the river". And we go.

It's not cool to like Bruce. People feel embarrassed about seeing a macho man show emotion

Anything bad that happens to me is. I'm certain, a result of not touching Bruce Springsteen's hand. It was months ago, but I still feel angry because practically everyone else in the whole of the Brixton Academy got to press flesh with The Boss. It reminded me of all the times I didn't get a going-home bag at a party because the taller kids got in the way and took them all.

It's not been the best week. I can't sleep and everyone hates me and I'm still not Elizabeth Taylor in 1956. The last bit is the worst. Because sometimes, I almost convince myself that I am. Or I forget that I'm not. And then I catch sight of my reflection in the halogen-spurred ladies' room of the pub. And I look like a crazy lady. "Wanna change my clothes, my hair, my face!" So now I want to be

Bruce Springsteen. It takes less lipstick. It's easier to live "Born to Run" than "Suddenly, Last Summer".

Richard agrees. He's a musician I became mates with because... he loves Bruce too. This is actually a bigger deal than it sounds because, in modern pop, you're allowed to have about three reference points: The Jam, The Beatles and Madness. That's to say, we're all for working class icons, so long as they're either a) lad rock; b) experimental and sterile; c) jokey. It is not cool to like Bruce. People feel deeply embarrassed about seeing a macho man show that much emotion. It's like watching your father cry. Pop insiders don't approve of anyone who gives that much, who doesn't stand stock still at the microphone, with his hands behind his back, who doesn't

EMMA FORREST



in lieu of talent grasp aimlessly at irony. Richard is older than me, with a family and a real life. But we meet up for a drink now and then and have our little Bruce time before he heads back to the studio and tries to persuade his band to

do a cover of "Candy's Room". Today he is on a mission. He must have a jacket like Springsteen's on the cover of *Darkness on the Edge of Town*. By the end of the day, I swear he has tried on every black leather jacket in London, and still he finds nothing "tough" enough. I get cranky and need to eat, but don't want to stray off the Bruce theme, so we go to the Hard Rock Café, where we sit under the platinum disc of "Born in the USA". The waitresses at the Hard Rock are like the air stewardesses on TWA. Middle-aged and stressed, with sore feet and high hair.

As our waitress slams down my Coke, I tell Richard about the time I interviewed Jon Bon Jovi and found myself asking, as my third question, "Hey, you know Bruce Springsteen, don't you?"

He'd like me, wouldn't he? Jon Bon looked at me strangely. "No, I don't think he'd like you at all. I think you'd scare him."

Richard encourages me, and by the time I get home, I am a woman obsessed. Bruce likes red heads? Guess who leans over the tub and dyes their hair? Grace yells that if she has to hear 30 seconds more of "Thunder Road", she will be physically sick. It is at this point that not only must I meet him, but I must also be him. Dad is still hard at work when I pop into the office with the sleeve of *Darkness on the Edge of Town* to ask if he thinks I look like Bruce. "Yes, a lot. Look, you've both got two eyes and a nose and a mouth. What's wrong with your hair?"

I meet the girls for a few drinks, but

that night worse than ever. I really can't sleep. Road workers are doing a little midnight mending outside my window. I watch them for a while. I have a bath. I read a book. I resolve to sit in bed and stare at the ceiling. Then the door bell rings. The screech of the bell ringing always scares me, even in the middle of the day. I creep down the stairs, wrapping my dressing-gown tight around me. Through the intercom I hear his growl. I lean out of the window and see Bruce on his Harley. The road workers are staring but he just calls up to me: "Fix yourself up pretty, come down here and get on that bike, girl. I saw you in the crowd at Brixton and I had to come for you. But you knew I would, didn't you baby? We're going down to the river". And we go.

with RICH HALL

but night worse than ever. The keep. Road workers are doing nothing, marching outside my window, watching them for a while. I read a book. I decide to stay in bed till the evening. Then I get up. The scolding of the boys always wakes me, even in the day. I creep down the stairs, my drawing gown with me. Through the door into the great hall, on to the window. I see in his hand. The boys are waiting, but he just calls to me. "Fix yourself up pretty, and be here and get on that bike, put it at the street at Boston and come for you. But you know didn't you huh? We're across the river." And we're

arts reviews

THEATRE

Love in a Wood
New End, Hampstead

Paul Taylor uncovers the contemporary echoes in a comic tale of outdoor sex

If a modern dramatist were to write a play called *Hampstead Heath*, you could be fairly confident that its theme would not be the innocent delights of rambling in the fresh air. The same goes for Restoration works with "St James's Park" in their titles. As is demonstrated by London Classic Theatre Company's intelligent revival of Wycherley's *Love in a Wood*, or *St James's Park*, this resort was a nocturnal cruising area for both sexes. The panelled walls of Michael Cabot's production are thrown open for the erotic games of blind man's bluff – or "midnight courting" – in the disconcertingly frank al fresco episodes that are a highlight of this brutally unsentimental comedy about sexual intrigue and appetite.

"Your reputation!" declares Anna Kirke's nicely pinched and venal matchmaker to the lecherous skinflint, Alderman Gripe (Jeff Bellamy). "Indeed, your worship, 'tis well known there are grave men as your worship, men in office too, that adjourn their cares and businesses to come and unbend themselves at night here, with a little vizard-mask." Where earlier dramatists would have made a distinction of tone between the high and low plots, Wycherley pushes all his personnel into the democratising darkness of the park.

Cabot ably manoeuvres a cast of 15 around a complicated plot of mistakings, multiple eavesdroppings, mistrust and mercenary entrapment. Amanda Osborne is very funny as Lady Flippant, the fortune-hunting widow who rails against marriage but hangs around the park at night in the hope of being chased. A contemporary audience has no trouble responding to her, or to the pharisaical Alderman, who is too mean even to pay the market rate for illicit sex before he is caught in flagrante. Modern parallels are drolly insinuated by pop songs and, less subtly, the bawd's cans of lager and Flippant's copy of *Hello!* magazine.

The difficulties begin with the characters we are meant to take more seriously. Valentine (Alexander Giles) is so insufferably mistrustful of his beloved Christina that he does not deserve her forgiveness at the end. And given that the smooth rake, Ranger (Chris Gilling), had been about to rape his mistress, mistaking her for another woman, it is uncomfortable that he is the mouthpiece of the play's final encomium on marriage. It would be idle to claim that this, Wycherley's earliest play, is on the same level of achievement as *The Country Wife*. But Cabot's revival, the first London staging for more than 300 years, proves that its best bits still possess vigorous life. To 8 Sept. Booking: 0171-794 0022

DANCE Nederlands Dans Theater, Edinburgh Playhouse

Whether dealing with questions of sexual identity or illusion versus reality, Jiri Kylian's work is distinguished by a uniquely human touch. By John Percival



Where does life end and performance begin? Nederlands Dans Theater's *Bella Figura* has the answer

Photograph: Geraint Lewis

The fluency of Jiri Kylian's choreography, his unexpected twists of movement and concern for human values put him streets ahead of his contemporaries. At his best, he is unbeatable, as in the *Six Dances*, one of the works brought to the Edinburgh Festival this week by his Nederlands Dans Theater.

Set to Mozart's *German Dances*, this is an uproariously funny piece, but much more than that. Its dancers – in white wigs, trailing clouds of powder and 18th-century dishabille – show the links between Mozart's time and our own with swift, concise episodes that mingle rivalry, lust, aggression and alarm.

Kylian pulls off something comparable, but with modern music, in *Falling Angels*, where Steve Reich's *Drumming Part I* (fiercely played by Circle Percussion) drives a cast of eight women through constantly changing geometric patterns in every direction of the stage. Each woman emerges briefly as a solo figure, suggesting the individuality as well as the solidarity and strength of her sex.

Placing that piece back to back with no pause against the all-male *Sarabande* renders the latter's send-up of macho posturing and smug confidence all the more devastating. But I wonder why its music, from a Bach *Pavane*, had to be so unrecognisably electronically "processed" (by Dick Heuff) into an unbearable cacophony of harsh growls, screams and mocking shouts.

For a man whose choreographic response to music is excep-

tionally subtle and deep-probing, Kylian can be disconcertingly cavalier in assembling his scores. He treats Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms* as a consistent whole for a modern ritual (which needs, I think, to be more tightly danced than it was in Edinburgh), but for two big recent works given, one on each of his festival programmes, he has constructed collages from discrepant sources.

In both these works, Kylian is exploring ideas about life and our attitude to it. *Bella Figura* (which runs musically from Pergolesi to Lukas Foss) is probably the easier to follow, raising questions of what we see and what people do, as the dancers are by turns revealed and masked by moving curtains, asking where performance begins and how it differs from the rest of life.

The theme of *Whereabouts Unknown* is of past and present or rather, past in present, as references to Aboriginal art and African masks colour the dancing patterns. The highlight of this work is not so much the groups storming and swirling around the stage, thrilling as these are, but the quiet, puzzled, explosive final duo to Charles Ives's *The Unanswered Question*.

Kylian's 21 years as NDT's artistic director have built a unique and dedicated company of dancers, even if (like Balanchine before him) his attempts to find new choreographers from among them are often less rewarding. Will London follow Edinburgh and catch up with them before Kylian's silver jubilee in four years' time?

OPERA

Un Ballo in Maschera
Holland Park, London

An al fresco masked ball with prize-winning singers. By Nick Kimberley

The Holland Park American Express Prize is given, not for singing a selection of arias and lieder, but for a performance in a complete opera. Many might hope that it would promote some unseemingly upstaging; but it's more of a Man/Woman of the Match Award, a tribute to selfless endeavour on behalf of the team.

In this, the first year of the prize, winners were selected from performances given by Opera Holland Park, making its debut during the Holland Park opera season. In asking Anthony Besch to direct Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Opera Holland Park placed itself in safe hands: too safe, perhaps. Besch was never going to give us *Ballo* as eerie psychodrama, but here it became a drama of firmly struck poses and fiddly business pedantically timed to coincide with the music.

Perhaps Besch found the theatre difficult. Holland Park is an open-air venue, the stage a set of boards in front of a grand building of indeterminate age, from which singers emerge through handsome doors and elegant arches. In the battle against low-flying planes and splashing fountains, singers receive support from discreet amplification. This has the effect of flattening the sound field, as if every singer is equidistant from every listener, but it allows subtleties that might otherwise get lost on the breeze, and also compensates for moments of weightlessness in the reduced orchestra, ably conducted by David Gibson.

Principal roles went to different singers on alternate nights, and the cast I saw benefited from several strong contributions. Christine Bunning, looking like a young Josephine Barrow, showed pure tone and shapely phrasing as Amelia, while Theresa Goble's Madame Arvidson had the requisite ground-shaking chest register. On this occasion, though, it was the men who dominated: Bruce Rankin rarely looked comfortable as the King, Gustavus, but the voice rang out clearly, an elegant foil for Gerard Quinn's Anckarström, sinister, dark and threatening. It was no surprise that Quinn was the male winner of the aforementioned prize (the alternative Amelia, Jacqueline Byll, won the women's event): he filled the evening air with the menace that the opera demands.

This *Ballo* was sung in Italian, with no surtitles. It was depressing to see so many people reading the synopsis during the performance. The generalised moves of Besch's production revealed little, so there wasn't much alternative. Except to sing it in English.

Last performances: Sat 17, 2.30 & 7.30pm
(box office: 0171-602 7856)

TELEVISION A Very Important Pennis (BBC2) The long-term appeal of the BBC's celebrity stalker may not be as big as some of his victims' egos. By Jasper Rees

In *A Very Important Pennis*, the carrot-topped geek who accosts celebs with scaldingly rude questions was released on Hollywood. And Hollywood, where celebrity is next to godliness, hadn't a clue what to make of him. Time after time, the stars would be seduced, like moths to the flame, into the alluring glare of the camera light, only to get their wings singed to a crisp.

Poor Charlie Sheen, advised that he is "the most polished performer... a shining example," was struck dumb by the tribute. "I'm not sure how to take that," he said when trapped again later with a gag about Vietnam vets having to

look after animals in the jungle. "On the chin," advised Dennis Pennis.

The dice were loaded against even the less dull-witted. Although Pennis the character is American (with an accent that slips under stress), his script team are English, and they unfavourably pepper his interrogations with slangy Anglicisms. Jim Carrey had not previously come across someone called Jimmy Riddle. Michael Douglas was none too sure what Pennis meant by his "tackle". The erstwhile alcoholic Drew Barrymore, of course, had never heard of her English namesake Michael, who also enjoys the occasional stiff one.

The obstacle facing Pennis's act is the law of diminishing returns. There are only so many times you can fire off questions to Cindy Crawford about strange pets before your name gets around town. Cindy's rictus froze, while Demi Moore was similarly stunned when asked whether, if it were tastefully done, she'd ever consider doing a movie with her clothes on. Bull's-eye.

A mock report from a Hollywood gossip show warned of Pennis's "anti-celebrity activity". The item may actually have been a mere spoof, but, next time, the PRs of Tinseltown will see him coming and get out their blackballs.

Courtney Love had definitely heard of "this obnoxious guy from England". At the opening of Planet Hollywood, where he skewered most of his victims, he beckoned David Hasselhoff over and asked, "There's a lot of complicated text in *Baywatch*: is it important that the actresses have good mammaries?" A reporter on the patch next to Pennis promptly leaned into shot and told him he was screwing it up for everyone else.

And there could be something in that – the next time the BBC requests a formal interview with, say, Warren Beatty ("Warren, you're not seen in public very often: is it fair to say Beatty

is privatised?"), he may dimly recall the corporation logo wrapped round Pennis's microphone and politely decline. Certainly, a wounded Steve Martin excluded Britain from a promotional tour after a brutal Pennising.

When he's not performing the valuable public service of insulting celebrities, Pennis tends to lose his way. In one item used to pad the show out to half an hour, he fronted an ad for a fraudulent exercise accessory. In another, he played a vulpine lawyer of the kind he may one day need himself. The real moth, you suspect, is Pennis himself, sentenced to a short life of frenetic nocturnal activity.

THE SUNDAY REVIEW



For young blacks in South Central Los Angeles, life is usually nasty, brutish and short. Ennis Beley was lucky: aged 12, he achieved celebrity as a video diarist, then as a photographer. Admirers gave him an education, contacts, hope... And then, in June, he was killed. Matthew Heller tells the story of a hope that failed

Plus: Helen Fielding has a bad experience with a pizza

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

THE SUNDAY REVIEW
David Benedict

overview

KEY

- EXCELLENT
- GOOD
- OK
- POOR
- DEADLY

jas

operatic

هكذا من الامم

Whiskery symbol of a High Bohemian tradition

George Cruikshank's influence on Dickens and Thackeray has been hugely underestimated, says D J Taylor

George Cruikshank's Life, Times and Art Volume 2: 1835-1878 by Robert L Patten, Lutterworth Press, £45

It takes a career like that of George Cruikshank (1792-1878) to remind us just how long the Victorian age extended, and of the myriad phases into which its artistic life divided up. "Phiz" (Häblot K Browne) may have achieved instant celebrity with his illustrations to Dickens, Tenniel may have landed the knighthood, but Cruikshank is the great brooding presence that hangs over 19th-century periodical illustration. "Boz" was the Cruikshank of literature, the *Spectator* thought, appraising Dickens's early sketches, and in some ways this is less a compliment to the author than an acknowledgment of the whole tradition in which the majority of early Victorian writers did their best work.

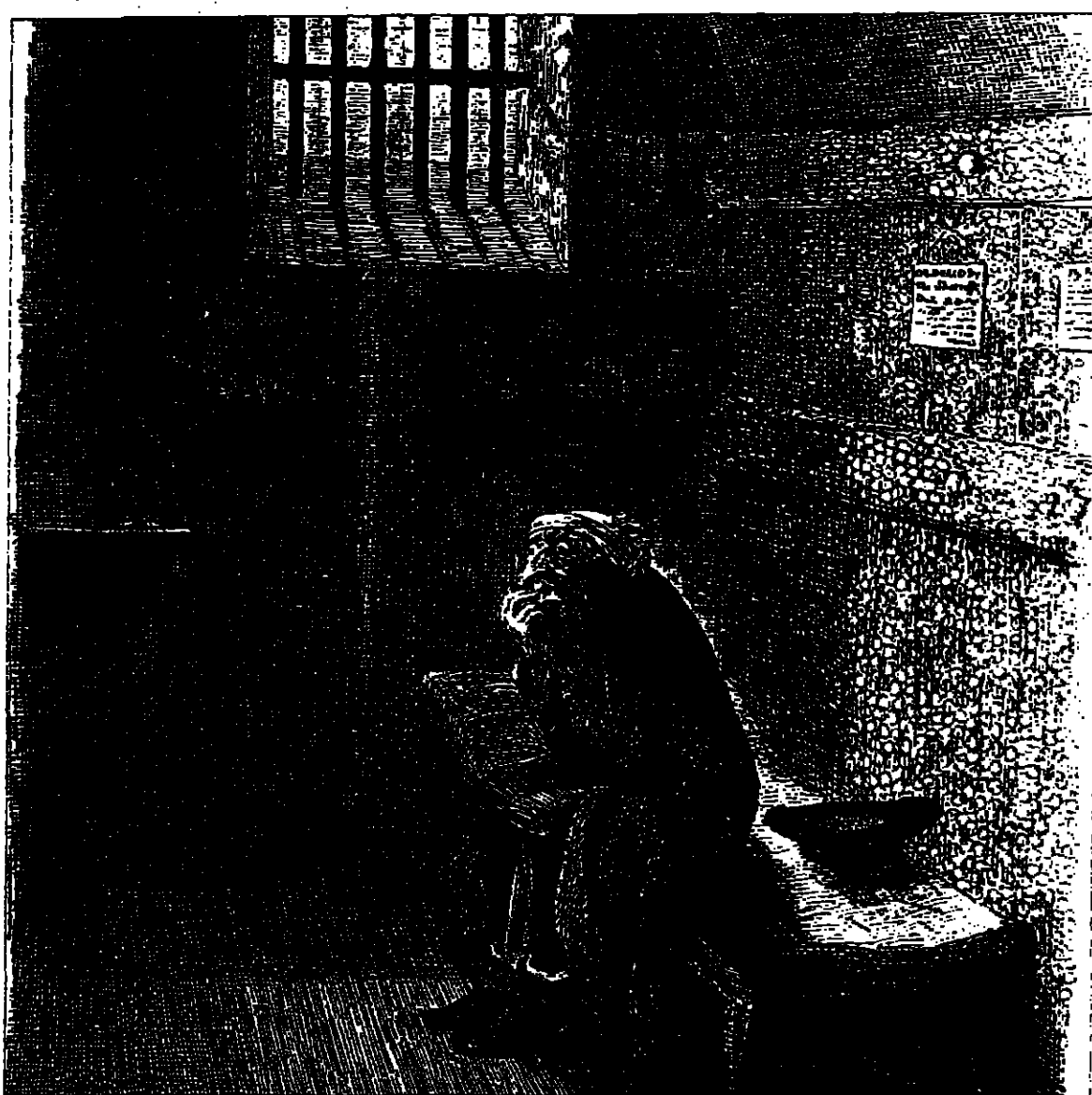
One doesn't need to have more than glanced through a novel such as *Dombey and Son* (illustrated by Browne) to realise the importance of engravings, either done in steel or wood-blocked, for the average early Victorian text. Dickens's correspondence with his illustrators gives an idea of the significance early Victorian practitioners attached to the portrayal of particular scenes and symbols. Thackeray's own illustrations to *Henry Esmond* are full of complex metaphorical games, endlessly refining on the letterpress or providing fresh insights into character and motivation. Realism started to invade Victorian magazines in mid-century – the illustrations to Trollope's later works tend to be of identical exquisites of both sexes – but until at least the early 1860s this kind of perfunctoriness was kept at bay, and at their best early Victorian novels are a genuine collaboration between author and artist.

The notion of writer and illustrator working in harness was pre-Victorian, of course: one of the abiding themes of Cruikshank's pious biographer is the difficulty his subject found in acclimatising himself to the new mid-century world. Already, in his forties, when Victoria came to the throne, Cruikshank could look back on a career that had begun as long ago as 1805: one of his finest moments had been the racy illustrations to Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, published in 1821.

Attitude, as much as age, marked Cruikshank out from his younger contemporaries. His early work, much of it commissioned by the satirist William Hone, had a sharp, political edge that he was to spend much of his later career trying to repudiate, and beneath the portraiture lay the bristling figure of the man himself – hot-tempered, Bohemian and famous for turning up the worse for drink.

If Cruikshank sometimes seems like a survivor of the lost world of the regency, a venerable throwback to the age of Vauxhall Gardens and Miss Decamp's dance, then to a certain extent these characteristics worked in his favour. Thackeray – to take only one young acolyte – had been deeply impressed as a boy by *Life in London*; Dickens, too, was a fan. By developing connections with the latter's publisher, Bentley, Cruikshank was able to exploit the Dickens-derived boom in early Victorian serial fiction, following up his work on *Sketches by Boz* with some stark illustrations to *Oliver Twist*. WH Ainsworth, the author of *Jack Sheppard* (1839), was another patron, and in *The Tower of London* (1840), a Victorian bestseller, Cruikshank showed what he could do when given his head: no fewer than 40 full-page steel engravings, as well as a host of incidental woodcuts.

Inevitably there were occupational hazards. In particular, as Patten demonstrates, Cruikshank got caught up in the "Newgate" row of the early 1840s, when the growing



'Fagin in the condemned cell': George Cruikshank's illustrations for 'Oliver Twist' (1837) were part of a long collaboration with Dickens

volume of low-life and delinquency novels, Ainsworth's highwaymen and Dickens's street gangs, led to a public backlash. There are interesting parallels with the current agitation over a film such as *Natural Born Killers* – at one point vendors were supposed to be selling "Shepherdbags" containing housebreaking tools, and the murderer Courvoisier was alleged to have got the idea from seeing a theatrical adaptation of Ainsworth's novel – but public opinion tended to follow Thackeray's rebuke: "Gentlemen and men of genius may amuse themselves with such rascals, but not live with them altogether. The public taste, to be sure, lies that way, but these men should teach the public." The

low-life novel died, and was not really revived – in a rather different form – until the end of the century.

It would be wrong to ascribe Cruikshank's subsequent decline to these abrupt transformations in public taste. Much more of it was to do with an inability to look out for himself in an increasingly complex marketplace, where personal connection was all and authorial touchiness (Dickens's in particular) had to be conciliated at all costs. The list of judgemental errors which Patten attributes to him in the 1840s makes melancholy reading: the estrangement from Ainsworth halfway through publication of *St James's*; or *The Court of Queen Anne* (he was replaced by Phiz.

symbolically enough), the falling out with Bentley, the refusal to have anything to do with the vastly successful *Punch*. After he lost both voice and audience, his uneasiness over the difficulties of reinventing himself to meet the demands of a new middle-class public are all too obvious. His old friend Hone, he told readers of his short-lived vehicle, *The Omnibus*, was "the most notorious infidel of his day"; he himself was a liberal only in the sense of "becoming a gentleman, generous not mean". This loss of nerve quickly transferred itself to his art, which hovered between a sympathy with Victorian conservatism and a harking back to the radical days of his youth.

Drink ("He here always sticks in my throat" he is supposed to have remarked, of his ignorance of Latin, "but the *hoc* goes down") and temper did the rest. From the mid-1840s he went in for temperance, contributing a lucrative series of plates to *The Bottle*, but his great days were gone and he knew it. In old age he was reduced to issuing pamphlets claiming that many of Dickens's and Ainsworth's ideas had been his own, and he had to suffer the embarrassment of having his designs for the Bruce statue in Stirling turned down by the judging committee.

In fact, as Patten convincingly shows, one or two of Cruikshank's claims about his influence on *Oliver Twist* merit some kind of consideration (Dickens certainly discussed chapters with him in advance) and Ainsworth, a markedly inferior writer, seems to have composed large parts of *The Tower of London* to an illustrative plan devised by his artist. Cruikshank's influence was incalculable. Patten, for instance, thinks that Thackeray, who collaborated with his mentor in the 1830s, may have picked up the idea for *Henry Esmond* from a design for a new edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

George Cruikshank's Life, Times and Art is a phenomenally good book – detailed but never dull, learned, thorough and entertainingly written. If the Cruikshank who wanders through it occasionally seems a rather sketchy figure, this is only because of the dearth of extant material about his personal life – his consumptive first wife, Mary Anne, for example, is simply an absence. Many of the best glimpses of him come from Dickens (they eventually quarrelled over temperance), including a comic portrait from William Hone's funeral: "George has enormous whiskers which struggle all down his throat ... and stick out in front of him, like a partially unravelled bird's nest." When a Methodist minister complained about an obituary of Hone, which he believed to have been written by Cruikshank, "George (upon his knees, and sobbing for the loss of an old friend) whispered to me 'that if it wasn't a clergyman, and it wasn't a funeral, he'd have punched his head'."

Patten is suspicious of this, thinking it written for patronising comic effect, but the tone is reinforced by a much more matter-of-fact account of an evening spent by author and illustrator: "George Cruikshank got rather drunk here, last Friday night, and declined to go away until four in the morning, when he went – I don't know where, but certainly not home." If nothing else, Cruikshank is a symbol of the High Bohemian tradition on which so much early Victorian art was built, and also of the difficulties of moving beyond that base. Thackeray, a younger man by 20 years, would eventually adapt himself to the sensibilities of his audience. For Cruikshank, despite the affection in which the late-Victorian public held his name, there was only cold water and self-serving letters to the *Times*.

Abandoning words for the battlefields of the Somme

Carole Angier finds an account of Edith Wharton's war work takes biographical detail a step too far

In her mid-fifties, Edith Wharton, the pampered, patrician novelist, abandoned her writing career to spend nearly four years travelling out to the battlefields of the First World War. There she drove herself nearly to physical breakdown with the sad and heavy burden of trying to care for jobless women, orphaned children and tubercular soldiers.

It was admirable work but, in biographical terms, it makes for extremely tedious copy. And as Professor Price tells it in this brief book, it is staggeringly boring. Price piles on the detail, mostly about money and squabbles (alas,

charity is mostly about money and squabbles), hardly pausing to consider what it all means. And when he does pause to consider, you wish he hadn't; the results are of such eye-stretching obviousness. What effect did Wharton's dedication to war work have on her fiction? It limited her output! (She herself said it left her "pent-tied".) Why did this sophisticated social satirist descend to sentimental fiction and propaganda pieces? To save the lives of her orphans and refugees!

If ever Price makes a point with some content, it immediately appears to be wrong. For exam-

The End of the Age of Innocence: Edith Wharton and the First World War
by Alan Price, Hale, £17.99

ple: the effects of the war "would be with Edith Wharton for the rest of her life", he intones; he then describes how she went straight back to her writing, and wrote about many of the same unwholesome things (e.g. incest) she always had done. And if ever he

makes a point once, he makes it several times: in the preface, in each chapter, and in the summary at the end of each chapter (well, of most chapters).

"The End of the Age of Innocence" is not only his title, it is also the last line of his preface and the last line of his book. But at least "The First World War" ushered in the true end of the age of innocence" is not obviously meaningless. Unlike his other main point – made in the preface, chapter one, and the conclusion: "For a novelist who made fictional worlds and for woman who created aesthetic spaces (her

houses and their gardens), the loss of control [represented by the war] was traumatic." More traumatic than for people who didn't create aesthetic spaces?

I suppose I did learn one or two interesting things. That the American Army was 17th in size in the world, for instance, when it entered the First World War; or that when several hundred American writers and editors were pooled in 1914, the vast majority favoured neutrality. By contrast the reactions of Wharton herself, and of her friend Henry James, put us all to shame. She did the work described here. He said

"The war has used up words." If only it had.

There have already been five Lives of Edith Wharton, including two big ones only two years ago. You would not think there was much left to say – and you would be right. Price (Associate Professor of English and American Studies, Penn State) has found a career-publishing niche in Wharton's First World War charity work, and has already overfilled it in the academic journals. That's fine; it's what they're there for. But it does not seem to have occurred to him (or to Hale) that this space may have been left because it

wasn't worth occupying. With touching naivety he thanks Wharton's last two biographers for sharing materials with him. I am sure Sharl Benstock and Eleanor Dwight are nice and generous people. But I do not think it cost them very much to share this particular material with Price.

It is sad, because it was brave of Robert Hale to publish a minority interest literary book, and to publish it so handsomely, on better paper and in better print than most big, greedy publishers spare for their bestsellers. But Hale's judgement, unfortunately, was not equal to its courage.

Operatic visions in a conspiratorial world

Academics still tie themselves in knots over the Wagnerian phenomenon. Never mind the theories, what about the music says Dermot Clinch

"I fear Wagnerians. They are capable of ruining my enjoyment of even the best of Wagner." Brahms had been quick to identify the perennial Wagner problem. Wagner, more than a mere composer or a mere dramatist, was a phenomenon. His dramas were the vehicle of a philosophy, his art was the focus of theories – his own and others – like no art before. Like Freud in Auden's poem, "In Memory of Sigmund Freud", like Jesus Christ to whom he is compared in this book on more than one occasion, Wagner created a "climate of opinion". There are Freudians and Christians. And there are Wagnerians.

Where there are believers, there will often be dissenters, and it is these who weigh on the mind of Michael Tanner, Cambridge philosophy don and new opera critic of the *Spectator*. "Why are people not grateful," he wails towards the end of his book, "for what he has given them?" But even this, the last of many such complaints, is forced. The days of deep Wagner controversy are long gone. In place of idolisation and demonisation, the pro and contra debates that animated the arts last century, in place even of the taint of association with Hitler, the worst that Wagner's operas encounter these days is a bit of temperamental incompatibility. No one doubts that Wagner's place among the "most significant composers" is now secure. Even the question of anti-Semitism in the operas has an academic air, and hardly affects the listening public.

Wagnerians have always thrived, however, on the vision of a world locked in conspiracy against the great man.

Wagner
by Michael Tanner
HarperCollins, £16.99

Michael Tanner's book is an old-fashioned apology, and none the worse for it. Priding himself on his good old common sense – he once thought of founding a magazine called *Rigour, Incorporating Standards and Values*, so he claims – Tanner asks the questions any worthwhile sceptic will want answered. Do we have to accept Wagner's high-flown intellectual stuff in order to regard the operas as "more than bizarre actions set to frequently wonderful music"? Do we need to believe what Tristan and Isolde sing, simply because the music sounds nice? Those superhuman folk in Wagner's operas – giants, dwarfs, axe-wielding heroes – do they serve a "useful as opposed to a thrilling ... purpose?"

Clearly put they may be. But once put, the questions hang tantalisingly unanswered, or merely obscured. Tanner may be a student of philosophy, a man of wide reading and vigorous opinions, but he has an impenetrable wall with words. Should we believe what Tristan and Isolde sing? "The only answer ... is that the experience of love at its most intense becomes an intuition that its fulfilment can only be found in a renunciation of the self, undertaken all the more willingly because the



Wagner: a devilish bid for a soul

tortures of being a self are so intolerable." And we thought Wagner was a composer! Here, once more, with a vengeance, is the old Wagner-as-sage routine, the very one that has been putting newcomers off the great composer for the last hundred and more years. In Tanner's thorough run-through of

Wagner's career each opera is treated, not as a work of music, but as a more or less efficient illustration of one man's developing thought. Chapter seven: "Wagner Ponders"; Chapter eight: "What is *The Ring* About?"; Chapter twelve: "Art, Tradition and Authority". Tanner's book is addressed to those with "some, not necessarily very much, acquaintance" with the operas, but it looks desperately optimistic.

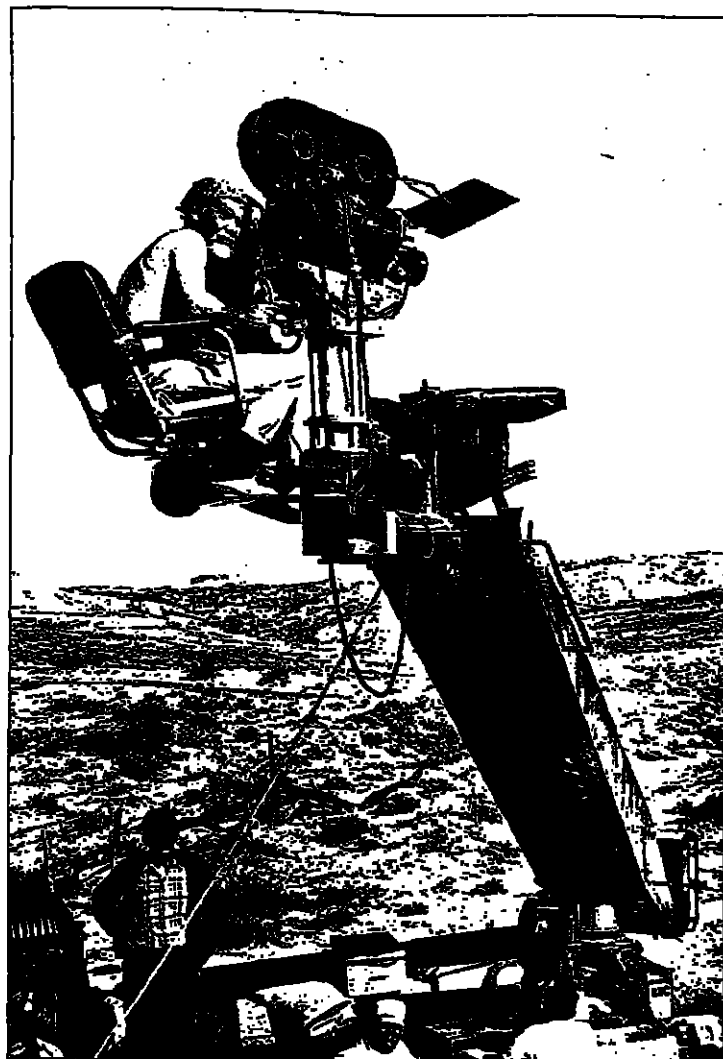
The *Tristan* chapter, in particular, is impressive, developing an earlier argument of the author that the opera is "one of the two greatest religious works of our culture". But much of the work is hard going. Why take Wagner's word for it, I have always wondered, that he was a worthy philosopher, social scientist, anthropologist? Surely Wagner is the classic case of an artist whose work requires criticism and probing, rather than respectful exegesis. Tanner, however, finds systems of thought where others might find casual insights and *aperçus*. Act II of *Tristan and Isolde* is not merely of psychological interest, it is a "demolition" of the underlying notions of psychology. *The Ring* is no mere artistic creation, it is a "great commentary" on human society and its possibilities.

And the music? Those who doubt Wagner most, Tanner writes, are those who feel him "making a devilish bid for their souls". No doubt he is right, though he is surely wrong to identify that bid as primarily intellectual. Wagner's art appeals to the gut before the reason, and it is the music that does it. Shunning musical technicalities, as Tanner does, is fair enough. But to find no alternative method of talking about the music, and so to dismiss it almost altogether, is a grave dereliction.

books

A matter of life and death in the film industry

Faber's new series of movie biographies is launched this month. Frank McLynn goes for the wrap



All dolled up: Sam Peckinpah (left), maker of hyper-violent, celluloid bloodbaths, on the set of 'The Wild Bunch' (1969); William Holden (centre) and Ernest Borgnine (right)

Movie biographies have come of age only in the present generation. Thirty years ago books written about the stars and directors of the silver screen were overwhelmingly scissored-and-paste jobs, where the principal source was the cuttings file. Nowadays film scholarship tends to be meticulous, with each studio archive carefully annotated and each interview scrupulously dated. The result has been some very fine books: *Learning on Welles*, *Spoto on Hitchcock*, *Mano on Brando*, *Lewis on Sellers*, to name a handful. This tradition is maintained in the half-dozen volumes with which Faber launches its series of movie biographies (all £12.99 paperback).

Kevin MacDonald's *Emmerich Pressburger: The Life and Death of a Screenwriter* (467pp) is a labour of love, as Pressburger was his grandfather. In partnership with Michael Powell as "The Archers", Pressburger wrote some of the finest movies in British film history: *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, *A Matter of Life and Death*, *Black Narcissus*. Although he died at 86, his career was essentially

finished at 50. While Michael Powell enjoyed a revival and was taken up by Hollywood luminaries like Coppola and Scorsese, Pressburger was the forgotten man. The old joke says that if you have a Hungarian for a friend you don't need enemies, but this particular Hungarian refugee from the Nazis was really the one let down by his friend. Having over the years patched up many quarrels caused by the mercurial and difficult Powell, he was not taken under the umbrella when Powell's career got a new lease of life.

Although it should be taken with a pinch of salt, Don Siegel's *A Siegel Film* (500pp) is the most entertaining of the six. Siegel was a highly talented director of action movies (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Charley Varrick*, *The Shootist*) and did much to further the career of Clint Eastwood who figures prominently in these pages. Much of Siegel's book is taken up with a kind of "Thucydidean" dialogue with movie greats, allegedly a faithful transcript of the conversations. Now, either we have to accept that Siegel was an early Tony Benn, in that he tape-recorded everything, or we must believe that all

this is in the spirit of *l'escalier*. Since Siegel is consistently witty and wise and invariably gets the better of all his interlocutors, the conclusion is obvious.

Joseph Losey fled his native US and the anti-communist witchhunts to make a new career in Britain in 1952. He was one of the legion whose fame was a Sixties' phenomenon, being particularly associated with Dirk Bogarde (*The Servant*, *Accident*) and with Burton and Taylor. But what really established his reputation was the pacan from the influential *Cahiers du Cinéma* where one critic straight-facedly compared him to Valéry, Nietzsche, Hegel, Bach and Stendahl. According to David Coute in *Joseph Losey: A Revelation on Life* (591pp), Losey was a deeply unpleasant man, an apologist for Stalin who tried to avoid conscription in the Second World War and ducked a real confrontation with the McCarthyites. Certainly he got on the wrong side of J Edgar Hoover, and the lengthy FBI file is an important source for this book.

Another director to joust with the paladins of the House Un-American Activities Committee was Nicholas

Ray, like Losey a darling of *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Bernard Eisenschitz was a member of the board on that magazine, and the main fault of his *Nicholas Ray: An American Journey* (599pp) is that he concentrates overly on the film oeuvre so that there is too little about Ray's private life. Ray was divorced after a brief marriage to Gloria Grahame, who promptly married Ray's eldest son. This should make sensational copy, but Eisenschitz mentions it and then hurries on to more film criticism. Given that many of Ray's movies (*Rebel without a Cause*, *Run for Cover*) centre on father-son conflict, this seems an odd way to write a biography.

The problem with Joseph McBride's *Frank Capra: The Catastrophe of Success* (763pp) is that the author does not like his subject. It is of course permissible for a biographer to "take against" his hero while writing the life, but McBride shows no real understanding of Capra the artist, and should have cried off the project on those grounds. In this book Capra is always wrong; he failed the challenge of the blacklist, and the real credit for his best films should go to the screenwriter Robert Riskin,

Pressburger to Capra's Powell. Even in the dispute with Columbia's notorious studio head Harry Cohn, where Capra was undoubtedly in the right, McBride manages to suggest that Capra overreacted and behaved self-destructively.

The opposite problem arises with David Weddle's *Sam Peckinpah: 'If They Move...Kill 'Em'*. This is a further devotional offering to the cult of Peckinpah, misogynist, racist (see his treatment of Mexicans) and maker of hyper-violent celluloid bloodbaths. Of course for the Peckinpah cultists, the man is a genius, but there is not much one can do about cults. Weddle seems unable to grasp the point that it is permissible to make one film about hyper-violence (as Kubrick did with *A Clockwork Orange* and later recanted) but not to base a career on it. I wonder if anyone has ever produced such a string of prize turkeys as Peckinpah (*Straw Dogs*, *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*, *Convoy*, *The Killer Elite*, *Cross of Iron*, *The Osterman Weekend*). Faber's new venture is a treat for cinephiles, but tighter quality control in the product is recommended for the future.

All you need to know about the books you meant to read

by Gavin Griffiths



THE LEOPARD (1958) by Giuseppe di Lampedusa

Lampedusa, a Sicilian nobleman, wrote his only novel to assuage melancholy. It was assembled and published posthumously.

Plot: Prince Fabrizio is the leopard, a self-absorbed aristocrat. In middle-age, facing the threat of Garibaldi and the Italian unification movement, he feels lapped in loneliness and treats his relatives with quiet disdain. The exception is Tancredi, his nephew. As the Bourbon king is deposed, Fabrizio knows that the old life is doomed. He encourages Tancredi to marry Angelica Sedara, daughter of a rich peasant. Concetta, Fabrizio's daughter, is mortified, for she loves Tancredi with ferocious pride. Marriage arrangements are completed and to celebrate the betrothal, there is a ball. As the Prince dances with Angelica, there are intimations of mortality. Twenty years later he has a stroke and dies in an hotel. Another 30 years pass. Concetta, a spinster, guards the palace. Angelica arrives and Concetta wonders whether she might have married Tancredi after all. Tancredi has been buried some time; Concetta knows that the truth is buried with him.

Theme: Fabrizio watches "the ruin of his own class without ever making any move towards saving it." His decadence is a reflection of Sicily's. The illusions of political improvement are pitched against the certainty that happiness is transitory.

Style: Combining Count Tolstoy's bemused hauteur with Proust's sense of universal loss, the prose is archaic, aloof and voluptuous.

Chief strengths: Fabrizio's quietism is subjected to irony. Lampedusa's belief that the modern world is trite and fussy parallels his exposure of the Prince as cruel and unthinking.

Chief weaknesses: The story is so episodic that the characters have little room for development.

What they thought of it then: Initially turned down for publication, the book subsequently enjoyed worldwide success.

What we think of it now: Falls into the minor classic bracket along with *Le Grand Meaulnes*, *Catcher in the Rye* and *The Good Soldier*.

Responsible for: Visconti's film (1963) which is a *tour de force* despite bizarre dubbing and the imaginative decision to cast Burt Lancaster as the Prince.



Who's reading whom

Molly Parkin finds harmony of mind in the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson

I admire Emerson for his mystical idealism which has had such a profound impact on American thought and culture. Richard Giddard's *The Vision of Emerson* (Element) does full justice to his concept of the infinite of the individual: that every person and every thing is an integral part of the universe. The universe has at its heart an essential balance which the acts of men can affect, but are ultimately affected by. Alice A. Bailey's *The Soul* (Lucas) subtitled "The Quality of Life", examines the issue from the Tibetan perspective.



Audiobooks

The Horse Whisperer
read by William Dufres
In Patagonia
read by James Wilby

The combination of pacey action, skilful cross-cutting and contemplative asides makes Nicholas Evans's highly-praised first novel *The Horse Whisperer* (Chivers, unabridged, 12hrs 40 mins, £16.95) perfectly suited to being heard rather than read. Delivered with well-sustained sympathy by New Englander William Dufres, it is absolutely gripping. James Wilby does full justice to Bruce Chatwin's extraordinary quest voyage in *Patagonia* (Reed Audio, 3hrs, £7.99), bringing its diverse characters vividly to life in accents that range effortlessly from whisky-sodden old pat to demagogically-inventive new pat. It's an irresistible taster for the whole book.

Christina Hardyment

Trouble under the lilac tree

Kate Atkinson is bewitched by a tale of two sisters

A long time ago Maria Owens came to Massachusetts with her baby daughter, and a packet of diamonds sewn into the hem of her dress and not much more. Since then every Owens woman has displayed her inheritance from Maria - a pair of grey eyes and a feeling for the extraordinary that lies just beneath the surface of the ordinary.

The otherworld that always inhabits the fringes of Alice Hoffman's books - the ghosts, the supernatural powers - is allowed a place centre stage in this book. For here are the aunts who can do real magic, who can cast a spell or make up love potions for the women who come to their back door at twilight, because the aunts, who smell "like lavender and sulphur", can "read desperation a mile away" and are not above sticking pins in the hearts of doves to give some foolish woman what she thinks she wants.

The aunts wear long black skirts and laced leather boots and they're so old "it's impossible to tell their age," but once long ago they were so beautiful that boys killed themselves for love. The aunts bring up orphan sisters, Gillian and Sally, after their parents die. The aunts' ideas on child-rearing are unconventional - "Sally and Gillian were never told to go to bed before midnight or reminded to brush their teeth". But people are afraid of the Owens, they cross their fingers or cross the street in case they get hexed.

Gillian and Sally, "night and day", grow up as different as only sisters can. Sally "as conscientious as Gillian is idle". Gillian runs away and marries several times, preferring the hot dry atmos-

Practical Magic
by Alice Hoffman
Macmillan, £15.99

phere of the desert to the fertile fecundity of Massachusetts, spending her whole life "trying to be as self-sufficient as a stone". Sally becomes a wife, becomes a mother - to another set of Owens sisters. Antonia and Kylie becomes a widow and decides to leave for somewhere where there's no horse's skull nailed to the fence to warn children away and "where no one pointed when her daughters walked down the street". And for years Sally achieves the normal life she craved, but she should know better: you can leave but you can't let go and you can't take the magic out of an Owens woman.

Then Sally turns up suddenly one night. She's brought her latest beau, Jimmy. He's sitting outside in the Oldsmobile as docile as a lamb for once, "Tall, dark, handsome and dead". The men in *Practical Magic* are handsome and good or handsome and bad. Jimmy, with his snakeskin boots and silver ring is "by far the best-looking guy Sally has ever seen, dead or alive" and Jimmy is very, very bad.

They bury Jimmy under the lilac trees at the bottom of the garden, but he won't rest. He keeps on bringing "bad fortune" and hangs around malevolently. The bad magic under the lilacs is a catalyst for change in this long hot summer of "humidity and greenery". Sally finds logic isn't enough and stops denying her emotions. Gillian stops running.

As ever, Hoffman draws a mean adolescent, and Kylie and Antonia are no exception. "Thirteen is a dangerous age. It's the time when a girl can snap, when good can turn to bad for no apparent reason, and you can lose your own child if you're not careful." Sally's girls grow, losing their outer magic, finding their inner magic. Gillian discovers something that every Owens woman before her has probably known, that "there is a progression and a sequence of possibilities when dealing with who a human can and will be."

Like the flashes of lightning that dart through the hot summers of this book, "trouble is just like love...it comes in unannounced and takes over before you've had a chance to reconsider, or even to think." Love is the redemptive force, of course. For Gillian there's Ben, a biology teacher and an amateur magician. For Sally there will be Gary Hallet who wears cowboy boots "coated with dust and is lean and tall like a scarecrow". Unfortunately he's also an investigator with the attorney general's office and is looking for Jimmy.

In the end, the aunts come up trumps, hot-footing it to Sally's house to deal with the "problem" under the lilac. The aunts aren't stupid, they've watched Oprah, they can deal with anything.

Hoffman isn't just Tyler-plus-magic realism, she's a great atmospheric storyteller. Her books are full of women who keep on making lasagne and tuna-fish casserole while around them life dissolves into chaos before it rises up and reforms into a new logic. Her books are a real pleasure - practical magic.

Bare-faced cheek

Patricia Craig reads a boys' own story of souped-up shenanigans

This is a very Irish novel: it's obsessive, inflated, cliquish, and keeps its women on the sidelines. Narrated by Junior Rash (Junior? What kind of an Irish name is Junior?), it is all about male competitiveness and camaraderie, full of coded repartee and abundant in minor characters with monikers like Budge and Butch and Batsy and Kerr and the Cop. It's a bit self-reflexive too. The narrator is a comic novelist based in Kensal Rise, author of such works as *Hand Me Down* and *The Second-hand Wardrobe* (Michael Curtin has written *The Self-Made Man* and *The Plastic Tomato Cutter*) though he spends a lot of time back in the west of Ireland carrying on with his old swimming mates: the Cove Shivering Club.

To join this virile body (men only, of course) you need to swim "bollock-naked" back and forth across the bay on a Good Friday, when the water is best described as "fresh". This feat is duly performed by Junior and his friend Dunstan Tucker, both aged ten, in 1955 - and a subsequent childhood disappointment, the failure of his father to raise the money for a week at the Seaside, warps Dunstan and leaves him with a mission in life: to get the better of banks. Dunstan's demented and convoluted financial dealings, and a Shivering Club presidential election, form the substance of Michael Curtin's plot.

The novel comes with an accolade from Roddy Doyle ("sparkling and hilarious"), and indeed it has something of Doyle's own gusto and demotic charm, laid on thick. However, it is likely that only those whose

The Cove Shivering Club
Michael Curtin
Fourth Estate, £8.99



Curtin: knockabout loquacity

taste runs to masculine know- ingness, endearing pugnacity or souped-up shenanigans, will get the most out of it. For the rest of us, I suspect, an element of tiresomeness may obstruct the fullest appreciation of its attitudes and antics. For example, the central financial *idée fixe* and its workings-out become increasingly over-elaborate.

And what are we to make of Junior's one-time schoolmaster, a Brother Chunkey, who first of all confesses to having had the hand of a cleaning woman up his soutane, and then goes on to clobber a pub singer in nun's garb calling herself Baptista and the Virgins? Perhaps the point is that there are no virgins in this act, just as the ex-Christian Brother himself embodies certain social upheavals in Irish life over the last 40-odd years - though what hasn't changed, it

seems, is Irishmen's inability to embrace egalitarianism readily. Sexual appraisal, for example, still gets itself expressed in atrocious colloquialisms - "a terrific pair of diddles...would put a stalk on a dead Dominican".

The thing is to be as racy and incorrigible as possible. With *The Cove Shivering Club*, it's true, the narrator's ironic distance - all those "kids trying to be men and men hanging on to childhood", as he describes himself and his Swimming Club associates - helps to temper the endless knockabout loquacity, which threatens to become overwhelming, what with London-Irish, pub frequenters and native barmen's palaver. And there are moments when salutary fun is poked at such importations from the modern world as the Social Services Centre. What is overwhelming, though, is the orgy of cordiality which brings things to a close, with all fighting talk erased and apparent betrayals of friendship overturned. While you can't accuse the novel of displaying insufficient boldness, fluency or exuberance, you might, with justice, question its sharpness or discrimination. It doesn't lack a kind of rumbustious appeal - but, as with all clubs and coteries, this appeal is ultimately limited.

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Taking the Kombi to the wonga vine

Bee-keeping hippies in New South Wales? Who cares, says Hugo Barnacle

You can bet that a novel calling itself *The Glade Within the Grove* will deal, in some probably obscure way, with the ritual goings-on in the Sacred Grove of Diana at Nemé, as detailed by Sir James Frazer in his archaeanthological classic *The Golden Bough*, best remembered as a source for the phrase "bitten by the Golden Bough" to describe writers who become preoccupied with this subject, but it seems particularly appropriate in David Foster's case, because, like his narrator, D'Arcy D'Olivere, he is a former postman.

The Glade Within the Grove
David Foster
Fourth Estate, £16.99

The first year of the commune's existence. Nothing much actually happens except a few arguments and a battery-charging problem with the VW Kombi van. (There is a local killer on the loose, but he turns out to be a bit of a non-sequitur.) All the rest we have to gather from footnotes and asides.

D'Arcy, now retired from his New South Wales rounds, happens to own the sole copy of an epic poem called "The Ballad of Erinnungarab". He found it in the post, addressed "To Whom It May Concern". It tells the story of a hippie commune which was established in a secluded NSW valley in 1968 and broke up about 20 years later. The men mostly got tired of all the promiscuous sex, castrated themselves and turned into trees like the ancient god Attis. The children of course moved to Sydney as soon as they were old enough.

The poem was written by a commune member, now in an asylum. Having located him and other survivors, D'Arcy tells the story himself, largely in reconstructed dialogue, with added digressions on the history of the potato, the fitting of penis rings, beekeeping and anything else that crops up.

Unfortunately this Shandyesque method means that after 400-odd pages, when lung cancer stops him writing any more, D'Arcy has only covered

woman next door." But the idea of Incarnation does not appear in the Gospels at all, and was only confirmed as doctrine by the Council of Chalcedon in 351.

Or again, "Perusal of Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*... We read where Lancelot, wounded in battle, lay with Queen Guenevere all night, but both denied adultery when sprung the next day. He probably didn't put it in."

But Malory says, "sir Launcelot went to bedde with the quene and toke no force of hys hurte honde, but toke hys pleasure and hys lykynge untyll hit was the dawnyng of the day," which hardly sounds like a *nuit blanche*. And he didn't hurt his hand in battle, he did it breaking in through the window, which also suggests he meant business.

Or again, Eugene the American deserter says of his time as a GI in Vietnam: "And people don't seem to know what I've been through, you know?... The noise from those B52s! Very funny, except that the B52s were stationed in Thailand and Guam, far from Vietnam, and over the war zone they cruised eight miles high, notoriously inaudible from the ground. It was their silence that made them so sinister."

Almost all the book's smart-alec observations come unstuck one way or another. But at least it makes for consistency of tone, and it may be part of an ironic post-modernist stratagem, along with the sexist treatment of the women characters and the prevailing absence of point, intended as a comment on the sloppymindedness of hippies. Hard to say, or care.



Like his modern counterpart, the supermarket manager, the Victorian kitchen gardener was an ambitious man - producing everything from winter pineapples, grapes, apricots, and avocado pears to the six varieties of Swiss Chard, illustrated here by Ernest Benary in 1876 (clockwise from top left, golden-veined Brazilian, crimson-veined Brazilian, common or spinach, yellow Chard, red Chard, silver-veined). Benary's luscious drawings are taken from Susan Campbell's mouth-watering and informative book, *Charles Manning: A History of Kitchen Gardening* (Ebury Press, £30.00) which explores and illustrates the horticultural secrets of the kitchen garden from Roman times to the present day.

Gas lights and red crabs under a yellow moon

A novel about the artists and intelligentsia of war-time France is ruined by too much chat, says Carol Birch

In its long and chequered history the novel has taken many forms but this is the first time I've encountered it in the guise of reference book. If you are interested in the intellectual, social and artistic elite in France during the Second World War, they are all here - Matisse, Picasso, Malraux, Bonnard, Aragon, Cartier-Bresson, Coco Chanel, Hemingway, Breton...

These are a few of the big names. The problem is, it's impossible to keep track of the literally hundreds of less illustrious names that are paraded through these pages. The book cries out for an index. When, for example, towards the

Matisse's War
by Peter Everett
Cape, £15.99

end of the book you read of the death in Auschwitz of Daniele and Maie Politzer, you have a vague recollection of their appearance somewhere amongst the 300-odd pages; but you can't for the life of you muster much more than the fact that their names ring a bell. They probably joined in a three-page formal discussion on life, art or

politics, then vanished. For of such the book largely consists.

Matisse, at 70, keeps his head down, pursuing a course of resolute non-involvement and worrying about the problems of getting art materials in wartime ("There is no joy to equal that of buying a kilo of blue pigment, or of yellow ochre; even of black"). "My function is to paint," Matisse goes on to declare, "not to bear witness."

The surrealist poet, Louis Aragon, and his wife Elsa Triolet join the Resistance. Aragon fights, witnessing the horrors of combat first-hand. And the war drags on. Matisse, we are told, "gave up seeking

to extract the meaningful at the time as he gave up any interest in the audience's anticipation of narrative." Everett's book mirrors this.

Matisse's War is highly stylised, consisting of numerous short, unrelated sections through which the vast cast drifts, endlessly talking shop.

And how they talk. Like well-rehearsed guests in a studio discussion, like voice-overs for a highbrow documentary, they enlighten, inform, conjecture; flawless speeches are delivered word perfect, so long and textual that sometimes you lose the sense of the spoken word altogether and are pulled up

short by the sudden incongruity of an inverted comma at the end of several weighty paragraphs. Everybody sounds the same.

Somewhere here there is a novel trying to get out. There is an old man worried about the effects of barbarism on his work, the patient ennui of ageing lovers, scenes of horror and pathos and the chronic disorder of war. The writing is polished and formal, the descriptions of Matisse's paintings glow: "My moon is yellow with a red spiral. You can see Antibes in the upper left of the painting; gas lamps light the sea to lure the fish, and a crab hangs on the rocks."

But every novelistic shoot is drowned in an ocean of information.

Peter Everett is an erudite man, his research meticulous, but *Matisse's War* would have been a far more successful book if he had not tried to include everything. So great are his efforts to shockhorn in yet one more fact about the period, one more newspaper reference, that whole scenes and conversations seem contrived purely for this purpose. So great is the control that variation is hushed, and the same tone conveys passion, pain, joy and outrage. Somehow, despite the depicted brightness of the Matisse canvases, all is monotone.

Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

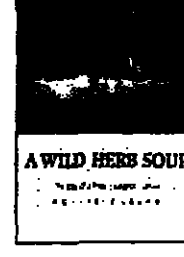
Beyond a Boundary

by C.L.R. James
(Serpent's Tail, £8.99) First published in 1963, this is not quite the ground-breaking synthesis of cricket and politics that some have claimed. It incorporates a beautifully observed memoir of Trinidad ("on Sunday...the underwear of the women crackled with starch") but occasionally strays into tedious didacticism. The heart of the book is passionate and profound study of West Indian inter-war cricketing heroes, ranging from the "princely" Leanne Constantine to a forgotten wicket-keeping genius called Piggott who held his hands "one inch from the wicket".



A Wild Herb Soup

by Emilie Carles
(Indigo, £7.99) This lucid, unsentimental memoir of hard times in a sublime Alpine community was an international best-seller. Born into grinding poverty in 1900, Carles was clever and hard-working enough to get herself a good education. Though her life was marked by tragedy - her mother struck by lightning, her sister sent mad by an alcoholic, pyromaniac husband - Carles emerges as resilient and high principled. An ardent pacifist, she fought and won a fierce battle against the motorway planned for her isolated homeland. An incandescent life-story illustrated by an infinitesimal typeface.



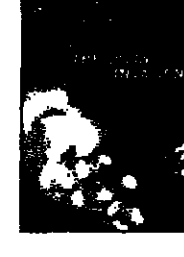
Intimacy by Julian Rathbone

(Indigo, £5.99) Living alone in a sun-baked villa high in the Sierra Nevada, David Querubin, the world's last castrato, decides to share the final days of his life with a young female acolyte. A mutually satisfying arrangement as both singers (as they discover over several bottles of rosé) turn out to have suffered more than their fair share of incest - the young woman with her father, the castrato with his mother. Practising their scales, they rehearse their pasts. If mutilated organs and silk pyjamas don't turn you on, Rathbone's high standards of interior decor just might. Sophisticated entertainment from an old pro.



The Divine Invasion by Philip K. Dick

(HarperCollins, £5.99) Science fiction writers don't come weirder than the late Philip K. Dick. This, the sequel to *1682*, one of the author's best known books, is no less than the story of God, alias an "autochthonic" being named Yah who hangs out on a far-away planet. When Yah attempts to invade earth by immaculately conceiving himself in the womb of a human woman, he's pursued by abortion-promoting members of the "new" Catholic church. To save the earth, he must be reborn. Dick obviously never lacked for compelling ideas. And yes, he did do drugs.



Knight Errant by Robert Stephens

(Sceptre, £6.99) The culmination of a final, astonishing burst - a period which also saw Stephens' legendary Lear and Falstaff - this is the theatrical equivalent of Alan Clark's tell-all memoirs. Hugely entertaining, it is thick with juicy goblets of gossip: Oliver, naked before a mirror, declaring "What a tragedy that such a very great actor should have such a very small cock". Coward insisting that males in his pool should be naked while females had to wear swimsuits; the amorous author finding himself alone with Antonia Fraser "And that was La-la-la." As exit lines go, they don't come much better than this book.



In the Sixties by Ray Connolly

(Pavilion, £6.99) Clever and assiduous, Connolly's cull of clippings ranges far beyond the usual Sixties hippy-druggy-pop Zeitgeist. Of course, this milieu does appear - an amusing piece about Ken Kesey in London, Lennon's infamous "We're more popular than Jesus" interview and Rees-Mogg's "butterfly-on-a-wheel" defence of Jagger. But there's also Khe Sanh, Profumo, Aberfan and Ulster, together with a pleasing assortment of oddities including profiles of Charles Atlas and Ivy Benson. Connolly's contention that "it was an excellent era for journalism" more than holds up.



Old Scores by Frederic Raphael

(Phoenix, £6.99) Raphael's latest novel of "bright young things" (not Oxbridge undergrads in long scarves, but Eighties duppies) is worth reading just for his stabs at contemporary dialogue. "Hairy hell! Sod it, honestly!" exclaims a *Daily Telegraph*-like journalist when he finds his penis covered in white paint. To which his girlfriend replies, while contemplating the "odd angle" of his erection: "You were jolly here-comes-Charlie, you know!" It's not until the story moves from SW1 to the Dordogne - with an unlikely new plot-twist involving a French resistance hero - that the dialogue mercifully lapses into French.



Hearing Voices by A.N. Wilson

(Mandarin, £6.99) Ser in Skites New York, Birmingham and Norfolk, the fourth volume in A.N. Wilson's *Lampit Chronicles* (the fifth in the series is out this month in paperback) finds the English Catholic intelligentsia ready to do battle with the Pill. Snobbish Jesuit priests, Friar Tucks with cheesy feet, and Frigid Marys indulge in elegant doctrinal debates, comic sexual liaisons and infrequent trips to "Marce". The novel's plot is less memorable than its nightmarish depiction of smug foggerydom in Brummie. Wilson always writes impeccably about people you wouldn't cross the road for.



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country

Postcards from the hedge

David Cohen talks to three people who bought the landscape of their dreams



Relaxing for Jim McAllister means hard labour at his 350-acre estate on the Surrey Downs

Photograph: Edward Sykes

When it comes to owning our own patch of green, most of us settle for a pot plant or a hedge. But not Margaret Gordon. She withdrew her savings of £5,500 and bought a Hampshire meadow. What was in it? "Nothing. Just a lot of grass," she laughs. "One and a half acres of it. I wanted fresh air, a space to dream and be creative and to see the sky again. It was my bid for freedom." Gordon, 43, is a management consultant from Southampton who earns £25,000 a year advising companies on stress management. When it came to alleviating her own stress, however, it was not a room with a view she sought, but a view with room, and plenty of it: a place to put her feet up and simply watch the grass grow. "The vista from my field is absolutely stunning," she says. "I look out over a river valley and can see 40 miles to the South Downs, the Solent and all the way to the Isle of Wight."

Gordon's hunt for a field of dreams began two years ago when she discovered that a friend shared the same yearning. The land agents they approached could only offer them expensive pony paddocks, but they persisted with their search and stumbled across a farmer selling 25 acres of arable land. They persuaded him to subdivide and bought three acres, which they halved between them. Now she drives to her meadow every weekend and often pops over on the way home from work to watch the sun set. "I love the peace and quiet, the sound of the wind in the trees, the birds, the thrill of being nowhere exactly. I don't have to insure it or fret that someone will steal or break it. Apart from arranging to give it a 'hay-cut' once a year, it's the ultimate worry-free possession," she enthuses.

Surprisingly, it is not difficult for ordinary individuals with a small amount of spare cash to buy a piece of the countryside, be it a field, a river or a forest. There are currently more than 30 "Forests for Sale" throughout the UK on the

books of specialist chartered surveyors like Bidwells and Cleggs, with price-tags ranging from £7,000 to £2.75 million. And according to Raymond Henderson of Bidwells, more and more city folk are becoming hip to the fact that it's affordable and very straightforward to purchase their own private woodland.

Jim McAllister, 51, the chairman of a property investment company, who lives in Chiswick, west London, bought his forest, near Guildford, 10 years ago. "I grew up on the edge of a forest in Scotland so I was used to running wild and having hills and trees around me," he says. "When I came to live in London, I used to drive to the Surrey Downs with my family every weekend and cycle through the woodland. One day I saw a For Sale sign at the entrance to my favourite forest. It was a magical place. But when I called the agent, it had already gone to someone else. I was bitterly disappointed. Then as luck had it, the sale fell through, they re-tendered and my offer was accepted."

McAllister's forest stretches across 350 acres and cost in the region of £300,000. It has 23 varieties of trees, some more than 500 years old, including Scots pine and Douglas firs, as well as 10 kilometres of track and a thriving wildlife population of deer, foxes, hawks, owls, rabbits, squirrels, grass snakes, adders, pheasants and badgers. "I often work from 6am to midnight in my business, so by the end of the week I can't wait to get

down here and relax," he says. Relaxing to McAllister means hard physical labour in the woods, building up a sweat before lunch, at which time friends might arrive for a barbecue. "It's calming to be in a forest," he says. "When one is successful in business, it is easy to become over-



The closest you can get to pure freedom says Farhad Vladi of his three islands

inflated and lose perspective. Being in my forest brings me down to size. I walk amongst trees that have been here for hundreds of years and I realise that I'm not so significant, that I am only here for a relatively short time."

But what began as a casual interest has become his passion. McAllister has completed forestry courses and learnt to cut down trees and maintain habitats. His four children and their friends muck in as well. To maintain a forest costs money, and McAllister employs foresters to help him, but how much you spend is entirely up to you. "To get to know your forest and the animals that live in it is fascinating. You can't compare that kind of intimate knowledge with going for a stroll in the country. It's awe-inspiring, magical. My favourite time is first thing in the morning, walking down a track and seeing a fox or a deer silhouetted against the early morning rising sun and totally unaware of my presence."

But if it's space and freedom you're after, why stop at a forest? Why not buy the ultimate – an island? Or are they the preserve of the mega-rich?

Farhad Vladi, a 51-year-old Canadian, attributes his love of islands to a boyhood romance that

never wore off: "I read Robinson Crusoe when I was far too young and have been smitten with island fever ever since," he says. "When I was an economics student, I read about an island for sale that was part of the Seychelles group and set off to buy it. But when I got there I discovered they were asking \$300,000, which I could not afford. So I did the next best thing. I found a buyer and used the finder's fee to build up my own capital so that one day I could buy my own island."

Thirty years later, having acted as agent in the sale of more than 500 islands to private individuals, Vladi has three islands to call his own: Sleepy Cove off the coast of Canada; Galloo Island in the US and a 2,000-acre island with sheep off the coast of New Zealand. He won't divulge price, but insists that you don't have to be film star-rich to buy an island. "In Canada, Scotland and Finland, you can pick up an island for £25,000, or £200,000 buys a first-class island with house, beaches, anchorage, proximity to mainland, nice elevations, a lake and a river." Indeed, this summer, 19 islands off Scotland's west coast are under the hammer, some with an asking price of no more than a medium-sized house in London.

Of course, getting to your island can cost a packet. Vladi must fly to the nearest city, drive to the nearest port and then take a small boat to his jetty. But cost aside, aren't island owners quite different to the kind of people that buy fields or forests? "Sure, there are crazy guys who buy islands because they want to rule like ego-maniacs over their kingdom, or because they are social misfits, but I am not like that," declares Vladi. "I use my islands to recharge my batteries just like anyone else. I just get to do it in perfect surroundings, encircled on all sides by blue sea, with no neighbours to bicker with and no government to tell me what to do. It's the closest you can get on earth to pure freedom. And what could be more thrilling than that?"

Return of the grouse on the Welsh hills of Pale Moor

By Michael Prestage

What happened in Wales on the Glorious 12th? Not a great deal, and certainly nothing much at Pale Moor in North Wales. At the start of the grouse-shooting season, gamekeeper Craig Jones listened in vain for the sound of grouse – and other birds. All that could be seen were crows circling beyond the range of the shotgun he carried.

"The air should be alive with birdsong, including the rapid-fire call of grouse," he said. "But listen, there's complete silence."

Yet an unusual alliance of conservationists and field sports enthusiasts is working on a five-year project to re-introduce the red grouse across thousands of acres of heather moorland in Wales. Other moorland species, such as the black grouse, golden plover and lapwing, will also benefit if the collaboration between the Countryside Council for Wales, the Game Conservancy Trust and the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is successful.

And the showpiece for the newly-formed Welsh Grouse Project is the 8,000-acre Pale Moor, near Bala, Gwynedd. Here it is hoped that grouse will

survive if moorland is properly managed.

Paradoxically, if the sound of shotguns are again heard on Welsh moors the project will have been a success. For the money raised from the bird's popularity as a quarry for shooting will help underwrite the conservation work.

Years of neglect have taken their toll at Pale Moor: the heather has been allowed to grow without regular burning and is now the wrong height for many bird species; the population of predators has gone unchecked; and there are too many sheep being grazed.

Controlling predators is a priority. A trap set high on the moor contains the latest batch of crows to fall prey to the new gamekeeper and they will be humanely dispatched, as will the foxes that come within sight of his gun.

A quarter of a century ago Wales had a higher density of red grouse than Scotland, but predation coupled with overgrazing and disease has reduced the population to the point of extinction. There are believed to be fewer than 1,000 breeding pairs left. Mr Jones

has a faded black-and-white picture from the turn of the century that shows 12 gamekeepers on the Pale Moor preparing to set out to organise a day's shoot for the landowner and his guests.

A walk across the moor reveals 50-year-old shooting butts now falling into disrepair where a dozen or more guns could be comfortably accommodated. Winston Churchill used to shoot here and locals can remember 40 brace being taken in a day. Before Mr Jones's recent arrival, it was 20 years since the last gamekeeper was employed here.

"This is one of Wales's last wildernesses," Mr Jones explained. "When it goes, some of the last of the ground nesting birds in the country go with it. It has to be managed to survive. For example, there is only one pair of curlew on 4,500 acres."

His sense of commitment is shared by Ian Lindsay, co-ordinator of the Welsh Grouse Project. "We hope to show that the objectives of sporting management, conservation and upland farming need not be incompatible," Mr Lindsay said. "It is all a question of balance. Over the



Red Grouse: waiting to be re-introduced to Pale Moor

Photograph: Planet Earth

last 40 years the balance has swung in favour of agriculture."

He explained there are now no large, formal grouse shoots in Wales and it is unlikely they would ever return. Yet they hope to raise grouse numbers to a level where field-sports enthusiasts can enjoy their sport.

"In Scotland, continued investment in keepers and moorland management has maintained viable grouse populations," said Mr Lindsay. "In

Wales, this tradition has, with very few exceptions, been lost, resulting in a downward spiral of fewer grouse, fewer keepers and less management. Hand-in-hand with this has been the decline in the quality of heather upland."

The Welsh Grouse Project will study grouse numbers and research into specific problems, such as bracken, which is overrunning the heather moorlands. Blood tests on grouse shot in the Berwyn Mountains, close to

the Pale Moor, showed high levels of loup-ill, one of the two major illnesses affecting the birds. It can cause 80 per cent mortality in chicks and research on a cure is under way.

"If all goes well there will be a sufficient population of grouse built up in five years," said Craig Jones. "That is the challenge for me. What makes it all the more rewarding is that I am helping restore a moor that is an asset for Wales."



DUFF HART-DAVIS

Cranks taken in by pranks? That is how many people view the faithful few who carry out research into crop circles; but if you spend a day in the company of a dedicated practitioner such as Lucy Pringle, you can hardly emerge with scepticism intact.

In her estimation, this has been a bumper season for crop formations. It started late, because the crops themselves were late after the cold spring, but it flowered into a splendid harvest as amazing shapes appeared in wheat and barley across the chalk downlands of Wiltshire, Hampshire and Berkshire, with outliers as far afield as Somerset and Nottingham.

Some of them, certainly, were man-made. There was no secret, for instance, about the twin circles joined by a bar – a kind of dumb-bell – which manifested themselves on the farm belonging to Tim and Polly Carson near Alton Barnes. These were laid out one night by two young Germans, whose addition to the creation of formations is such that, with the agreement of the farmers, they come over every summer to try some new design.

Yet in Lucy's view many formations derive from natural causes. One of this year's most remarkable was the huge pattern close to Stonehenge which appeared early in the evening of 7 July. The pilot of a light aircraft coming up from Exeter flew over the field as he was starting his descent into Thruxton, some five minutes away. At that moment the wheat was unblemished. When he returned within half an hour, the corn below him was imprinted with an astonishing array.

Experts described the formation as a Julia set, or fractal image (one which can be divided *ad infinitum*): several dozen circles of swept-down corn had appeared in a lazy curve reminiscent of a lizard seen from above. The circles graduated in diameter from a couple of feet at the tail to 15 yards at the head, and the whole layout was 900 feet long by 500 wide. As Lucy remarked, it was inconceivable that humans could have made it unobserved, and in fewer than 30 minutes.

The same applied still more emphatically to an even bigger formation which appeared at the foot of Windmill Hill, near the village of Yatesbury, on the night of 1 August. This was another fractal image, but a triple one, with three lizard-like curves of circles swinging into a single head, the whole more than 1,000 feet across.

When Lucy first visited this site, two days later, the swept-down corn had "a marvellous bounce to it" – the sure sign (in her view) of a formation made by natural forces. In man-made circles the crop is crushed and flattened, but in others it is left fluffed up in an even blanket six or eight inches off the earth. The destructive agent appears to be a sudden burst of energy which softens the stalks of the corn just above the soil.

When I visited the site, I was immediately struck by the fact that from ground level, in a field set on only the gentlest slope, it was impossible to see the whole formation at once, or to get any idea of its shape. Only when we flew over could I appreciate that the whole was laid out with astonishing elegance and precision.

A veteran of many summers' research, Lucy is cautious with explanations. "Everyone thinks up the wildest ideas," she says. "For example that the triple Julia was somehow created by a Ministry of Defence satellite operating bomb-disposal equipment." She mentions ley lines, and believes that Windmill Hill, Silbury Hill and the like are "power-packed places".

She herself believes that natural formations are caused by abrupt discharges of energy, and she can report many curious happenings. Last year, when two labradors entered a circle, they ran amok and attacked the nearest human: outside the formation again, they reverted to their normal sloppy selves. This time, several people who went into the Stonehenge formation felt extremely ill, and one man – a molecular biologist, used to working with radiation – staggered out claiming that he had been irradiated. Over the next few days the bodies of visitors passing through seemed to drain off the energy, but grains of wheat still carried a high charge.

Flying low along the line of the Ridgeway – the ancient track that follows the top of the Downs – we came eyeball-to-eyeball with the Uffington White Horse, with Iron Age hill forts, with prehistoric burial mounds. Out in the plain to the south the megaliths of Avebury and Stonehenge sentinel. Could it be that the forces which shape crop formations today are the same as those which made primitive people raise their monuments in this wide-open landscape?

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shopping

Six of the best menswear in white

1 Jigsaw Menswear drawstring parka, £97. Something for Liam Gallagher fans. A waterproof parka small enough to be stuffed into a pocket. Jigsaw Menswear, 9-10 Floral Street, London WC2; 22 Market Street, Cambridge; 61 Buchanan Street, Glasgow and branches nationwide. Stockist enquiries, 0171-240 5651.

2 French Connection jeans, £48. White jeans are probably the most sensible option for white trousers. They will endure beyond the fads of different trouser cuts. From branches of French Connection nationwide. Stockist enquiries, 0171-580 2507.

3 Armand Basi towelling top, £50. This round-necked, long-sleeved top is extremely comfortable, though, those not accustomed to today's outlandish fabrics may find the idea of wearing something resembling a nappy a bit bizarre. From Armand Basi, 12 Floral Street, London WC2; Wardrobe, Deansgate, Manchester and Nichols, Great Western Arcade, Birmingham. Stockist enquiries, 0171-278 4843.

4 Sally Gissing belt, £49. Crocodile-print white patent belt with a silver buckle. For smoothies eager to slip into that head-to-toe white, Seventies-style suit. From Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1. Stockist enquiries, 0171-267 9303.

5 Calvin Klein pants, £17.95. These now classic boxer shorts are featured mainly as a warning to men: if you're going to wear white, worry about the shade of your underwear. Women have to every day. From Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1 and branches of House of Fraser nationwide.

6 Jones the Bootmaker white flat-fronted loafers, £69.99. A clean, neat look, that is a refreshing break from built-up soles and flashy logos. Jones the Bootmaker nationwide. Stockist enquiries, 01323 649408.



Stylist: Claire Harrington. Photographer: Tony Buckland.

The thing about... personal stationery

Which act has caused the biggest collective sigh of frustration recently? The answer is yet another re-organisation of area telephone dialling codes. The human animal dislikes change at the best of times, but this seemingly deliberate act is guaranteed to cause wailing and gnashing of teeth. All those change-of-number notification cards, the extra digits in your Filofax, the agony of working out how to re-programme the phone.

Still, some will be smiling gamely at the silver lining as the cloud descends: the stationers. The last time this happened there was some suspicion, especially in London, where line-renters had already been subject to one change, that someone somewhere was getting kick-backs from the printers of letterheads: that suspicion will become conviction now.

One can understand that companies might rely on a pristine letterhead. The mystery is why individuals persist in laying out extortionate amounts for boxes of the stuff. The answer, of course, is that once you've started you can't stop: the personality type that needs a perfect letterhead in the first place can never be satisfied with ball-point-written phone numbers.

So what does your bought letterhead say about you? First of all, it suggests a certain illiteracy where computers are concerned. Now that most households have access to a computer, even if it is the one bought with supermarket tokens for a grandchild's school, it would be easy enough to change your letterhead at will. But a laser print is often not enough. We've all seen intolerable snobs run their thumbnails over invitations and sneer if they're not embossed. They do it with addresses, too. If you mind about that sort of thing, get help.

Consider help, also, if you have a plastic bag full of little gold stick-ons. It's a generally acknowledged rule among those who receive hate mail that the most vituperative, unless it's anonymous, generally comes with one of these labels attached.

Typefaces, also, say more about the chooser than they would like. Respectable companies, after all, are using graphologists in their recruitment processes these days. Beware of curly script learnt in American handwriting classes, actually known as English; people who have this tend to cosiness and sentimentality. Lovers of Gothic are startlingly prone to competitive pederasty. Umbra, that 3-D-effect shadow script, suggests an ego out of control. The Art Deco of Broadway is popular with advertising wannabes. You're probably best off with plain Roman. It may denote conservatism or indeed lack of imagination, but at least no one will spot your own particular brand of insanity.

Serena Mackesy

In last week's column, Tesco's new Clubcard Plus became "Cabinet Plus". Apologies to the store and any confused readers.

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مساعدة من العميل

property

What would you pay for a gorgeous garden? A beautiful, mature plot might not command the premium you expect

By Penny Jackson

A friend's mother always insists that she lives in a garden with a cottage. After years of army postings during which time she satisfied her love of plants by sketching strange and exotic flowers, she finally settled in a sheltered Somerset valley. Nothing will uproot her now from the garden it took so long to create. But for many people, moving is a chance to start again, to get it right. At last the problem of a garden too large or too small or too windy can be remedied. And even though buyers with soil testers rather than tape measures are thin on the ground, gardens can make – or break – a sale.

What is surprising, perhaps, is that a beautiful, mature garden does not necessarily lead to a rush of offers. When Wendy Lauderdale put her three-bedroom Wiltshire cottage on the market in the early summer, she anticipated a quick sale. It was not just that it was pretty, thatched and in open countryside close to the famous Stourhead Estate, but because the garden is gorgeous. Mrs Lauderdale opened it under the National Gardens Scheme and two years ago it was voted as one of the places visitors most enjoyed.

It is the kind of garden most of us can only dream of creating. At the moment it is at a high-summer peak: hydrangeas and the tall, ethereal, lilac-coloured Thalictrum are in full bloom in borders mixed with different shades of bergamot and interspersed with pots of lilies. Alongside a pergola of honeysuckle, roses and clematis – now past its best – Japanese anemones are springing up. Philoxera are on the verge of spectacular. Dramatic but also, it seems, daunting.

"So many people say they could never manage the upkeep," said Mrs Lauderdale. "In fact the hard work is done, all it needs is a bit of thinning out, dead heading in summer and then pruning. But I haven't seen a real gardener yet. You would be amazed how many people trip down the path without even a glance at the garden."

It was 12 years ago that she and her



Wendy Lauderdale at work in the garden she created 12 years ago

Photograph: Christopher Jones

husband bought the cottage, on a National Trust lease. The Lauderdale's carved the garden out of field and this into distinctive areas – which makes it seem larger than its half an acre. Wendy Lauderdale has even written a book, describing its creation. Nevertheless, she is pragmatic about her imminent departure: "I can always

create another garden, and I always tell people that they don't have to keep it as it is. They can concrete it over if they want to."

Size of garden can prove a sticking point, estate agents find. Simon Barker of Michael de Pelet who, with Knight Frank, is selling the Lauderdale's house for offers in excess of £185,000, said

that the Lauderdale's garden has helped the price. But he added that people interested in a cottage would not be keen to employ a gardener, whereas this would be taken for granted with a large house and garden. Nor do buyers stipulate what kind of garden they want. "Occasionally we get people asking for walled gardens, but

not many are specific – it limits their choice of house," he said.

Many buyers who are keen gardeners like the idea of starting from scratch and the potential of a house with either a neglected garden or surrounded by rough land has a strong appeal, especially if it is in a good position. While at the other end of the scale, there is a premium on houses with gardens designed by someone famous. Ian Stewart of Savills reckons that a Gertrude Jekyll garden, for instance, adds at least 10 per cent to the value. "It has to go to the right person, someone who appreciates the planting and that a good garden cannot be created overnight."

Certainly, in London, where designers are at work on pea-sized plots, an established garden with traits of Jekyll-inspired naturalism would be snapped up. But, again, size can be a drawback. Ben Stage, of Goldschmidt & Howland's Hampstead office, says that some people refuse to touch a large garden with a bargepole, even if the upkeep is less than for a small, intricate plot. "If a family does want a large garden, they often go for zero maintenance – trees and a good area of grass for the kids to play on." A good-sized period property in Hampstead with a garden of about 80ft would be in the region of £500,000 to £1m.

As for the perennial search for the perfect south-facing plot, in many cases this is a waste of effort, says Mr Stage. "A south-facing garden is no good if you have very tall buildings or trees at the end. A north-facing garden that is open to the west can be much sunnier."

However, in central London, the best kept secrets are the secluded garden squares, hidden from prying eyes. No one who spends just part of the year in town wants the burden of a garden. Buy a house in, say, Green Street in Mayfair (about £2m), says Simon Barnes of Laasman, and with it comes access to a communal garden with fountain, flower beds and privacy. And if you want to party, *sur tulle*, there are no worries about weeds. The Grosvenor Estate sees to all that.

Househunter Greenwich



Here is a rare chance to live in a castle in London. A four-bedroom detached wing of Vauxhall Castle in Greenwich has just come on to the market. The 18th-century, Grade I-listed building was designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, architect of Castle Howard and Blenheim Palace. The accommodation is arranged over two floors and there are magnificent views over Greenwich Park and London from the 31ft reception room. Asking price is £450,000 for a year lease. Agents are Winkworth (0181-852 0999).

For what it's worth

The marriage ceremony is not the only service to have a language overhaul this week. Black Horse Surveying Services yesterday gave a lead to the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors by launching a no-jargon home survey that meets the approval of the Plain English Campaign. Instead of wording such as "Difficulties in access restricted visual inspection of the second floor space and it cannot be regarded, therefore, as free from defect", you would get: "I could not see the second floor space". The survey also offers customers a pledge of a direct approach to complaints, avoiding the costly legal route. Peter Bruning, national director of Black Horse Surveying Services, said the trigger had been a *Which?* report of 15 months ago. This had looked at the courts' failure to help consumers of surveys get justice and criticised the use of caveats and difficult language in reports. The new survey also offers free emergency insurance cover for a year and and homeowners can save around £100 if they choose Black Horse to do a survey at the time their bank or building society does a valuation.

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Poetic licence:
Edinburgh beyond
the Festival

By Brian Patten

It's your first day at the Edinburgh Festival. You've been smart enough to organise your accommodation well in advance and you're feeling smug about being within walking distance of Edinburgh Castle instead of being stuck at the far end of the A68. Armed with various Festival guides and the hundreds of leaflets thrust at you by panicking young thespians within moments of your arrival, you are sitting in your rented flat ticking off possible shows. So far you've noted Louise Rennison's *Ser Tips for Girls*, a Bolivian String Quartet, and the latest revelations from a brilliant up-and-coming gay socialist transvestite called Chloe Poems.

You arrived in the city last night, dumped your luggage and headed out with the intention of catching a late show. You fancied a drink first so dropped into Bennet's bar by the King's Theatre, where you fell into conversation with an American academic and a Glaswegian escapologist.

The escapologist reminded you about Rose Street, which you recalled from a visit to the Festival years ago. You remembered the warm, traditional bars and good conversation with local artists and writers, and so the three of you decamped.

It was a bit depressing to find Rose Street well smartened up and with bouncers guarding the pub doors, so you suggested a visit to a bar called Sandy

Bells because it was here you first met the great Scottish poet and folk historian, Hamish Henderson, when you were 16. You stood looking at him, in awe of his teeth. But last night wasn't your lucky night, for when you arrived at Sandy Bells it was closing. You were tired anyway, so headed back for an early night, still cultured.

So, it's now the morning of your first full day at the arts festival to end all arts festivals. An early-morning show? OK, but look, it's sunny and the light is extra sharp and the air smells of burning hops from the brewery. You've known the festival in years when everything has been dreary and drenched in constant rain so you might as well make the best of it. You wander down to Princes Street Gardens - where Princes Street hits Lothian Road.

At this end of the gardens there is a gigantic fountain, a folly or masterpiece depending on your taste, and you sit at a table beside it, with coffee and sandwiches from the mobile café and do your best to avoid the wasps that are already drowning around the tables and weaving in and out of the numerous wire waste-baskets.

It's so lovely here. The fountain sounds as a fountain should, the thin sunlight is on your face, and in the near distance a band is tuning up for an outside concert. Noon now. Too late for a morning



Peaceful options in Edinburgh: Princes Street Gardens (above) and the Water of Leith (left)

Photographs: Geraint Lewis

show. An afternoon show? But you've left all your guides and brochures at home, and really it's far too nice to sit in a cramped little theatre watching a play or tomorrow's hungry contenders for the crowns of French and Saunders. Instead, you amble down to Stockbridge and rummage among the new antique shop till it's time for a light lunch at one of the numerous coffee houses.

By now early afternoon is giving way to late afternoon and you've still to have your first sniff of culture. You decide to walk up to the Assembly Rooms in George Street to see what's on - with 900 performances of numerous shows over three weeks, something's bound to take your fancy. As you set out for your first cultural experience of the 50th Edinburgh Festival you suddenly get an inexplicable urge for shady riverside walks instead, and a few minutes later you are beside the Water of Leith. You walk beneath trees beside a river - a secret valley

both moments and light-years away from the hum of festival traffic.

Flowers that have escaped from the cultivated gardens of the grand, leaf-hidden houses above you have rooted here, their colours a bit paler in the gloom, and the last of the summer's dragonflies helicopter about above stepping stones. You find a bench and sit down for a while, and read the last few chapters of the book you started on the long train ride coming up to Scotland.

By now you've missed all the afternoon shows and so you return to your accommodation for a rest and a shower. You doze off and dusk is falling by the time you are back out among the scrum of festival goers. The very last sunbeams are glittering on the tall buildings and spires, but that's fine, for when it sets they'll still retain their beauty. Illuminated by discreet spotlights they'll float in a faint haze and you'll gawp at them in wonder, and wonder why you don't

live here year round.

You've wandered through the old part of town and crossed Waverley Bridge into Princes Street again. In the open space around the back of the National Gallery there are jugglers and street musicians and the Glaswegian escapologist. There are also pavement artists and students advertising their shows with an urgency that makes you realise the venue they've booked to perform in is four miles and two bus changes from the city centre. You buy an ice-cream and, browsing among the faces of the multitude, spot the American academic from the bar last night. You were both a bit disappointed that Sandy Bells was closed so decide on a quick visit now.

An ex-pupil of Hamish Henderson is singing a traditional Highland lyric - it's so beautiful you and your American academic forget about theatre. This is the crack. It's theatre enough.

Maybe tomorrow you'll take in a show. Maybe after a visit to the nearby

seaside or to the Museum of Childhood, or to the wonderful National Gallery of Modern Art. Or maybe you'll just wander in the ancient courtyards where the ghosts of Scotland's great romantic poets and novelists peer down from narrow, turret windows. You might even visit the Castle if you've time, or take another slow stroll down the Royal Mile. For by now you are at ease. By now it's dawned on you that you've already bought your first ticket of the Festival. It was the ticket you purchased to travel here, the ticket that got you to the greatest show the Festival can offer, to Edinburgh itself.

Brian Patten joins Willie Russell, Adrian Henri, Roger McGough and Andy Roberts in *Words on the Run*, at the Assembly Rooms, 54 George Street (0131 226 2428) 21-25 August

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- 3 Programmes and souvenirs can add a further £20 to the cost of a concert. Full merchandise can cost £1700.
- 4 Pop magazines 90p-£2 for free posters, and to keep up with the latest music news.
- 5 CDs and videos £3.99 to £12.99; every song must be covered and no lucrative "collections" issue ignored.

THE FOOTBALL SUPPORTER

- 1 Ticket - the lower leagues may be cheap, but you'll pay up to £40 for a Premiership league game.
- 2 Football shirt - all three club designs could cost you £120. Some clubs currently offer six.
- 3 Subscription to satellite television £26 a month - for the matches you can't get to.
- 4 Travel - a European match may cost you your family holiday.
- 5 Food, drink and fares at away matches can cost £1,800 a season.

THE OPERA BUFF

- 1 A seat in the stalls at the Royal Opera House could cost £120.
- 2 Take your picnic to Glyndebourne - £30,000 will buy you "founder membership".
- 3 CDs of opera may cost £40 each, but essential for listening at home.
- 4 You may need £500 cash to secure that tout ticket for Pavarotti.
- 5 Formal wear - daring, when you've got that much money, who cares?



It may come as a shock on the terraces. But it can cost more to follow your favourite football team than to be an opera buff

JO MOYES

What price devotion? As the football season begins, some fans are about to discover that their draughty seat in the stands may cost them more than a box the Opera.

In the 1990s, real dedication, whether it be to Blackburn, Walsley, or Boyzone, is an expensive business. For the average football fan, the cost of going up with a favourite team can now run into thousands of pounds a year.

David Blatt, vice chairman of the London branch of the Football Supporters' Association, describes the sport as his "am, his religion". But he admits that following the dream leave fans broke.

A season ticket to a press-club can now cost between £250 and £500. In the last five years it has gone up by around 50 per cent, but ticket prices have gone up an average 300 per cent. It's a joke, he said.

For First Division clubs you're looking at a gate of between £10 and £40. Say you go to 30 games a season, every game an away trip. With your money, a couple of drinks and a dog burger, you're well in for £60 for the day. That's £180 a season.

Fans who cannot afford to travel to every game might instead subscribe to Sky sports channels. They are the only way to secure full match coverage, at a cost of approximately £26 a month.

"If you don't want to pay the subscription you go to a pub, but some pubs are now charging £4 to £5 to come in on big match days," said Mr Blatt, a Manchester United fan.

Then there is the football strip, made legendary by David Mellor and a fashion item no football fan can do without - a fact not unnoticed by the clubs.

Full kits, including shorts, tops and socks cost up to £69. Some clubs produce up to three a year. Mr Blatt says he and his household would be "decked from top to bottom in red and white" if his wife allowed it. But he admits that passion has an

increasingly high price. "If you've got kids, for example, it just becomes too expensive. There may be a point where football stops being an ordinary man's game."

Perhaps Mr Blatt ought to redirect his tenner towards a tenor. A three-season ticket for all productions at the English National Opera would cost him a mere £75 to £600 a year.

Productions at the Royal Opera House would cost him a little more. While tickets in the Gods (the opera equivalent of the football terraces) cost an average £45, tickets in the stalls average out at £114-120 each.

A fan with a passion for Pavarotti might pay more; demand for his performances

means that tickets have changed hands for up to £500.

But for the true opera buff, the high G of the opera year is the Glyndebourne Festival. This year, tickets cost just £10 upwards. For a donation of between £30,000-£150,000, they could become founder members, which guarantees tickets, although they have to be paid for on top, along with an annual subscription of £960-£4,800.

At this depth of pocket, aficionados are unlikely to worry about the subsidiary costs of a couple of glasses of champagne, dinner for two and the accompanying CDs, which can now be

evening at a Boyzone concert, for example, might cost the devotee £16 per ticket, £25 in travel and £10 in food and drink.

"Then you would have to have a programme - £6, a T-shirt, - £15, and your commemorative poster, key ring and mug - total £14," Ms Thornton said. Add to your video of Boyzone hit singles a video of the concert, "so that you can relive your moment in the audience", and you are a further £25 down. This is before you have even bought the music. (The average *Smash Hits* reader, says Ms Thornton, buys four CD singles and two albums a month).

The "must-haves" of the merchandising industry is not lost on *Smash Hits*, which now produces its own line. "We feature Boyzone in every issue. We know that people will buy it, just for a poster," said Ms Thornton, who says there are "tens and thousands" of such fans; a recent offer of the underpants of Take That heartthrob Mark Owen's, "warm and unwashed", received 300,000 applications.

"With merchandise now it's not what they can afford, it's what they can't afford not to have," she said.

David Blatt agreed. He would sacrifice the cost of the family holiday if it meant going to a dream match.

"The most important words in the world are 'I was there'. Nothing can compensate for that. That's worth however much you have to pay."

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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Postmen's leaders prepare to call four-day strike

Postal workers' leaders yesterday threatened to stage a four-day strike unless fresh talks are held on the long-running dispute over pay and working practices.

Industrial action will be escalated to hit mail deliveries from 30 August for four days if talks are not re-opened by next Thursday, the date of the next postal strike.

The executive of the Communication Workers' Union said support for the campaign of industrial action was solid and officials disputed the Royal Mail's claims of a drift back to work.

Alan Johnson, the union's joint general secretary, said he hoped the threatened four-day strike would not be necessary and pledged that efforts would be made to resume negotiations.

But the Royal Mail said it was "outraged" to threaten further strikes while continuing to refuse to ballot members on an offer worked out during the protracted negotiations that were held at Acat.

Richard Dykes, its managing director, said: "We are appalled at the union's complete disregard for customers and for the views of its own members. Further strike action is not going to resolve this dispute. It will only make the situation worse."

"The union executive are burying their heads in the sand. Threatening further strikes will put the jobs of their members at risk as well as causing further disruption for customers."

The union was "ignoring reality" in claiming that support for strikes was solid, Mr Dykes

said, and added that 19,400 postmen and women worked during Wednesday's strike, more than double the number who did so during the first walkout.

The union disputed the figures. It said support for the campaign of industrial action was holding firm and had strengthened in some regions. In a briefing paper that has been issued to union branches, Mr Johnson said that more effort would be made to resume negotiations with the Royal Mail.

Wednesday's strike had been probably the best supported of the five that have been held so far held, he added. Given the Royal Mail's efforts to claim that the dispute was crumbling and that workers were insisting on a ballot, Wednesday was the

"most crucial" date in the union's programme of industrial action so far.

The Department of Trade and Industry made no direct comment on the executive's decision.

A spokesman for the department said that the Government's one-month suspension of the Royal Mail's monopoly would be reviewed at the end of the period.

The Government has threatened to extend the suspension of the monopoly by three months if further industrial action is called.

The union had previously set strikes on Friday 30 August and Monday 2 September, and threatened yesterday to add the intervening Saturday and Sunday unless new talks are held.

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news



Making the grade: Students celebrating success in the A-level examinations, but, according to one careers adviser, success at this stage is no guarantee of anything

Photomontage: Jonathan Anstee

The day Britain got that A-grade feeling

JAMES CUSICK

Students anticipating further academic success, fame, fortune and happiness after scoring five top grades in their A-levels should beware of counting their chickens, according to Oxford University's careers adviser. High achievement at this stage is no guarantee of anything.

But there is worse news for those A-level students who did not do so well. Brunel University's careers office maintains that even if poor A-level performance is overcome and an undergraduate goes on to gain a first-class honours degree, today's blue-chip companies looking for recruits are still interested in A-level results.

A spokesman said: "CAHP is the buzzphrase at the moment - consistent academic high performance. They want to know if you've always been bright."

"One of the really sad things these days is that what you do at A-level now comes back to haunt you. It is one of the big problems facing students - that their early performance seems to matter rather a lot."

Tom Snow, of Oxford University, cautioned: "There is a good correlation between A-level results and later academic performance. But the correlation is not so good between their academic performance and what they go on to do next."

In what Mr Snow quaintly called the "after-life", certificated success was "not enough". He advised: "You should never think you are going to walk straight into a great job. You've still got hard choices to make, and a lot of work to do."

Mr Snow's warning of no guarantees proved too accurate for one pupil who gained six top grade A-levels. The head teacher of King Edward's school in Bath has written to Cambridge University to complain after it rejected one of its pupils. Andrew Archer's resumé proved he intelligent, but apparently not an open passport.

If the choice is hard at age 13, it is harder at age nine? Mr Lawrence achieved a top grade in A-level mathematics at 11 when most normal pupils struggling with long division sums. Mr Snow's correlator held. She went on to collect first-class honours at Oxford aged 13. Another degree; her doctorate were won before her 16th birthday.

After teaching in Harv and the University of Michigan Ms Lawrence went on to search "knot theory" at the Institut des Hautes Etudes Scientifiques at Bures-Yvette, near Paris.

Harry, her father - of branded a figure of either session or parental devotion is still accompanying his pre-teen daughter everywhere. After her A-level result came, she was continuing success. But happiness? It is probably too early to tell.

Ruth's sister, Rebecca, was equally precocious. Coaxed by her mother, she too had early top-grade maths certificate at 11. But hot-housing and the world of the fast-track academic were not her choice.

She now works as a pharmacist at Charing Cross Hospital in London.

The poet TS Eliot took a wider and more pragmatic view. Success, he said, was relative: it depended "on what we can make of the mess we have made of things".

The one-day-a-week job that costs the taxpayer £92,305 a year and achieves precisely nothing

ANTHONY BEVINS
Political Editor

The government-appointed Commissioner for Protection against Unlawful Industrial Action, who cost the taxpayer £92,303 last year, was unable to help any of the three people who asked for her assistance.

According to official accounts presented to Parliament last week, the commissioner, Gill Rowlands, was paid an annual salary of £13,992 before she stepped down from her one-day-a-week post last May.

But she received a further £28,015 for her other part-time job - which she conducted from the same Warrington offices - as Commissioner for the Rights of Trade Union Members, for two days a week.

Perhaps in recognition of the productivity of the double-headed commissioner, Ms Rowlands' replacement in both posts

- the former chief executive of West Glamorgan council, Gerry Corless - has been put on a total salary of £35,000, a cut from her pay rate of more than 16 per cent.

In her role as Commissioner for the Rights of Trade Union Members, which cost the taxpayer a total £336,646, Ms Rowlands was able to offer concrete assistance to just eight applicants in the year to last April.

For an overall cost of more than £400,000 for the two commissions, each successfully completed case therefore cost the Exchequer about £50,000.

But because Ms Rowlands was doing what Parliament had asked her to do under the terms of the Employment Act 1988, and the Trade Union Reform and Employment Rights Act 1993, the Comptroller and Auditor-General, Sir John Bourn, could hardly complain about a

gross waste of resources in accounts published last week.

Ms Rowlands conceded in her last annual report as Commissioner for Protection against Unlawful Industrial Action: "As in previous years, and as far as I am aware, there have been few, if any, instances of unions becoming involved in unlawfully organised industrial action."

However, she then added: "If this is the case, it is my view that the current industrial relations legislation and my role within that legislation are proving to be effective deterrents."

According to her report, "Three formal applications for assistance have been received during the reporting year." None of the applications fell within the scope of her powers.

Perhaps anticipating criticism, Ms Rowlands also said: "The real value of my office is apparent when one considers the potential financial and per-

sonal cost of a one-day strike at national level by comparison with the annual budget of my office."

As for her other role, as Commissioner for the Rights of Trade Union Members, Ms Rowlands prefers to concentrate on the number of enquiries that her office has dealt with over the year - more than a thousand - rather than the actual cases involving material assistance in court proceedings.

Ms Rowlands said: "I would prefer union members to settle their differences with their unions through internal procedures. When this occurs, because of the deterrent factor of my office, or when the matter is resolved because I have informed the member that I will not assist unless internal procedures to resolve the issue have been exhausted, I consider it a success for this office."

In her valedictory report on the year's work, Ms Rowlands said: "During the year, there has been a wide range of complaints, including those relating to removal from office contrary to rule, failure to allow access to accounting records, and breaches of rules relating to disciplinary proceedings."

"Many people have also contacted my office assuming that I can investigate complaints on their behalf and referring to me as the union ombudsman. I have made the nature of my role clear to them: that I have neither the power to investigate nor to provide advice."

Close reading of the account of the commissioner's "caseload activity", shows only eight cases "successfully resolved" with her help.

"Following the grant of assistance, the commissioner withdrew support from four applicants: eight applicants failed to progress their applications after initial contact with the office; twenty-two applications were found to be outside the scope of the commissioner's powers... The remaining forty-eight (although within the scope of the commissioner's power to grant assistance) were not assisted."



Gill Rowlands: 'Many people have contacted my office... I have neither the power to investigate nor to provide advice'

French francs come freely, just for one day

MICHAEL STREETER

The prospect of an end to commission for holiday currency moved a step closer today with Thomas Cook changing sterling into French francs for no charge.

The offer for holidaymakers is for today only but the company is considering longer commission "amnesties" on the most popular foreign currencies next year.

A spokesman for Thomas Cook, which controls about a quarter of the multi-million-pound high-street business and has 600 shops and bureaux de change, said a pilot scheme with Spanish pesetas earlier this year had been "extremely successful".

Nick Agarwal, the company's public relations manager, said: "We found that the trial with

pesetas generated a lot of interest and from our point of view this kind of offer can bring in other business."

He said the company was actively considering bringing in the scheme on a more permanent basis for travellers next year, though the free service would probably be restricted to the larger-volume currencies such as francs and pesetas. The company's normal commission is 1 per cent.

The pesetas offer in June boosted orders and purchases by more than 500 per cent and Thomas Cook hopes its offer on francs, the second most popular holiday currency, will have a similar impact. The deal applies to cash transactions only and is limited to a maximum of £2,000 on any one deal.

Lindsay Allardice, Thomas Cook's foreign exchange marketing manager, said: "If you are off to France this summer, make sure you get your currency now. Anyone crossing the Channel this summer would be mad to miss out on a currency deal as crazy as this."

The offer is a boost for tourists at the end of a week when it emerged that at least one major holiday tour operator, Air Tours, is to increase the price of some of its brochure holidays, by up to £30 a time.

That move was condemned by consumer groups yesterday, who said they were considering whether to make a legal challenge.

A Consumers' Association spokeswoman said that it was an offence for companies to give "inaccurate or misleading" prices in brochures.

Harry, her father - of branded a figure of either session or parental devotion is still accompanying his pre-teen daughter everywhere.

After her A-level result came, she was continuing success. But happiness? It is probably too early to tell.

Ruth's sister, Rebecca, was equally precocious. Coaxed by her mother, she too had early top-grade maths certificate at 11. But hot-housing and the world of the fast-track academic were not her choice.

She now works as a pharmacist at Charing Cross Hospital in London.

The poet TS Eliot took a wider and more pragmatic view. Success, he said, was relative: it depended "on what we can make of the mess we have made of things".

Prescott delights left and right

ANTHONY BEVINS
Political Editor

Labour's high command yesterday backed away from open conflict with John Prescott following yesterday's *Independent* interview on the substance and style of New Labour change.

But the waves created by the deputy leader's forthright language - confirming that lots of MPs voted for shadow cabinet candidates "they couldn't stomach" - were welcomed by many traditionalist MPs who were content with Mr Prescott's "boat-rocking" protest.

A significant proportion of MPs, perhaps even a silent majority, share the deputy leader's view that Mr Blair has pushed party and policy change to the limits of endurance.

They are willing to suffer in

silence in the interests of unity, but that does not mean they like it, and the row over Harriet Harman's choice of grammar school for her son showed that there are limits to their patience.

Pouring oil on the troubled waters created by Mr Prescott, a leadership spokesman said: "Tony Blair himself has frequently spoken of the inevitable impact of modernisation on some in the party."

"The important point is that Labour is stronger, fitter, more democratic and more united and self-disciplined as a result of the changes which, on every occasion a vote has been taken, have been overwhelmingly endorsed by the membership."

But Mr Prescott's mainstream point appeared to be underlined by Doug Hoyle, chairman of the Parliamentary

Labour Party, who said that while colleagues had displayed unity by voting for the shadow cabinet as a whole, that might have included backing some candidates they did not like.

That element of the Prescott interview was belatedly picked up by Defence Secretary Michael Portillo last night. He said: "It is an amazing state of affairs when you have a deputy leader of the Labour Party admitting that they have voted for fellow colleagues whom they cannot stand."

"Why, then, should they expect the British people to vote for those whom even they cannot stand?"

Predictably, a number of "likely suspect" Labour MPs exploited Mr Prescott's remarks for their own critical purposes. Alan Simpson, chairman of

the left-wing Campaign Group of MPs, warned that Labour's popularity would be short-lived if it tied itself to Tory policies.

"The party would do well to heed what John Prescott is saying. We have the same backroom approach to fighting the next election as we had towards the last one."

"There's a perception we are trying to tie ourselves in very closely to where the Conservatives are in the hope we can just steal a march by cleverness."

"That didn't serve us well in the last two elections and we ought to be asking whether that is going to fare any better for the coming one."

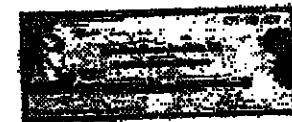
"What Labour will discover very quickly is that if we change position without having a different agenda, that popularity is a short-lived one."

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Hunstanton's biggest ever birthday party

Norfolk's most genteel resort is 150 years old this summer — and in the best of health. By Bob Carter

The man outside Woolworths was whistling "Suicide is Painless". Just round the corner a man with a microphone addressed a dozen, mostly elderly, people in the garden of the church. "I used to gamble. Every time I came on holiday I had to go in the arcade and spend a pound. It's easily done in Hunstanton. A pound would give you 50 goes at the tuppenny falls or buy a cheap tray in the shop proclaiming "Don't Ask — It's a £2".

On a cloudy, close August Sunday, Hunstanton is preparing for its biggest-ever party. There's a jazz band on the new bandstand on the green and a feel-good smattering of "no vacancies" signs in guesthouse windows. The resort of Hunstanton is 150 years old this summer and in the rudest of health — in a genteel sort of way.

A century-and-a-half ago there was none of this high excitement on top of the cliffs lining the top left-hand corner of Norfolk — just a small village where smugglers and customs officers occasionally fired sea-rusty muskets at one another, consigning the casualties to a corner of Saint Mary's churchyard, where they lie to this day.

Across the other side of the churchyard, in their family plot, lie the le Stranges, the family largely responsible for the Hunstanton of today and whose memory will be conjured up again this weekend when the birthday party gets into full swing.

In 1846, Henry Styleman le Strange, designer of the nave of Ely cathedral — and lord of the manor of this part of Norfolk — saw the business opportunities offered by the trend for days out and holidays at the seaside and built, a respectable distance away from the family seat, the New Inn, now the Golden Lion Hotel.

Even today Hunstanton tries to portray itself as a cut above the other resorts. And yes, it does seem different — strange, as in le Strange. Where other resorts have donkeys, Hunstanton offers pony rides. No motorboats here for trips round the bay: instead you take a ride along the sands in a wartime landing craft which then careers into the waves for a truly amphibian experience.

They'll tell you in the tourist information office that it's a quieter, more family-oriented place than the noisy commercialism of Cromer or even, God forbid, the flashy modernism of Great Yarmouth.

But it does not do to compare these places. Hunstanton — the Hunstanton of holidaymakers and not the old Hunstanton that lies quaintly rustic a mile or so up the coast — still has that essentially temporary feel, not helped by plenty of "to let" and "for sale" signs which bear witness to the hard times that England's East Coast seaside resorts have faced.

The past and the present are essentially separate and though the old church up the road was begun in the 14th century, the idea of continuity seems to hang on two or three generations of the same family, using the same caravan year after year.

Tomorrow these Hunstanton regulars can join in the party, watch the raft race or the aerobatics, hear the big band, eat the cake and "ooh" and "aah" at the fireworks reflected in the calm waters of The Wash.



But it is hard to imagine the holidaymakers snapping up a Hunstanton souvenir sketchbook. The birthday porcelain, meanwhile, seems more designed for the hardy band who live here all year round, as an affirmation of self, an attempt to convince them of the town's permanence and importance. After all the setbacks, they are still here.

They looked the other way when H G Wells and Rebecca West set up home here in 1914. They struggled on when the Mikado Concert Hall burnt down in 1922, and shrugged off the pier fire in 1939. They soldiered on when the US Air Force at nearby Sculthorpe declared the Cold War at a close and returned to America, taking away a lifeline almost as important as the railway which closed in 1969. And even the disappearance of the pier, in a storm in 1978, failed to finish them off.

So they have earned their celebration and they may just be able to do it again at some date in the future, despite its reliance on the beach bucket-and-spade-holiday. Hunstanton is branching out. It is as if there's a ripple effect gently washing over the town from the villages further east: Titchwell, Weybourne, the Burnhams and Brancaster, villages that at the weekend echo to stockbroker accents and 4x4 engines.

For walkers, birdwatchers, cyclists and horsemen and women who can't afford the cottage on the marsh, miles from anywhere, Hunstanton offers a much cheaper alternative.

It stands at the junction of the Peddars' Way and the Norfolk Coastal Path, both established long-distance footpaths. One of the most popular lists asked for at the tourist bureau is that of the eight local stables. Birdwatchers, meanwhile, fill up the guesthouse beds at either end of the summer — from Hunstanton you can spend a week at bird reserves around the coast and never visit the same one twice.

So there, in the greenish leisure boom to come, lies the future, if not the spirit of Hunstanton. That still eludes the arcades, the Sealife Centre, and the Oasis Leisure Centre, which boasts a swimming pool just yards from the real waves. Nor is the true spirit of Hunstanton with the church revivals, the acres of caravans or the lone whistler outside Woolworths. The spirit of a resort like this will always be just beyond the sea wall where the summer-tamed tides of The Wash deposit acres of sand. A gleaming strand which every year transforms streetwise teenagers into children again, digging round the rock pools, building dams and reservoirs and waving crabs at tearful sisters.

You might knock it, you might jet half way round the world to escape it, but there's nothing that compares to a day on the beach, a cheese sandwich (with real sand) and dinner from the chip shop. And so long as Hunstanton remembers this, the town should have many happy returns of the day.



A generation enjoys the old-fashioned charms of Hunstanton beach

Photographs: Keith Dobney

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something to declare

A likely story

New British Airways route creates \$260 million and over 3,500 new jobs in the first year for Phoenix, Arizona — City of Phoenix press release

The Arizona state capital is such a go-ahead place that city officials can already be precise about the impact of BA's new route from Gatwick, even though it began only in July. The daily DC-10 holds 271 passengers, of whom about half will stay on the plane as far as San Diego. So, assuming full loads throughout the year, 50,000 passengers will take the new flight. By the time they get to Phoenix, they will each have created more than £3,400 in wealth — about 10 times the lowest fare. On this basis, any large American city would do well to start a new route to London and pay everyone to travel on it. Or, at least, to write absurd press releases about it.

UK DEPARTURES

Cheap day trips by rail to and from London are being heavily promoted by train operators in the Midlands and Yorkshire. The East Coast Main Line (0345 225225) offers a day trip to London King's Cross from Leeds for £20 or from York for £25; the same prices apply for travellers from London to Yorkshire. You must book by 2pm on the day before you travel, and use specified trains.

Chiltern Railways (0990 165165) is offering £20 day tickets on the line between Marylebone and Birmingham Snow Hill. The journey takes about 30 minutes longer than from Euston, but saves £35 compared with the peak fare from there. From Warwick and Leamington Spa, the company will throw in a London Travelcard with the £20 day return to London.

The best deal of all is on Midland Mainline from Sheffield to St Pancras. The company is selling two, three or four seats for a total of £29, reducing the price of a day trip to as little as £7.25 per person (if four people travel together), compared with the standard "open" fare of up to £78. You must book three days in advance at Sheffield station, or five days ahead on 0990 125240. The offer does not apply on Saturdays, nor for journeys from London.

Trouble spots

Foreign Office advice about potential disaster areas

Canada: heavy flooding in the Saguenay-Lac St Jean region. Quebec. Communications are restored in most areas.

Montserrat: hurricane season from now until the end of October. Volcanic activity in the south, including the capital, Plymouth. Avoid that area.

Visitors' book

Mrs Williams's B&B, Porthmadog, Gwynedd

Wonderful bed. After this I want flannel sheets for the rest of my life — Jan-Olof Strindlund, Sweden.

Pink dreams in a pink room — Françoise Swickocha-Leonard.

Ukraine: diphtheria epidemic in parts of the country. Consult your GP about immunisation and other precautions.

Turkey: forest fires in the Marmaris, Datca, Mugla and Dalmatian areas. Roads are open but there may be some delays and temporary closures.

Bangladesh: occasional floods. Check with local police that roads are open.

For more information call the Foreign Office on 0171-338 5403. FO travel advice is displayed on Ceefax, page 564 onwards, and can be accessed on the Internet on <http://www.fco.gov.uk>.

Bargain of the week

The two shortest international air routes from London are to Antwerp and Brussels in Belgium, and these are the two served by the only unlimited travel commuter ticket. Sabena (0181-780 1444) sells unlimited trips within a month to either city from Heathrow and London City for a flat fee of £599 — apart from the troublesome tax of £10.40 per trip. Should you wish to make the most of it, try travelling to Antwerp twice a day for a month, with a day off on Saturdays. You'll end up spending almost £500 on tax — but will accrue 38,400 frequent flyer miles in the process.

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السنة الأولى

Sugar and spice and all things nice

Simon Calder visits Zanzibar, where gentle people go about their modest business — and moderation is the key

The interest value of any atlas declines quickly once you reach the gazetteer. But the butt-end of the alphabet is enlivened by three sharp syllables: Zan-zi-bar, so evocative a name that a dowdy old south-London pub has just changed its name from St Georges Tavern to Bar Zanzibar. The name belongs to an island that is well south even of Croydon. And it (the island, not the pub) is perhaps the most entrancing place in the book.

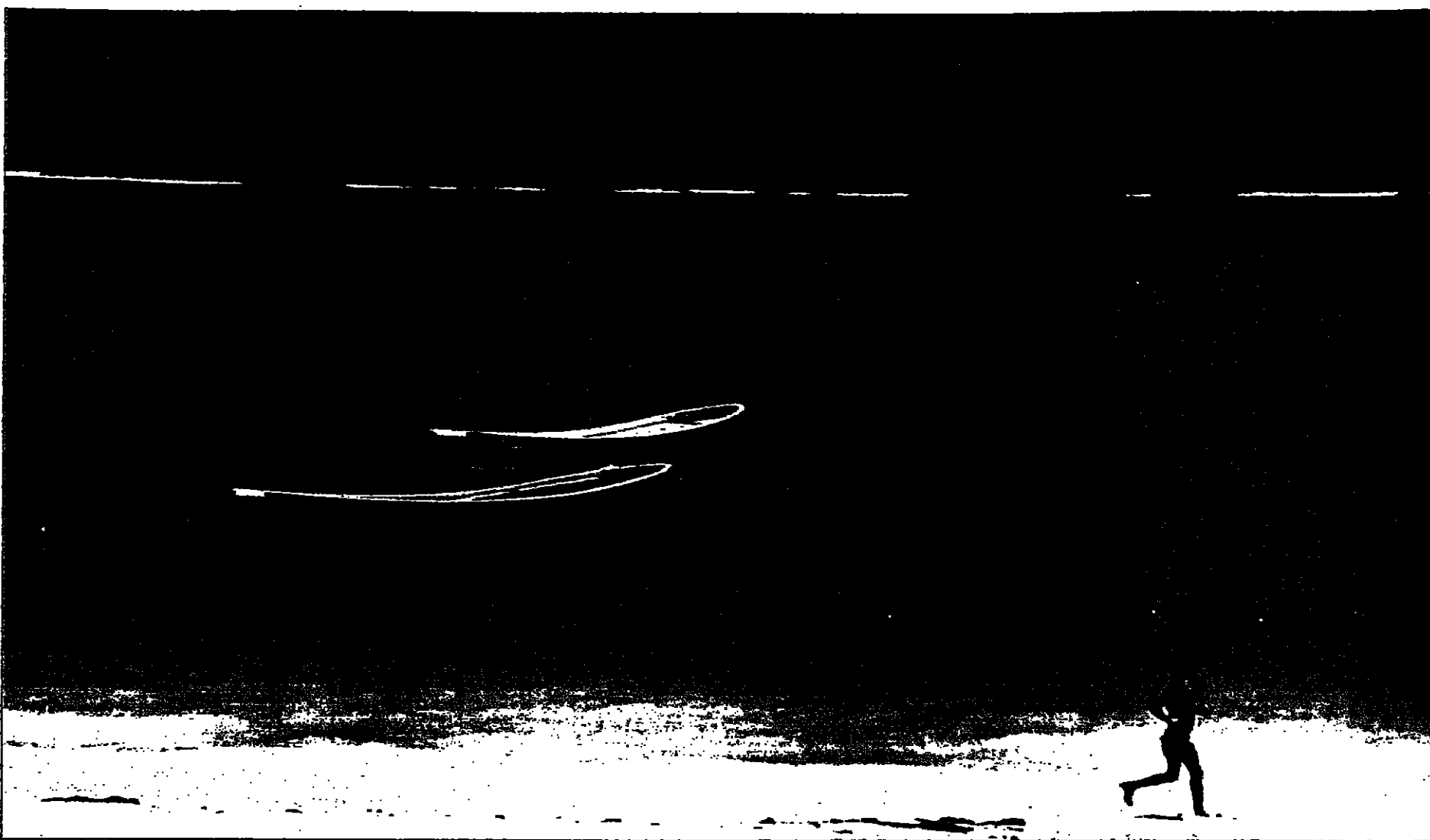
All your desert-island fantasies come true as you approach Zanzibar. Indeed, all the fantasies you ever had about travel suddenly crowd around. The sea is preposterously aquamarine, the sand implausibly golden and the airport impossibly empty. Check the map in the in-flight magazine to make sure that you are not dreaming, and that there is indeed an island the size of the Isle of Man bolted on to the right-hand-side of East Africa — close enough to benefit from the richness of the continent and its people, far enough to have been regarded as a safe staging post by early colonists.

An empire was hardly worthy of the name if Zanzibar was not included as a conquest on the Imperial bedpost. Persians and Portuguese, Indians and Arabs all took turns at controlling the 20-by-50-mile patch of land poking out of the Indian Ocean. It was the Arabs who endowed the place with its sense of dreamy intoxication by starting the spice industry and bestowing the inevitable cliché of the Spice Island, assiduously milked by the tourist board.

Still, if your home smells as headily sweet as this, then you can forgive the marketing people anything. I visited Mr Madawa, a spice merchant who gives hands-on explanations of the wondrous fumes that waft randomly around the islands. As he slices a sliver of bark, the scent splashes deliciously into the heavy noon air. Then he takes you and a handful of aromas back to his modest home to take apart any preconceptions you may have about the unsophistication of African food. Lunch is labour-intensive, but then Mr Madawa has four wives. His team of spouses (or should that be "spice") conjure magical dishes from an island where few tricks are needed to grow effusive quantities of exotic tropical crops.

Mr Madawa has a plurality of wives because the brand of Islam that prevails on Zanzibar permits polygamy. Much of the social structure — as well as architecture — was imported from the most easterly Gulf state, Oman, in the last century. At one point, the Omani court moved 2,000 miles south to take advantage of the benign terrain and benevolent society.

British hegemony soon prevailed, adding another layer to the cultural veneer that makes Zanzibar so confusing. To confound yourself utterly, rent a bicycle from the thoroughly



"All your desert-island fantasies come true as you approach Zanzibar"

Photograph: Robert Harding Picture Library

African market. It will probably be a Raleigh, based on an original idea from Nottingham. The plans, though, were long ago taken to India, where the upstanding Roadster flourished. This sturdy machine will take you through a maze of lanes as intricate as any Arab souk, until you reach the bleak block of flats where Freddie Mercury grew up.

The late, great Queen singer was born to a Shi-razz family, of Iranian descent. Freddie Mercury was blessed with an upbringing on an island of plenty, where your neighbour was as likely to hail from Delhi as Dar Es Salaam. People go gently

about their modest business in a climate where moderation is the key. Stress is merely something you put on the first syllable of Stone Town, the closest thing to a capital that Zanzibar possesses. As a shambles it is superlative, layer upon layer of humanity leaving its languid mark on the paraphernalia of government. The House of Wonders was the venue for the shortest war in history 100 years ago, when the British put down a little local difficulty in a little over half an hour. Now the House is a doddery old pile of quasi-imperial clutter that looks as if it was under siege for 38 years, not minutes.

Most of Zanzibar is untroubled by urban life, and comprises a lolling landscape where Mr Madawa's spices vie for light with arrogant palms. If you scrouched up the page of the atlas which deals with land use — all dark greens and deep reds, vivid blues and sandy yellows — then smoothed it out, the rumpled result would resemble rural Zanzibar. That spectrum coalesces at a single point at the tip of the island: the beach at Nungwi, where a placid village peeps out from the palms at a mile of virgin sand. The alphabet ends here — as does the traveller's quest for perfection.

You can reach Zanzibar via Muscat on Gulf Air, for around £500 through discount agents; or arrive by boat from Dar Es Salaam, having flown there on a cut-price ticket on an airline such as Ethiopian Airways for about £450 return; or take a cheap charter to Mombasa, connecting there with the Kenya Airways shuttle to Zanzibar. You will need a Tanzanian visa, obtainable relatively painlessly from the Tanzanian High Commission (0171-499 8951). The most sensible guide book is the *Bradt Guide to Zanzibar* by David Else, price £7.99.

Was it just a silly season wind-up?

Continuing our monthly series, Jeremy Skidmore answers readers' travel queries

I understand the Greek government has given tour operators a rebate on airport tax — is that going to mean lower prices for packages next summer?

Not necessarily. The Greek government is only offering the rebate, which amounts to around £3.60 per passenger on departures from Greek airports, up to December 31. We have not been given any indication yet whether it will be continued into 1997. The Greek government has to make its mind up soon if prices for 1997 are going to come down. Ironically the current rebate is great news for operators, but won't benefit any customers going to Greece this year. The rebate comes far too late to be passed on to holidaymakers in any brochures and will just go straight into the pockets of the tour operators.

The ideal time to book summer holidays has been much discussed, but what about winter sports?

The winter brochures are already out and are booking well. My advice to anyone who wants a winter holiday, particularly skiing, is to book sooner rather than later because accommodation in some resorts is getting in short supply. Skiers tend to be sophisticated holidaymakers who know exactly which hotel and resort they want and book up when the brochures come out.

I've heard that travel agency staff are offered all kinds of bribes for booking clients with certain operators. How can I be sure of being offered what's right for me?

Some agencies are owned by tour operators and have, in the past, been given cash incentives to push the products of their parent companies. But this does not mean you will be sold something that is wrong for you. The two biggest operators, Thomson and Airtours, own the two largest travel agencies, Lunn Poly and Going Places respectively. Lunn Poly and Going Places make

it clear that they recommend their own group's products but also promote a wide range of other companies and pledge not to sell an unsuitable holiday to their customers. This is probably a fair statement because the range of products in their shops is so wide that they can cater for most tastes. Elsewhere, all travel agents negotiate deals with certain tour operators. Even independent agents, which tend to sell a wider range of holidays than the multiples, cannot stock all the holidays on the market and are likely to have special deals with certain operators.

I've heard there's a new 18-30 airline but my travel agent doesn't know anything about it. Was it just a silly season wind-up?

There is a new airline being launched in April 1997 by Flying Colours, the company which owns the youth specialist Club 18-30. The airline has been called, not surprisingly, Flying Colours Airlines and a lot of holidaymakers who travel with Club 18-30 next year will find

themselves on the airline. Your travel agent may not know anything about the airline because it is not operating until next year, but the 1997 brochures are out and it is possible to make bookings now for next year.

I booked my winter cruise with Lunn Poly Direct in Coventry. I just learnt the office has been closed down. What happens next?

Firstly, don't worry: Lunn Poly has not gone bust and you will still be able to go on your winter cruise. To complement its shops, Lunn Poly had an office in Coventry which sold direct to the public over the telephone. Lunn Poly decided to close the Coventry office and concentrate sales through its shops.

If you have any queries about your cruise you can either go into a Lunn Poly shop and discuss them with a member of staff, or contact the retailer at its head office, Lunn Poly House, Clarendon Avenue, Leamington Spa, CV32 5PS.

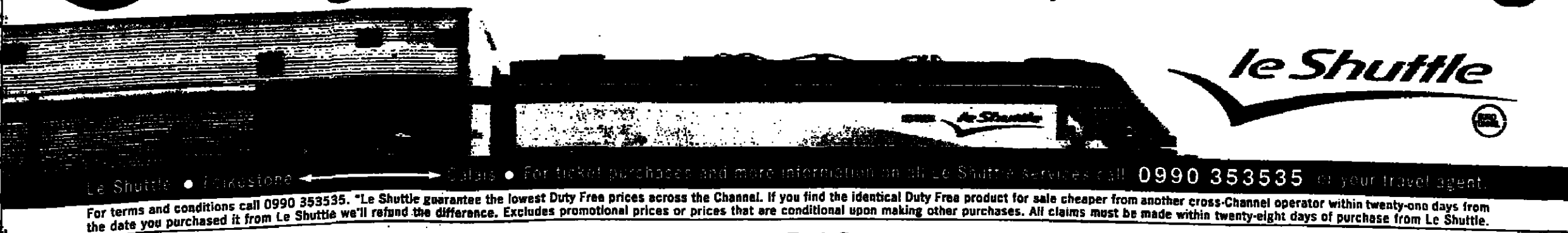
WORLD DEPARTURES

Coast-to-coast across America. Unow costs £149 one-way — if you are prepared to pause in Colorado Springs. This Rocky Mountain city is the hub for Western Pacific, a small airline that flies from Newark and Washington DC to six West Coast cities — including Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle. There are no advance purchase rules, and you may spend anything from 40 minutes to a year en route in Colorado Springs. Book on 01444-450311 or through an agent; some may agree to split the 15 per cent commission with you, cutting the fare to £139.

Are you a healthy adult, living in or around London, and want to do your bit to help the cause of travel medicine? If so, the Academic Unit of Travel Medicine and Vaccines wants to hear from you. The unit, based at the Royal Free Hospital in Hampstead, is testing the effectiveness of a new Yellow Fever vaccine. In return for taking part in the programme, you get a free jab and a Certificate of Immunisation which is valid for 10 years. Call 0171-830 2999 if you meet the criteria — and, most important of all, have never had the Yellow Fever vaccine before.

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travel

Flights and your rights

Following last week's article on airline delay, barrister Alan Matthews suggests that compensation could be due

Wendy Berliner's 53-hour delay on an Airtours flight back from Florida was described in these pages last week. Simon Calder's advice on what compensation she could expect was, as we like to say in my profession "with the greatest of respect", questionable. While Mr Calder's suggestion that she can do no more than claim on her insurance will please the travel industry, it does overlook legal avenues that may be open to her. My feeling is that if Ms Berliner and her fellow sufferers on that flight did claim against the airline they, like those on the equally disastrous Laker flight, might have a chance of obtaining damages.

Airtours' so-called "Fair Trading Agreement" contains an assertion that the company "cannot accept liability for any payment incurred... nor for any time lost on your holiday". Where someone has cut a coupon out of a brochure containing such conditions and booked for the flight that way, the clause will be part of that contract. However many, if not most, flights are booked and paid for over the telephone. A typical transaction will not involve any more than a discussion of the route, price and flight times. Travel agents seldom, if ever, say "and you accept the term that says you can't have any compensation if things go wrong" or even "the booking is subject to the airline's standard terms".

Once the customer has committed himself to paying for the flight the contract is complete and the airline cannot unilaterally introduce further terms, any more than the customer can.

Even for those people who did book in writing all may not be lost. The Unfair Terms in Consumer Contract Regulations, effective from 1995, prevent businesses from relying on unfair exemption clauses. These regulations have yet to be tested in the higher courts, but they seem designed to cover blanket statements disclaiming liability, such as the one that appears in Airtours' brochure. The Office of Fair Trading also has a power to seek a court order that such a clause is unlawful.

Some help for travellers comes from the Warsaw Convention, which governs international air traffic. Article 19 makes airlines liable for delay. Airlines try to counter this by claiming that their timetables do not constitute contractual terms.

If there were delays that were totally beyond the airline's control, such as fog, a claim for compensation would almost certainly fail. Mechanical faults, which caused Ms Berliner's delay, do not fall into this category.

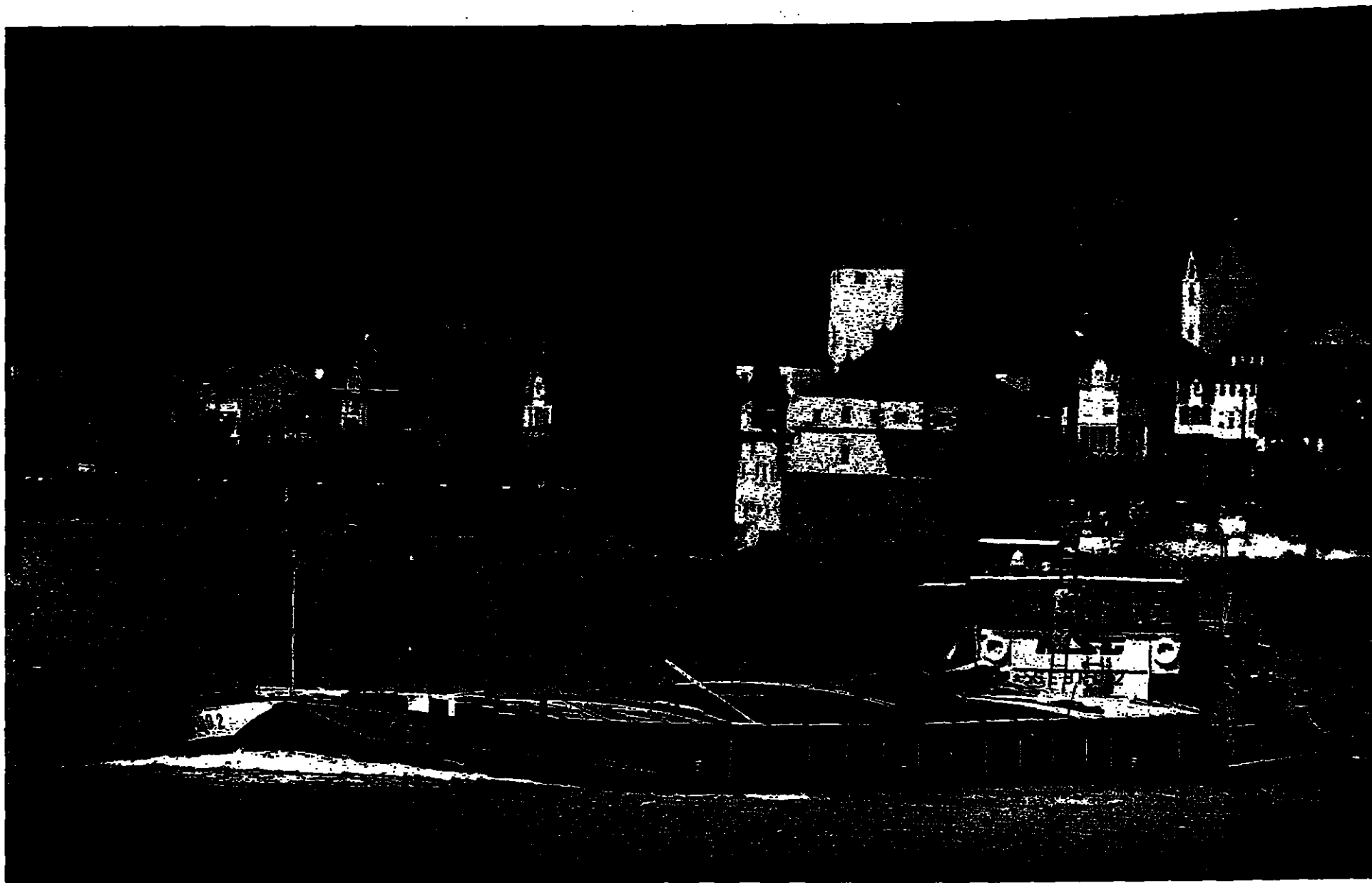
In a small claims court, where people are encouraged to present their own cases rather than instruct lawyers, I suspect a district judge would be keener to see that people receive fair compensation than to analyse the small print of either a brochure or the Warsaw Convention.

However, I equally suspect that if people like Ms Berliner showed that they were serious about taking action, Airtours would come up with a sensible offer of compensation. Both Airtours and Laker might be prepared to pay up to avoid the bad publicity and administrative disruption of defending hundreds of small claims.



A relentlessly and uproariously convivial welcome

'I was eighteen years old, very easily impressed and took myself extremely seriously. During that summer I learnt seven new words for drunkenness'. Linda Cookson remembers Germany in 1973



The Rhineland, where wine villages look sleepy by day only because they are snoozing off their hangovers

Photograph: Brian Harris

August 1973. Gary Glitter was "Leader of the Gang" at the top of the British charts. The Watergate scandal was breaking. And I and my boyfriend of the time were spending the whole of that summer in Germany together, equipped with a Collins Mini Gem Deutsch-English dictionary and a supply of tinned corned beef (in case we didn't like the food). We were doing a holiday job before going to college in October and it was the first time I had ever been out of the country. I was 18 years old, very easily impressed and took myself extremely seriously. The perfect profile for the innocent abroad.

We were working as translators for a wine company in the Rhineland. The bottling plant and company offices were in Burg Layen, a small village nestled snugly amid the ranks of vine terraces built back from the river Nahe. The area was filled with timbered, white-walled houses bearing paintings of bunches of grapes and beaming countrywomen (which I considered hugely tasteful at the time). And the air was sweet with alcohol. During that summer in Germany I learned seven new words for varieties of drunkenness. Sadly for my liver, it marked the beginning of the end

of my hitherto puritanical aversion to wine-drinking.

Our job included translating promotional material. I learned all about the differences between Spätlese and Auslese, and between Beerenauslese and Trockenbeerenauslese – right through to defining the tooth-rotting sweetness of Eiswein. I learned to write things like "with an elegant bouquet" without laughing. But, above all, I got to grips with the important business of wine-sampling.

The neighbourhood was relentlessly and uproariously convivial. From village to village there were wine festivals every weekend. There were festivals to say an emotional farewell to the last vintage and to empty the barrels in readiness for the next. There were festivals to try out the new vintage, and compare it enthusiastically with those of previous years. And then there were the local "Kirrnes" festivals – a particularly riotous set of celebrations, held in honour of each village's special saint. It was, if only in theory, a strongly Catholic area.

I soon learned that Rhineland wine villages looked sleepy by day only, because they were snoozing off their hangovers. Come nightfall, it would always be party time again. Whole villages were transformed into gypsy camps,

blazing with fairy lights and crammed with side-shows, food stalls and a forest of beer and wine tents. Early on in the summer, at one of those food stalls, I had a further fatal taste of corruption – a paper tray of Currywurst (German sausage smothered in raw curry powder and a dollop of ketchup), which I embraced as the height of sophistication and attempted to reproduce subsequently at many a dinner party back home.

The corned beef never got eaten. We were too overwhelmed by hospitality, as people bombarded us with invitations to suppers of Sauerbraten (a delicious regional pot roast) and Streuselkuchen (a sort of cherry crumble cake). It was as a guest at one of those suppers that I ate my very first frozen pizza. It took a few more years before the UK caught on to that particular treat.

We were a local curiosity. Everybody in the village seemed to know about us – something I put down to personal charisma at the time. In truth, I now realise, we were unmissable: my boyfriend with his lion's mane of red hair and penchant for purple loons, myself in full and flowing pre-Raphaelite regalia topped and tailed with a cowboy hat and a pair of desert boots. At this point, the mini-skirt – by then

definitely démodé back in England – had only just hit the Rhineland.

When I think back to that summer I remember it with huge affection. I remember the evening of our very first day at work, when the company boss took us to a Carole King concert in Frankfurt and we all held up lighted matches and sang "You Got a Friend". I remember betting on a horse at Baden-Baden on the assumption that age was a sign of experience, and being dumbfounded when my nag hobbled home last. I remember countless excursions, courtesy of workmates and their families, to mountains and castles and riverside beauty spots.

It was a great time. I arrived back in England in early October with a wine enthusiasm, a Currywurst addiction and a cigarette habit (born – I'm ashamed to say – of the discovery that you could put British 5p coins into the 1DM slot of German cigarette machines). I also had an embarrassingly large stash of Deutschmarks. We had been ludicrously well paid by English standards and no one had allowed us to spend any money. I bought the latest Leonard Cohen album, a copy of *The Little Prince* and a new pair of desert boots, and got ready for the business of being a student.

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SIMON CALDER

The trouble with Footprints

Take only photographs, leave only footprints" is the sensitive traveller's motto. So 10 years ago, a small Scottish company decided "Footprint" would make an excellent name for a series of maps and guides. The series is now flourishing, and Footprint publishes the guides for the Sustrans National Cycle Network. A story of small business makes good. Until this year, when someone else decided that "Footprint" would make a good imprint. Trade & Travel, publisher of the South American Handbook, has been looking for a change of image. James Dawson, managing director of Trade & Travel, said he wanted his series of guides to move "from being a low-profile, fringe series, to one at the heart of the guidebook business". Accordingly, his company is re-branding its series of travel guides as Footprint Handbooks. From now on, two sets of Footprints are vying for space on the bookshelves.

"We can't stop them," says Patrick Blashill, one of the partners of the original Footprint. "Although we registered the name with the Publishers' Association, this has no legal status. For that we'd need to register a trade mark which, for a small company like ours, would be enormously costly." Mr Blashill says the existence of two Footprint series "will lead to endless complications. When bookshops are asked to order Footprint guides, they won't know which company to deal with."

Mr Dawson disagrees: "We don't believe there will be any problems. These are two series which could not be more different in look or content, which sit on different shelves in the shops and serve different markets."

Following our tales last week about flight delays (see Flights and Your Rights, above), Peter May of St Albans writes with a tale of six hungry hours on the ground at Heathrow on a plane busily not flying to Bangkok. "Even so, the Thailand holiday was the most enjoyable I have ever had. I decided then always to go somewhere hot in February. But I now carry a bottle of mineral water and a pack of sandwiches on outbound long-haul flights, and have a meal in the airport on the inbound flight."

This proved of little help to Mr May in March this year, on a flight from Johannesburg to London on South African Airways. "We arrived over Heathrow on time at 7am, but were diverted to Manchester because of fog. We sat at Manchester awaiting refuelling and clearance for take-off. Unfortunately, the first slot was 15 minutes before the pilots' maximum hours were reached, so we were offloaded."

Things rapidly became worse, writes Mr May. "We had to wait 50 minutes before the right sized stairs could be found. Our baggage took a further two hours to be offloaded, and we – the economy classes – had then to wait for buses to take us to Heathrow. At Heathrow a rude traffic warden refused to let us disembark at the arrivals area, but made us go to departures – so we then had to struggle with our bags back to arrivals to get transport. We arrived 11 hours late, and all that time were served no food at all."

Diversion due to fog are unfortunately common, and Prestwick airport in Scotland was, indeed, designed with them in mind (it is rarely troubled by fog). But what is the

longest distance an airline has bussed passengers when flying has proved impractical? With the Channel Tunnel working, it is now theoretically possible for people to be sent overland from anywhere in Europe. And has re-routing ever proved beneficial? Presumably one or two of the passengers on Mr May's flight were actually heading for Manchester, and were therefore glad of the diversion.

On Thursday, Scotland's scenery began to brighten the journey to work of London's commuters, as posters of the Highlands were introduced in train and tube stations. "Leaves you breathless," reads the slogan. "Rather like the air in London."

The London Tourist Board is upset at the slur, though I suspect the law would side with Scotland if a case ever came to court. The thought that this is the first round in a knocking campaign rather appeals. The Glasgow underground could be enlivened by a pictures of those malevolent midgets in Scotland? Come to London? Scots would promptly add the caveat "only because the exhaust fumes have killed them all off".

The poorer parts of Edinburgh, where *Trainspotting* (the film about drug abuse) was shot, could trade insults with some of the dodgier estates in south London. Meanwhile the tourist boards in Wales and Northern Ireland would sit back and enjoy the spectacle, ready to pick up all the punters put off by advertising that seems dangerously akin to the present Tory poster campaign.

1508967

A healthy shade of green

Rose, Henry and Martin Village visit the Centre for Alternative Technology in Wales

The venue

There are begonias, nasturtiums and lobelia growing between the tracks of the water-balanced railway that takes you up to this hi-tech Shangri-La hanging steeply on a Welsh hillside.

So forget any preconceptions you may have about home-spun "alternatives". The Centre for Alternative Technology (CAT), now 21 years old, has come of age and is a sophisticated shade of green. It aims to show how today's good life can be comfortable and attractive as well as eco-friendly.

If anything, it is all too comfortable for the likes of some Greens, who have criticised it for not making a political challenge to mass consumerism. "Yet we are aiming to be the first step into the environmental movement for the general public who are not already committed Greenies," says Paul Allen, of the 30-strong CAT co-operative.

That this leading visitor centre entertains and educates around 1,000 people a day without drawing on the national grid or adding to our rubbish and sewage disposal problems, is testimony enough to a dream made real.

The visitors

Martin Village, an art dealer and publisher, took his son Henry, 11, and daughter Rose, seven, to the Centre for Alternative Technology in Machynlleth, Wales.

Rose: "I thought the compost toilet was funny. It didn't flush with water, so after you'd been to the toilet you had to put a shovel of sawdust into it."

The Mole Hole was all dark, and it got darker and darker until it led into a whole room, and I thought it was horrible at the entrance. But the good thing was all the animals you could see inside the glass displays, which light up when you press a button.

I liked one windmill where you could stand on the base, and it went round and round with the wind and you went round, too.

I thought the pigs were disgusting, but I liked the goat. I stroked his nose and touched his horns. I fed lettuce to the chickens.

I went in a maze with questions about how you travel to the shops and when you go on buses and stuff like that. I touched the compost made of poo, and it didn't look like poo.

I saw a play all about a bear and a man who was cutting down trees. The woodcutter said he was doing it for us because we need wood to make things like pencils and paper - but the bear got angry. And afterwards we got a little sunflower seed and I am going to plant it in our garden when I get home."

Henry: "This place made me consider things I don't normally think about, like the way we pollute the world and what solar and wind energy could do to help us all in the future. If people could make cars run by solar-powered batteries, there would be less bad air and my asthma might be better."

The train ride at the start takes you up on to another level, and it feels really good and gets you going for what you are about to experience.

The pump where you get water was good; we would have to fill up 30 buckets each in one day to get all the water we use. It made me think that people in Africa must have a hard time getting water.

I hadn't heard of all the different herbs in the garden; I tasted ginger mint, marjoram, Greek basil. Some of them - like the bronze fennel - tasted a bit off.

I thought that what the compost does is good, but it's not a very nice smell or sight. The adventure playground is good because it's got different areas for people under five and over five.



Rose Village examines the compost at the Centre for Alternative Technology

Photograph: Steve Peak

Overall, I found it was much more interesting than a normal museum, because you are having fun and learning at the same time. But you can't see it all in one go; you have to go at least twice.

Martin: "As an urban dweller I'm aware that I behave to my environment like a spoilt kid, using things and throwing them away, and I'd like to change that. This place makes me think in a more mature way."

I feel inspired here; it fills me with fantasies of the possible, like constructing the self-build house. This place has been created out of a seriously unfriendly environment and it is now something of great beauty. That imparts a therapeutic atmosphere. I take away with me a feeling of optimism and some sense of the Green gadgetry - like photovoltaic cells - now available.

The ideas of the Sixties and Seventies, then considered to be way out, are real here and now. And this place presents them with panache. They have demonstrated what can be done on the micro level, but to tackle the macro you have to talk in terms of politics. I would strongly urge our Ministers for Transport, Energy and the Environment to come here and stay - for a week at least."

The deal

The Centre for Alternative Technology is on the A487 north of Machynlleth, Powys, in Wales, and is open every day. Telephone: 01654 702400. Worldwide web site: <http://www.foe.co.uk/CAT>

Costs are "reasonable", Martin believes, at £13.50 for a family ticket, or £5.50 per adult and £2.50 per child

(under-fives get in free); the centre offers up to 10 per cent off the entry price if you arrive by rail. Food in the vegetarian restaurant ranges from £2 for a jacket potato and cheese, to around £3.50 for vegetable curry, ratatouille and rice or vegetable bake. Access for the disabled includes parking near the restaurant. Some areas are hard going for babies' buggies. The telephone box has a wind/solar-powered light. Residential courses on topics such as self-build homes and organic gardening take place all the year round. Toilets are clean and plentiful, some (including men's) with baby-changing facilities. Sewage is treated on site, mostly via reed beds; nutrients are reclaimed as compost. The waterless urinals use plant extracts to stay smell-free.

Brigid McConville

When you're feeling a little 11-o'clockish

Tony Kelly picnics near the house at Pooh Corner in the Ashdown Forest

It's nearly 11 o'clock," said Maire. "Time for a little smackerel of something." So Maire and Tony and Jacqueline and Lee and Fiona and James and Jane, who were all feeling a little 11-o'clockish, found a Thoughtful Spot in the forest where they sat eating honey sandwiches and looking for sticks for the game that Maire was going to teach them.

This was the Ashdown Forest in east Sussex, otherwise known as Pooh Country; and I had joined a group of Winnie-the-Pooh fans on a day's "explore" of the places where Christopher Robin and his friends used to play.

James Linehan (almost five) had brought his mother along to share the fun; the rest of us, to my surprise, were grown-ups. Lee Turtle and Jacqueline Abbot were New Zealanders working in London and hoping to relive childhood memories; Fiona Spandler was a Methodist minister whose interest in Pooh stems from a Winnie-the-Pooh society at college.

"You'd be amazed how widespread the interest is," said our guide, Maire McQueney, an energetic Irish-American who left the Bronx for Britain 24 years ago and now leads tours combining her two great loves, literature and walking. "People from Singapore will come all the way to England just for a Winnie-the-Pooh event."

We began in Hartfield, a Domesday village half way between East Grinstead and Tunbridge Wells. With the sun shining on its timber-framed houses, it looked the perfect postcard image of rural England. "For many Pooh fans around the world, Hartfield is England," said Maire. "It's the only place they ever see apart from London."

AA Milne had a house here, at Cotchford Farm; at weekends he went walking in the woods with his son Christopher Robin. Milne had already made his name in journalism and the theatre when he turned to writing children's stories in the Twenties, while his son was still a boy. From then on, Milne was known only for one thing; while Christopher Robin, who died in April this year, spent the rest of his life trying to live down his name. As for Winnie-the-Pooh, he was a Harrods teddy given to Christopher Robin on his first birthday and named



Playing Poohsticks in the Ashdown Forest

Photograph: Andrew Hasson

Winnie after a Canadian bear from Winnipeg in London Zoo.

The books are set in a real landscape - and Milne wove local history and wildlife

into his stories. Tigers and kangaroos in the forest may be a product of his imagination (like Pooh, they were based on Christopher Robin's own soft toys) but rabbits and owls

are real enough, and even Piglet was a descendant of the wild boars which Henry VIII used to hunt here. As for Eeyore, well, Christopher Robin did have a real grey donkey called Jessica, which he used to ride into Hartfield to buy sweets.

After our "little something" we headed off to search for Rabbit's Hole, where Pooh became stuck for an entire week after eating too much. James found a sandy bank with a hole in it; the rest of us tried hard to convince ourselves that this was the real thing.

Near here is Pooh Bridge, the setting for Pooh's invention of the game Poohsticks. The wooden bridge has been carefully restored but still looks just as it did in EH Shepherd's pictures of 1928. For most day-trippers, this is the limit of their Pooh experience. On the day I was there, Japanese tourists and parties of excited schoolchildren threw sticks into the water and eagerly snapped each other's pictures as we waited patiently for our turn to play.

After lunch it was time for another "expedition". First we came to the North Pole, where baby Roo learnt to swim and was rescued by Pooh with the "north pole" he had discovered. Then we climbed to Pooh Corner, where Eeyore lived in a house of sticks built by Piglet and Pooh.

Finally we reached Gills Lap (Galleon's Lap in the book) and a memorial stone to Milne and Shepherd, "who captured the magic of Ashdown Forest and gave it to the world". Above here, at the very top of the forest, is the enchanted place where Christopher Robin said good-bye to Pooh at the end of *The House at Pooh Corner*.

Maire McQueney's guided walks take place every Saturday in August. The morning walk leaves Hartfield war memorial at 10.05am and the afternoon walk leaves Piglet's car park on the B2026 at 2.30pm. Each walk costs £4.50 for adults, £1 for children. Details from Twentieth Century Walks (01273 607910). It is easy to get to Pooh Bridge independently, using a map bought from the Pooh Corner Shop on Hartfield High Street

A weekly round-up of summer outings for children

'ARE WE NEARLY THERE?'

On the trail of well-loved characters

Any fan of Wallace & Gromit will know that Wensleydale Cheese is Wallace's favourite. The Cheese Experience at the Wensleydale Creamery (01969 66766-4) in Hawes, North Yorkshire, is open from 10.30am to 3pm daily (gift shop open until 5pm). After a video show you can wander through the museum, see the cheese being made and fill up in the tasting room. The tour costs £2 for adults and £1.50 for children. Parking is free.

Through the looking-glass If you're on the trail of Alice in Wonderland, visit Oxford where the author Lewis Carroll spent his days in academia as Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. You may find Alice's Shop on St Aldates on the west side, but across the road is Christchurch College (01865 276150), where Dodgson studied. If you can make your way past the ranks of bulldogs (men in bowler hats, rather than canines), you will find it open to the public from 9am to 6pm Monday to Saturday and from 11.30pm to 6pm on Sundays. Entry costs £3 for adults, £2 for children and £6 for a family ticket. From here, wander down to the river, past a field of rare cattle, and stroll back via the Botanical Gardens.

BeatrixPotterland Fans of Mrs Tiggy Winkle and Peter Rabbit may like to visit BeatrixPotterland in Cumbria. If you're determined, or just very thin, you could squeeze your way into Hilltop in Ambleside (015394 36269), although at

this time of year the farmhouse where the author lived is crowded out with tourists. Or, for another cramped experience, you could cross the lake to the World of Beatrix Potter (015394 88444) at Bowness-on-Windermere. If you prefer to escape the hordes of Flipsy Bunny lovers and get a more realistic taste of old-fashioned life in the Lake District, take yourself off to Townend at Troutbeck (015394 32628), a farmhouse that has been owned by one family for 300 years and is now run by the National Trust. (You may also like to dip into the church nearby, where a large stained-glass window was crafted by the Pre-Raphaelite artist Edward Burne-Jones while he was on holiday in the area.) Townend is open from 1pm to 5pm (last admission 4.30pm). Entry costs £2.60 for adults, £1.30 for children. National Trust members get in free.

A journey with Paddington In the paw prints of Paddington Bear is the London Toy and Model Museum (0171-402 5222) at Craven Hill near Paddington Station. There are five floors to explore, each of which is packed with exhibits and working models; children can also fill in worksheets and visit an activity room. Opening times are 10am to 5.30pm (last admission 4.30pm) Monday to Saturday, and from 11am to 5.30pm on Sundays and bank holidays. Adults £4.95, children £2.95 (under-fours free) and families £13.50.

Rhiannon Batten

The drive towards popular share ownership appears to have ended and Sid may revert to the deposit account. If that happens we will have learnt nothing from the past 15 years

The last of the family silver has gone and the remaining pieces of the cutlery can-teen have finally been sold. In fact, the last bit went only last month in the form of a lukewarm British Energy sell-off. The privatisation drive towards popular share ownership appears to have ended at last. So was that it? Should we all now resign ourselves to the excitement of the building society deposit account and an occasional foray into a grey cash box locked for five years, known as a Tessa?

In my view the answer is no, but there is no denying that the atmosphere has changed. Gone is the drive to popular individual and direct share ownership. In its place I sense a more pragmatic view in the late, nervous Nineties.

Instead of "Sid" being hectored on the joys of share ownership, he now faces a new problem: if someone has taken over your privatisation company, what do you do with the money? Buy another stock? Probably not, it is far too risky.

Instead, Sid is more likely to revert to the deposit account. If that happens then we will have learnt nothing from the past 15 years. Two per cent in a building society with

2.2 per cent inflation means that yet again we are losing money.

Now is the time for the mutual funds to rise up and help the cause of greater investor understanding and wealth creation. Unit and investment trusts should step in and help Sid with clear, competitive products, free from technical jargon and supported by sensible information and direction. If not, then all the opportunities of the popular share ownership initiative will have all been a wasted experiment.

But is direct share ownership dead? Was the Thatcher privatisation campaign - actually started by Labour in 1977 when the first tranche of BP was sold off - just a jolly bun-fight for Sid and the stockbrokers? Again, in my view, no. Direct share ownership will still continue to develop, but this time in a different form.

Next year we will be getting used to another ugly City term - de-mutualisation. This negative and uncreative-sounding term will positively affect millions of us. Some of the largest building societies hand out their shares to members in 1997. Over the next few years many will receive shares in floating building societies and



JUSTIN URQUHART-STEWART INVESTMENTS

insurance companies and, unfortunately, like the Sids before them, many will either just sell the shares swiftly or hide them in the drawer. I hope that this time our industry can take the opportunity to help savers develop their knowledge and understanding of investing for their future.

This is not all. Popular capitalism has other outposts which are still showing signs of survival but of growth and development. One area that is growing with greater vigour is that of employee share

ownership. These days there are over 2,400 companies with some form of share ownership scheme.

Unfortunately, it is usually the schemes for large firms that hit the headlines but behind these, the majority of these firms issue stock to the workers of Britain on the scale of a small privatisation each year.

Cynics would say that these are just short-term share perks which are sold off swiftly to pay for the holiday. This patronising view is not true. Many beneficiaries of such schemes carefully husband their shares and shelter them in personal equity plans for a longer-term investment. The recent initiative from Angela Knight, the Treasury Minister, to reduce the minimum time-scales of the corporate save-as-you-earn schemes from three years will add further impetus to this growing area.

This underrated scheme should be highlighted far more. For once, all employees who have access to such a scheme can be assured of some benefit, if only from the tax-free element of the savings scheme.

A further area of frenetic growth is in investment clubs. Here, from a very small level we have seen a mushrooming in the

number of people interested in setting up and joining clubs to learn about investment and, heaven forbid, even enjoying it.

This has to be the best way for investors to learn about the peaks and pitfalls of direct stock market investment in a low-risk and responsible manner. And you don't even have to own an anorak. All over the country, private rooms over public bars are filled with earnest discussion over share values and investment opportunities.

So, as privatisations peter out it is not true that popular share ownership is dead, or even dying. But what is more important is that we should now be entering a new era of popular investment.

Why? Because the increasing pressure on us all to take on more responsibilities for ourselves leaves us little choice. As the state retreats we must take every opportunity to learn how to protect ourselves. Popular capitalism may have been fun for some while it lasted, but popular investment will be a necessity while we last.

Justin Urquhart-Stewart is business planning director at Barclays Stockbrokers

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The car insurance price war is fizzling out

Companies say competition has driven premiums too low. Now they are starting to rise, writes Tony Lyons

Good times may be coming to an end for car drivers if the insurance companies have their way. They claim that severe competition has driven premiums too low and cite the recent collapse of Paramount Insurance, a Watford company with some 40,000 policyholders, as an example.

Although there were a number of reasons for the collapse of Paramount, including its failure to recoup a large debt from an associated firm, it had a very aggressive business policy that included matching the rate offered by any other company. This price matching led to unrealistically low premiums.

Paramount appears to be the first motor insurance company to go to the wall since Vehicle and General over 25 years ago, when more than 1 million motorists risked being left without cover.

Perhaps one should not be too surprised that after two years of falling motor insurance premiums most companies are now trying to talk up rates.

The average motorist driving a typical family car with a full no-claims discount is today paying between 15 per cent and 25 per cent less than in 1993.

Severe competition, including the impact of telephone-based direct insurers nibbling away at broker business, have contributed to the fall in rates.

The problem for insurers is that profits are showing signs of falling off. Results for 1995 were good, but the writing was on the wall. Already this year Direct Line has reported a sharp fall in profits for the first quarter of the year, indicating that the company's headlong growth, which means it now has more than 2 million motorists on its books, is tailing off at last.

Across the board, whether selling direct or through insurance brokers, most companies are publicly claiming that insurance rates for the private motorist will have to go up.

General Accident was the first of the large insurers to make a move, introducing a 4 per cent increase in premiums last April. This month it is increasing premiums by another 4 per cent. "We are not going to sacrifice profit for growth," a spokesman says.

Other insurance companies are levying less painful rises, for the time being at least. Cornhill Insurance - the company that insured the van wrecked by a jet plane crash in west London this week - will be increasing its motor premiums by 1-2 per cent in September. This is likely to be a growing trend.

Despite the wish to push up premiums, a fiercely competitive market place means companies are still adopting a cautious "after you" policy. They know a volatile market place means people are far more prepared to look for a cheaper alternative.



What's the damage? The cost of car insurance is rising after two years of falling premiums. Drivers should look around for price and quality

Also, pressure from insurance brokers, which were losing a lot of business, has led to the traditional insurance companies fighting back with premium rates just as good or even lower than the direct insurers.

In part, premiums still face downward pressure because of a reduction in crime-related claims. Joy riding and stealing cars are less of a problem than before, while theft from vehicles has declined by 2 or 3 per cent in the past year. Better inner-city security with remote control cameras has also helped this trend.

Insurers even benefited from the recent car sales recession. Car prices did not increase while competition also kept down the costs of repair parts and labour.

Now all this is coming to an end. Car prices have started to rise again in the wake of buoyant sales figures over the past two months. Repair costs are likely to follow suit.

In addition, this autumn is likely to see the delayed introduction of the Ogden Tables, used by courts to assess claims in third-party motor injury cases. Through complicated formulae based on the life expectancy of the injured party, they will take the lottery out of motor injury compensation cases. However, all the insurers

expect a big increase in the sums they will have to pay out in claims.

But not all is bleak for the motorist. The Co-operative Insurance Society, for example, which cut its motor premiums by 12 per cent last October, has promised to maintain its current rates until October 1997. "As a co-operative, we have strong reserves," says Bill Webb, CIS deputy chief general manager. "Our experience with claims has been better than we were expecting and the benefits are being returned to our customers."

The market will remain fiercely competitive for some time yet. Some of the direct insurers, for example, have tele-sales staff who work on a quota system. This means that near the end of the day, if they have not filled their quota, they are quite prepared to offer a lower premium to motorists than the prices quoted earlier in the day.

Car drivers should take advantage of the situation by looking around for keen prices and quality of services. But bearing in mind the experience of the Paramount policyholders, they should make sure that the insurance company they are looking at has strong reserves or a wealthy parent.

They should also take account of any loyalty bonuses being offered, even if pre-

miums are being increased. For example, many of the established insurance companies offer discounts of up to 25 per cent of the first month's premium, or a similar cash-back for annual premiums, to policyholders who have not made a claim when their policies come up for renewal. Motorists can expect to see further inducements from their insurance companies.

Another point to remember is that insurers are far more prepared to "cherry-pick" good clients. If you are a pillar of the community who garages the family Ford Fiesta every night and only drives on Sundays, there is an insurer waiting to offer you cheap rates. Conversely, Ferrari-driving teenagers may find cover a wee bit more expensive.

Overall, if the motor insurers can get their way, then premiums will rise. As profits from car insurance begin to decline, the choice is to increase premiums, leave the market place or merge to get costs down. The recent merger of Royal and Sun Alliance could be just the first.

Motorists can take comfort from the fact that the premium war so keenly fought by insurers now means that a price-sensitive public will not easily return to the days when every renewal meant another hike in costs.



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going out



pick of the week

CINEMA

Dead Man (above) Jim Jarmusch's slow, surreal, low-key, trouperish effort about a wandering clerk who finds himself in a surreal, dreamlike state of mind. **Dead Man** (above) Jim Jarmusch's slow, surreal, low-key, trouperish effort about a wandering clerk who finds himself in a surreal, dreamlike state of mind. **Dead Man** (above) Jim Jarmusch's slow, surreal, low-key, trouperish effort about a wandering clerk who finds himself in a surreal, dreamlike state of mind.

THEATRE

The Heretic (above) Peter Whelan's medicine and comedy of errors. **The Heretic** (above) Peter Whelan's medicine and comedy of errors. **The Heretic** (above) Peter Whelan's medicine and comedy of errors.

EXHIBITIONS

Three Women (above) Three women express their... **Three Women** (above) Three women express their... **Three Women** (above) Three women express their...

DANCE

Project Michael (above) Project Michael... **Project Michael** (above) Project Michael... **Project Michael** (above) Project Michael...

MUSIC

Project Michael (above) Project Michael... **Project Michael** (above) Project Michael... **Project Michael** (above) Project Michael...

THEATRE

Project Michael (above) Project Michael... **Project Michael** (above) Project Michael... **Project Michael** (above) Project Michael...

Arts and entertainment listings

FILM

LES AFFRONTES (15) A French Whittall & I about two down-on-their-knees who live in a... **LES AFFRONTES** (15) A French Whittall & I about two down-on-their-knees who live in a... **LES AFFRONTES** (15) A French Whittall & I about two down-on-their-knees who live in a...

THEATRE

West End Choice (above) West End Choice... **West End Choice** (above) West End Choice... **West End Choice** (above) West End Choice...

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Church services

Good Friday (above) Good Friday... **Good Friday** (above) Good Friday... **Good Friday** (above) Good Friday...

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Church services



Over the Counter

ITV/Regions

- [illegible]

Complexity

What is the next letter in this series:
S E R N S ... ?
I did this one:
T N D R D T ... ?
And finally, try this one:
E I L P P R T ... ?

They have no connection (each other whatsoever).
Larousse's *Desk Reference Encyclopedia* will be awarded the first correct answer on 28 August.
Answers to: Saturday Paines, the *Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

August answers:
Steven Redgrave (starved revenge); Coxless pairs (loses praxis); Gold medals (small doggie) Winner: DG Downing (Leicester).

le, it would not matter if the defenders held off. It did work out like that. West on the diamond lead but, when the suit broke 4-1, it did not be brought in and I had made only eight tricks. A better chance was to go to one to hand with ♠A first and then lead ♠J. Can you see the point? If West has with a singleton honour, diamonds can be used and, if West is able to play low, a clarer can overtake and on a 3-2 break in the suit. I may look dangerous to cease ♠A, but South's cards are just good enough. East wins a diamond lead to play hearts, South discovers whatever is led, and loses at most two tricks the suit.



The big picture

Awakenings
Sun 10pm C4

Robin Williams made his name as a manic stand-up comic. He successfully converted that persona into larger-than-life funsters in such films as *Popeye*, and *Mrs Doubtfire*. All the while, however, he has shown a surprising adeptness at more serious roles in movies like *The World According to Garp* and *Dead Poets Society*. In Penny Marshall's moving, Oscar-nominated reading of Oliver Sacks' book, he plays a doctor coaxing back to life a sleeping-sickness patient (Robert De Niro) who has been in a coma for 30 years.

Did pheasants used to hop squawking around our woodlands in the 12th century? Weren't these game birds a far later introduction to our shores? I may be wrong, but *Cadfael* (Sun 10pm C4), like any historical drama, inspires this sort of pedantry. In case you've never caught the show, *Cadfael* is a sleuthing medieval monk, played by Derek Jacobi at his most jolly and benign. The pheasant in question rears up in front of a horse ridden by leering, sneering Ian Reddington (you might remember him as Thelma Houston's *EastEnders*), soon to be felled by a jewel-encrusted dagger. Is his death somehow connected to the young nobleman who has come to Cadfael's monastery desperate to be taken on as a novice? Central Television has gone to considerable lengths to make its period drama authentic - filming it in Hungary because the English countryside is too full of electricity pylons, out-of-town shopping centres and oilseed rape - a pointed lesson to all the Merrie Englanders who will no doubt help make up the audience. Anyway, it's quite diverting, in a surprisingly subdued sort of way.

A technical blip the other week means that the *Inside Story* (Sun 8pm ITV) about the Dionne quintuplets gets a second, fully-functioning showing - quite rightly, because this is a fascinating and moving film, given a boost of topicality by the recent controversy over the octuplet mother-to-be (or not to be). The Dionne quintuplets were identical girls born to a dirt-poor French-Canadian farmer's wife in 1934, and almost immediately whisked away to a ready-built hospital by their doctor - a chipper-looking man obsessed with germs. There they grew up as a freak show - on one public holiday, 10,000 people queued up to watch them at play in their open-air "pen" (more like an enclosure at the zoo). Three of the five are still living, and give their first on-camera interview to producer/director Jane Treacy. The otherwise admirable *Dancing in the Street* (Sat 8pm BBC2) comes to a somewhat cursory-seeming conclusion, yanking us from hip-hop ad rap to techno and rave music, and in the process exposing the series' one weakness - that on occasion, Sean Barrett's narration comes on like a Shell promotional

Dancing in the Street Sat 9.50pm BBC2
Cadfael Sun 8pm ITV
Inside Story Sun 8.40pm BBC2
Brainspotting Sun 9pm C4
The World of James Bond Sun 9.30pm ITV

short circa 1965. Strangely for a series that was a few weeks ago at pains to illustrate the connection between LSD and psychedelic rock, there is not one mention of the word Ecstasy - surely a much wider socio-musical phenomenon than acid ever was. *Brainspotting* (Sun C4) continues with Ken Campbell playing chess with Dodge the dog, shaking hands with COG the robot, and going through several changes of woolly hat in his search for the meaning of consciousness. No such strenuous mental activity from *The World of James Bond* - a Tribute to Cubby Broccoli (Sun 9.30pm). The measure of machismo in Bond-film circles seems to be the swimming pool - and contributors seem happiest posing in front of theirs. The recently deceased Broccoli has, or had, a rather swank Italianate affair, complete with Doric columns and pencil-thin cedars. Director Guy Hamilton has a rather more modest pool, complete with an underpowered-looking fountain, in what looks like Provence. As always, though, Sean Connery knows not to flaunt it, and is happy to be filmed on the veranda of his home in Nassau.



The big match

Wimbledon v Manchester United
Sat 10.45pm BBC1

He may have missed out on signing Alan Shearer, but Manchester United manager Alex Ferguson (above) made some typically canny purchases during the summer - and all for a total well below the £15m Newcastle United paid for the England striker. Fergie picked up the Czech Republic star Karel Poborsky, the Czech Republic star Karel Poborsky, one of the finds of Johan Cruyff, for £11m from Barcelona. Wimbledon may not be looking forward to opening the FA Carling Premiership season against a Double team strengthened in this way.

Saturday television and radio

BBC1

7.25 News, Weather (2966036).
7.30 *Children's BBC*: Oscar's Orchestra. 7.55 *Felix the Cat*. 8.10 *Robinson Sucro*. 8.30 *Bucky O'Hare*. 8.55 *The Ragones*. 9.20 *Mighty Max*. 9.45 *Grange Hill*. 10.10 *Sweet Valley High*. 10.35 *The Ozone*.
10.55 *Asterix and the Big Fight* (Philippe Grimond 1988 F/W Ger). Ron Moody, Brian Blessed and Sheila Hancock provide the voices for the much loved Goscinny-Uderzo cartoon Gauls and Romans (5024017).
12.12 *Weather* (1578340).
12.15 *Grandstand*: 12.20 Football Focus. Gary Lineker takes over the chair. 1.00 News. 1.05 *Cricket Focus*. 1.30 *Showjumping*: coverage of the Derby Meeting Speed Classic from Hickstead. 1.50 *Racing from Newbury*. 2.00 *Andover Races*. 2.05 *Showjumping*: further coverage of the Derby Meeting Speed Classic from Hickstead. 2.25 *Racing from Newbury*. 2.30 *Sweetheart Stud*. 2.35 *Hugh's Stakes*. 2.35 *Golf*: further coverage of the Westabix Women's Open Championship from Woburn Golf and Country Club. 2.55 *Racing from Newbury*. 3.00 *Tripleprint* Geoffrey Freer Stakes. 3.10 *Golf*. 4.45 *Final Score* (39951727).
5.15 News, Weather (2966036).
5.25 *Regional News and Weather* (3439765).
5.30 *Cartoon* (891562).
5.40 *Conedheads* (Steve Barron 1993 US). Slow transition to the big screen for the *Saturday Night Live* characters - a family of aliens who crash-land in Middle America suburbia - guaranteed that they are far from fresh, and the reheated quality of the material must have helped it sink at the box office. Dan Aykroyd, who co-scripted, leads, helped on by the younger generation of *Saturday Night Live*, including Elyse DeGennaro (4748017).
7.00 *Due South*. Cuts Monty in Chicago comedy drama. Fraser gets uplight when his father's killer is once more on the loose (S) (983291).
7.50 *The National Lottery Live* (S) (667185).
8.05 *Casualty* (R) (S) (652630).
8.55 News and Sports Weather (Followed by National Lottery Update) (423098).
9.15 *Stephen King's The Stand*. 3/4. Continuing this adaptation of Stephen King's bizarre virus-on-the-loose novel. Mother Abigail's band of followers is growing, but the Dark Man's evil regime is also getting stronger. What does it all say about the current state of the American psyche? (S) (911611).
10.45 *Match of the Day*. Highlights from Wimbledon v Manchester United, and Middlesbrough v Liverpool (S) (9945291).
11.50 *The Perfect Murder* (Zafar Haj 1987 UK/Ind). Dim and shoddy screen version (from Merchant-Ivory) of one of HRF Keating's Inspector Ghote mysteries and starring Nasseruddin Shah as the Bombay detective (317307).
1.20 *Weather* (8829465). To 1.25am.

BBC2

6.00 *Open University*: Berlin: Unemployment and the Family (3606630). 6.25 *Modelling Drug Therapy* (3625765). 6.50 *Organic Chemistry* (2593123). 7.15 *Are in the Community* (3984123). 7.40 *From Snowdon to the Sea* (774036). 8.05 *Open Advice*: The Three Degrees (5623907). 8.30 *Changing Voices* (7845388). 8.55 *Understanding Music*: Words and Music (7857123). 9.20 *Writing a Report* (1247272). 10.10 *Opinion Polls*: The Spiral of Silence (2432559). 10.35 *Changing Berlin*: Changing Europe (5401253). 11.00 *Putting Training to Work* (5148036). 11.25 *News Stories* (8401098). 11.50 *Changing Climate* (7758005).
12.15 *Miss-Takes* (R) (3194611).
12.25 *The Natural World*. The life and times of a female leopard (R) (7077301).
1.20 *Macbeth* (Orson Welles 1948 US). Showing in its original version, it's time to reappraise Orson Welles' take on the Scottish play. The budget restrictions are legendary, but in a sense they helped give it its truly original feel. Never before or since has Shakespeare been filmed as a B-movie film noir (3962608).
3.05 *Jane Eyre* (Robert Stevenson 1944 US). Orson Welles again, this time only in an acting role - albeit a dominating one. He plays Mr Rochester to Joan Fontaine's Jane. The rest is pure Hollywood gothic, co-written by Aldous Huxley, of all people, and co-starring a young Elizabeth Taylor (5884103).
4.40 *Ferry to Hong Kong* (Lewis Gilbert 1959 UK). Odd little action movie starring Curt Jurgens as a drunken Austrian drifter on board Orson Welles's ferry between Hong Kong and Macao. Jurgens' character redeems himself when a storm threatens the ship (98682949).
6.30 *Paralympics*. Coverage of the opening ceremony from Atlanta and the first day of competition in the 1996 Paralympics. The ceremony features Christopher Reeve, Lisa Minelli, Carly Simon and Aretha Franklin (S) (802727).
7.15 News and Sports Weather (980388).
7.30 *BBC Proms 1996* (With Radio 3) The BBC Symphony Orchestra's conductor Jiri Belohlavek's first. From with the ensemble features music from his Czech homeland. Dvorak's *Te Deum*, Martinu's *Field Mass* and Janacek's *Sinfonietta* are contrasted with Mozart's *Piano Concerto No 27 in B flat*, performed by Richard Goode (Subsequent programmes may run late) (S) (32369456).
9.50 *Dancing in the Street*: A Rock and Roll History Rap, house and hard-core conclude this exemplary series (See Preview above) (S) (931765).
10.50 *Takin' Over the Asylum* (R) (452494).
11.40 *The More Things Change* (Robyn New 1986 Aus). Comedy-drama about an Australian couple (Ludy Morris and Barry Otto) who decide to leave the rat race and buy a small farm (Followed by Weatherview) (S) (420611). To 1.15am.

ITV/London

6.00 *GMTV*. 6.00 News, Weather. 6.10 *Cabbage Patch Dolls*. 6.35 *Barney in Pyjamas*. 7.10 *Barney and Friends*. 7.40 *Disney's Wake Up in the Wild Room*. 8.55 *Masked Rider* (4947388).
9.25 *Saturday & Co* (S) (62700630).
11.30 *The Chart Show* (S) (59765).
12.30 *Mad Science* (30123).
1.00 News & Weather (24841949).
1.05 *Local News*, Weather (24833920).
1.10 *Movies*, Games and Videos (6340659).
1.45 *The Making of Eraser*. Behind the scenes of the new Arnold Schwarzenegger movie (58829765).
2.10 *Albion* (R) (7416497).
3.00 *Thunder in Paradise*. Adventure series set in tropical Florida (S) (1732524).
3.50 *RoboCop* (S) (1191036).
4.45 News, Sports Results, Weather (4277982).
5.05 *London Tonight*, Sports Results (Followed by LWT Weather) (280388).
5.20 *seaQuest* 2032. A ruthless magnate wants control of the planet's fresh water supply (S) (8688185).
6.10 *Body Heat* More physical jereb referred by Mike Smith, Sally Gurnell and Jeremy Goscutt. Tonight's series include a 2 x 200m indoor sprint and a training stint with the Royal Navy (S) (226123).
6.55 *You're Best* Carol Vorderman, Andrew O'Connor and Carolyn Marshall take on more challenges including abseiling on a hot-air balloon. Last in series, you might be glad to hear (S) (198104).
7.55 News, Weather, Lottery Result (Followed by LWT Weather) (65124).
8.10 *The Big, Bad, Talent Show*. Opportunity knocks for five more wannabes in the Jonathan Ross-hosted "talent" show (S) (644611).
9.00 *Demolition Man* (Marco Brambilla 1993 US). The year is 2035, and a Utopian California is run along Politically Correct lines - no red meat, coffee, violence, sex or post-coital smoking. Enter time-travelling goodie and badgie Sylvester Stallone and Wesley Snipes and their unconstructed late 20th-century ways. Part satire, part action movie, this is one of Sly's most purely enjoyable movies to date. Sandra Bullock plays the inevitable love interest (S) (3422273).
11.05 *1941*. Steven Spielberg 1979 US). Spielberg's underrated carnival of a movie, recreating the panic set in 1941 Los Angeles by Pearl Harbour. Slapstick and evocative of the era, with fairly wild performances from the likes of John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Nancy Allen and Ned Beatty (S) (35804340).
1.15 *Tropical Heat* (Followed by ITN News Headlines) (R) (S) (7984895).
2.10 *American Gladiators* (S) (8248963).
3.00 *El News Review* (R) (8364079).
3.45 *God's Gift* (R) (9116596).
4.40 *ITV Sport Classics* (R) (43689470).
5.05 *Coach* (R) (S) (3523147).
5.30 News (64741). To 6.00am.

Channel 4

6.00 *Sesame Street* (R) (86098).
7.00 *The Magic School Bus* (R) (S) (11185).
7.30 *The Ferals* (S) (23920).
8.00 *Gaelic Games*. In the first of the All-Ireland football semi-finals, Mayo play Kerry for a place in the 1996 Final (17543).
9.00 *The Morning Line* (S) (19814).
10.00 *High Five*. Scuba diving in the Red Sea (S) (28938).
10.30 *The Northumberland All Terrain Marathon*. The men's one mile time trial, the track at Hexham, and the men and women's fifth stage at Embleton Bay. Presented by Christina Boxer (S) (86814).
11.00 *Trans World Sport* (82140).
12.00 *Rawhide* (17272).
1.00 *Norman*. Norman (Norman Taurog 1938 US). Spencer Tracy stars in his Oscar-winning role of the Omaha priest Father Flannigan, founder of a school for juvenile delinquents, with Mickey Rooney and Henry Hull (3964078).
2.40 *Contagion* (S) (1422562).
2.50 *The Man Called Peter* (Henry Koster 1955 US). Biopic of Scottish-born Protestant minister Peter Marshall, played by Richard Todd, who became Chaplain to the US Senate (21782307).
5.05 *Brookside Omnibus* (R) (S) (2704494).
6.30 *The Middle Ages* Ray Gosling meets more people attempting a mid-life change of direction: a housewife from near Bristol who is studying to be an opera singer, a Cornish couple get away from their careers on Lundy Island, and a mother re-sits her A Levels (S) (630).
7.00 News, Weather. (765665).
7.10 *Europe on the Road*. The focus shifts to Italy, as TV journalist Maria Cuffaro presents a programme against the backdrop of the Palazzo del Golfo in La Spezia, where fishermen race each other to be the first home with their catch (S) (972185).
8.00 *Vets in the Wild*. Young vets working with Barkley Hastings learn about hard-rearing animals and the tools of a vet's trade, before going to Zimbabwe to help solve the mystery of animals dying on a game reserve (R) (7475).
9.00 *ER*. Ross takes a stint as chief resident while Greene ships work to be near Jennifer (R) (S) (752185).
9.55 *Paul Merton - the Second Series* (R) (S) (501036).
10.25 *Wild Target* (Pierre Salvadori 1993 FR). Mordant Gallic comedy in which fastidious hitman Jean Rochefort takes on messenger Guillaume (son of Gerard) Depardieu as his apprentice (154746).
12.00 *Legend of Arslan*. Manga tale set in AD 320. Followed by *Beastly Behaviour*: Deer (2738857).
1.15 *The New Twilight Zone*. Followed by *Beastly Behaviour*: Dragonfly (88925).
1.45 *Full Frontal* (R) (27295).
2.15 *Squawkabatie* (R) (S) (92055).
2.45 *Dweebies* (S) (42596). To 3.15am.

ITV/Regions

ANGIA
As London except: 12.30pm *Movies*, Games and Videos (30123). 1.10 *Film* *Barry Lyndon* (S) (40884920). 2.15 *Albion* (11761). 3.50 *Baywatch* (1191036). 5.15 *Cartoons* (3435949). 1.15am *Film*: *Quicker than the Eye* (722876). 2.55am *Film*: *A Star is Born* (12938578). 5.00-5.30am *International Touring Cars* (79760).

TYNE TEES/YORKSHIRE
As London except: 12.30pm *Movies*, Games and Videos (30123). 1.10 *Thunder in Paradise* (776208). 2.00 *Cartoons* (8127620). 2.05 *Film*: *A Billion for Boris* (681384). 3.50 *Albion* (1191036). 5.10 *Film*: *Full Time* (2788478). 5.15 *Cartoons* (3435949). 1.15am *Film*: *Quicker than the Eye* (722876). 2.55am *Film*: *A Star is Born* (12938578). 5.00-5.30am *International Touring Cars* (79760).

CENTRAL
As London except: 12.30pm *Premiere* (30123). 1.10 *Baywatch* (7082962). 2.35 *Wanted Dead or Alive* (5137678). 3.05 *Film*: *The Likely Lads* (88512036). 5.10 *Central Match* - Goals Extra (728478). 4.40am *Johnnie* (851383). 5.20-5.30am *Asian Eye* (311944).

MTV
As London except: 12.30pm *West*. No Nailed Nails (30123). *Wales*: Go Getters (681291). 12.55 *Wales*: *Cartoon Time* (40902185). 1.10 *House* (6340659). 1.45 *Movies*, Games & Videos (720982). 2.15 *Film*: *Up the Front* (641562). 3.55 *Baywatch* (6164678). 5.10 *Wales*: *Let's Go* (7288478). 1.15am *Film*: *Quicker than the Eye* (722876). 2.55am *Film*: *A Star is Born* (12938578). 5.00-5.30am *International Touring Cars* (79760).

MERIDIAN
As London except: 12.30pm *Movies*, Games & Videos (30123). 1.10 *The Making of Independence Day* (83188814). 1.40 *Film*: *Hannibal* (83188814). 2.10 *World of Sailing* (5881496). 2.40 *Werner Carlsen* (4372475). 2.55 *Albion* (1188633). 3.50 *Baywatch* (1191036). 5.15 *Film*: *Quicker than the Eye* (722876). 2.55am *Film*: *A Star is Born* (12938578). 5.00-5.30am *International Touring Cars* (79760).

WESTCOUNTRY
As London except: 12.30pm *Movies*, Games & Videos (30123). 1.10 *The Making of Independence Day* (83188814). 1.40 *Film*: *Hannibal* (83188814). 2.10 *World of Sailing* (5881496). 2.40 *Werner Carlsen* (4372475). 2.55 *Albion* (1188633). 3.50 *Baywatch* (1191036). 5.15 *Film*: *Quicker than the Eye* (722876). 2.55am *Film*: *A Star is Born* (12938578). 5.00-5.30am *International Touring Cars* (79760).

S4C
As C4 except: 6.00am *Sesame Street* (33454). 7.00 *The Magic School Bus* (11185). 10.00 *High Five* Red Sea (28938). 10.30 *The Northumberland All Terrain Marathon* (86814). 11.00 *Transworld Sport* (82140). 12.00 *Rawhide* (17272). 1.00 *Norman* (Norman Taurog 1938 US). 1.10 *Europe on the Road* (972185). 1.40 *Film*: *Hannibal* (83188814). 2.10 *World of Sailing* (5881496). 2.40 *Werner Carlsen* (4372475). 2.55 *Albion* (1188633). 3.50 *Baywatch* (1191036). 5.15 *Film*: *Quicker than the Eye* (722876). 2.55am *Film*: *A Star is Born* (12938578). 5.00-5.30am *International Touring Cars* (79760).

Radio

Radio 1

6.00am Kevin Greening 10.00 Dave Pearce 12.30 Danny Baker 2.30 Jo Whalley 5.00 John Peel 7.00 Lovegrove Dance Party with Danny Rampling 9.00 Radio 1 Rap Show 12.00 The Radio 1 Reggae Dancehall Night 2.00 Essential Mix: Norman Jay 4.00-6.30am Charlie Jordan

Radio 2

6.00am Mo Dutta 8.05 Brian Matthew 10.00 Steve Wright 12.00 *What If?* Show 2.00 *John Peel's 4.00 Nick Barraclough 5.00 Bob Dylan: 1965 and All That 6.00 Steve Earle in Concert 7.00 Ned Sherrin's Review of Reuse 7.30 A Feast of Opera 9.30 David Jacobs 10.00 Sheridan Morley 12.05 Adrian Fronght 4.00-6.00am Mo Dutta*

Radio 3

6.00-8.00 Musical Europe. 9.02 *Proms News*. 9.30 Humphrey Burton's Masterworks. 12.00 *Off the Record*. 1.00 News. 1.05 *Placido Domingo*. Donizetti: *L'elisir d'amore*. Michael Oliver introduces this rustic comedy in which the simple peasant Memnon wins his beloved Adina thanks to the help of a couple of bottles of Bordeaux supplied by the quick Ducamara. Sung in Italian. Placido Domingo (tenor) as Memnon, Ilana Cotrubas (soprano) as Adina, Gerard Evans (baritone) as Ducamara, Inger Wille (bass), (baritone) as Belcoro, Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden/John Pritchard. (S).

Radio 4

6.00-8.00 *Music*. 8.00-9.00 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*. 11.30 *News*. 12.00 *News*. 12.30 *News*. 1.00 *News*. 1.30 *News*. 2.00 *News*. 2.30 *News*. 3.00 *News*. 3.30 *News*. 4.00 *News*. 4.30 *News*. 5.00 *News*. 5.30 *News*. 6.00 *News*. 6.30 *News*. 7.00 *News*. 7.30 *News*. 8.00 *News*. 8.30 *News*. 9.00 *News*. 9.30 *News*. 10.00 *News*. 10.30 *News*. 11.00 *News*.

Births, Marriages & Deaths

BIRTHS

COUZENS On 10 August, to Catherine (née Gillham) and James, a son, William Charles, a brother for Alice and Edward.

DEATHS

MCULLOCH Keith, on 13 August 1996, aged 41. Classics master at King's School, Worcester, turned devotedly at home by his wife Maureen, 64. His children, Harriet, Frances and Camille, who all loved him very much. Keith's mother and brother, John and Stuart are grateful to Maureen, the children and the nursing team for the care shown to Keith and for the help, love and kindness of friends and neighbours. Funeral at the Priory, Malvern, 20 August, at 12.30pm. He was a remarkable man.

IN MEMORIAM

MCINTOSH John Merritt, humane and brave and honest, died four years ago today.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorials, Weddings, Anniversaries, In Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 8DL, telephoned to 0171-293 2011 (24-hour answering machine 0171-293 2012) or faxed to 0171-293 2018. Ads are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra).

body Hayward
for from 1995
1996

Forthcoming marriages

Mr R. Chessells
and Miss L. Baker

The engagement is announced between Richard, younger son of Sir Tim and Lady Chessells, of Mark Cross, East Sussex, and Lisa, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs Sidney H. Baker, of Longton, Preston, Lancashire.

Birthdays

TODAY: Mr Ian Brindle, Senior Partner, Price Waterhouse; 53; Mr Jim Courier, tennis player; 26; Mr Robin Cousins, ice skater; 39; Mr Edward Cowie, lecturer and composer; 53; Mr Robert De Niro, actor; 53; Mr David Donnan, former chairman, Argos plc; 71; Sir Leonard Figg, former diplomat; 73; Mr James Gulliver, chairman, James Gulliver Associates; 66; Mr Ted Hughes, poet Laureate; 66; Mr John Humphrys, broadcaster; 53; Miss Elizabeth Llewellyn-Smith, Principal, St Hilda's College, Oxford; 62; Mr Ian McAllister, chairman and managing director, Ford Motor Company; 53; Mr Seanus Mallon MP; 60; Mr George Melly, jazz singer; 70; Mr Alan Miller, middleweight boxer; 45; Sir Alan Munro, former ambassador to Saudi Arabia; 61; Sir Vida Naisson, novelist; 64; David Nicholson MP; 52; Miss Maureen O'Hara, actress; 75; Mr Hamish Orr-Ewing, former chairman, Rank Xerox; 72; Dr Ewan Page, former Vice-Chancellor, Reading University; 68; Mr Nelson Piquet, racing driver; 44; Mr Jean-Bernard Pommeroy, pianist; 52; Mr Barry

Sheerman MP; 56; Mr Richard Stott, editor, *Today*; 53; Mr Anthony Valentine, actor; 57; Mr Guillermo Vilas, tennis player; 44; Miss Susan Williams, former Lord Lieutenant of South Glamorgan; 81; Professor Michael Wise, geographer; 78; Sir Tony Wigley, Master, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; 65.

TOMORROW: Professor Roy Acheson, epidemiologist; 75; Mr Brian Aldiss, science fiction writer; 71; Sir Bryan Askew, former chairman, Yorks Regional Health Authority; 66; Dame Josephine Barnes, gynaecologist; 84; Dr Ray Bettley, dermatologist; 87; Mr James Birrell, former chief executive, Halifax Building Society; 63; M Marcel Camé, film director; 87; Mr Godfrey Evans, cricketer; 76; Mr Robert Horton, chairman, Railtrack; 57; Dame Maureen Lypson, concert pianist; 80; Sir John Mason, Chancellor, University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology (Umis); 73; Mr Hugh Peppitt, chairman, Moorfields Eye Hospital; 64; Sir David Pibb, former Comptroller and Auditor-General; 84; Mr Roman Polanski, film director; 63; Sir Humphrey Potts, High Court judge; 65; Mr Robert Redford, actor; 59; M Alain Robbe-Grillet, novelist and film director; 74; Mr Willie Rushton, broadcaster; 59; Mr Patrick Shelton, vice-chairman, Maersk Co; 77; Mr Patrick Swayze, actor; 42; General Brentwell H. Tilsley, former General of the Salvation Army; 65; Mr Casper Weinberger, former US Secretary of Defense; 79; Mr Charles Wilson, Chairman, Scottish Daily Record and Sunday Mail Ltd; 61; Miss Shelley Winters, actress; 74.

Anniversaries

TODAY: Births: Pierre de Fermat, mathematician; 1601; John III, King of Poland; 1629; Nicola Antonio Porpora, composer; 1686; Thomas Stothard, illustrator; 1755; William Carey, orientalist and missionary; 1781; Davy Crockett, frontiersman; 1784; Richard Lister, Shell, playwright and politician; 1791; Pierre-Léonard Léopold Benoit, composer; 1834; Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, diplomat, poet and traveller; 1840; Sir Malcolm Morris, dermatologist; 1849; Franz Pöhlitz, harpist and composer; 1850; Oliver St John Gogarty, writer; 1878; Mae West, actress; 1892. Deaths: Robert Blake, admiral; 1657; Frederick II (the Great) King of Prussia; 1786; Honoré de Balzac, novelist; 1830; José Francisco de San Martín, Argentinian revolutionary; 1850; Ferdinand Leger, Cubist painter; 1955; Sir John Hubert Marshall, archaeologist; 1958; Florent Schmitt, composer; 1958; Leonard Alfred George Strong, novelist; 1958; Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, architect; 1969; Conrad Potter Aiken, novelist and poet; 1972; Ira Gershwin (Israel Gershwitz), lyricist; 1983; Walter Richard Rudolph Hess, Adolf Hitler's former deputy; 1967. On this day: The English defeated the Scots and French at the Battle of Verneuil; 1424; Cromwell's army was victorious at the Battle of Preston; 1648; Robert Fulton began operating his Clermont steamboat from New York to Albany; 1807; the registration of births, deaths and marriages was introduced in Britain under the Registration Act, 1836; on the point of starvation, the Sioux Indian nation rebelled in Minnesota, killing over

800 soldiers and settlers; 1862; Wagner's opera *Götterdämmerung* was first performed, Bayreuth; 1876; the French Panama Canal Company was established; 1879; gold was discovered in the Klondike, Canada; 1896; a general railway strike started in Britain; 1911; the first London performance of the musical play *Walcres from Vienna* was staged; 1951; Sicily was completely liberated by the Allies; 1943; the RAF raided the German rocket base at Peenemünde, Rostock; 1943; Indonesia was proclaimed an independent republic; 1945; building of the Wall between East and West Berlin began; 1961; in the Philippines, earthquakes and tidal waves resulted in the deaths of more than 6,000 people; 1976. Today is the Feast Day of St Clare of Montefalco, St Eusebius, pope, St Hyacinth, St Jean Delanoue, St Liberatus of Capua, St Mammas and St Rock or Roch.

TOMORROW: Births: Virginia Dare, first child of English parents to be born in America; 1587; Antonio Salieri, composer; 1759; Meriwether Lewis, explorer; 1774; Pieter Lichtenhal, writer on music and composer; 1780; John Russell, first Earl Russell, statesman; 1792; Franz Josef I, Emperor of Austria-Hungary; 1830; Marshall Field, founder of Marshall Field's department store; 1834; Benjamin-Louis Paul Godard, composer; 1849; Otto Harbach, (Otto Adolph Hasenbach), librettist and lyricist; 1873. Deaths: Genghis Khan; 1227; Guido Reni, painter; 1642; William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock, executed 1746; Francis I, Holy Roman Emperor; 1765; James Beattie, poet; 1810; André-Jacques Garnerin, balloonist; 1823; Sir

William Fairbairn, engineer and inventor; 1874; George J.S. Miller, sculptor; 1876; Anita Loos, screenwriter, novelist and playwright; 1931; Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, architectural historian; 1983. On this day: The Russians were defeated by Napoleon at Smolensk; 1812; US forces captured Santa Fé; 1846; the Treaty of Alliance forming the North German Confederation was signed; 1866; the Prussians were victorious over the French at the Battle of Gravelotte; 1870; the National Fire Service in Britain was established; 1941; the Tay Road Bridge was opened; 1966; the liner Queen Mary was sold to the town of Long Beach, California; 1967; in the Soviet Union, President Gorbachev, while on holiday in the Crimea, was seized and held prisoner; 1991. Today is the Feast Day of St Agapitus, St Aliphus, St Beatrice or Brides da Silva, Saints Florus and Laurus and St Helena.

Lectures

TODAY
National Gallery: Julie Barlow, "August People (II)"; Bellini, *The Doge Leonardo Lovato*; 13pm.
Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Touches of Magic in Colour"; 1pm.
British Museum: Barbara Brand, "Islamic Architecture of Cairo"; 1.15pm.
National Portrait Gallery (guided tour): "The Performing Arts: portraits of actors and musicians"; 2.30pm.
TOMORROW
Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Originality, Freely Adopted"; 2.30pm.

Steadfast obedience, even unto death faith & reason

Dr Margaret Atkins considers how following Christ has led to death for Christians from St Stephen, the first martyr, to the Rev Christopher Gray, Vicar of St Margaret's, Anfield, in Liverpool this week.

The Western Church has few modern martyrs; but it is time to remember those that she has. Last Wednesday was the anniversary of St Maximilian Kolbe, who died in 1941. A Polish friar who had refused to temper his criticism of the Nazis, he was sent to Auschwitz. One day, a group of men were arbitrarily selected and condemned to mass execution. One, a family man, broke down under the strain; Kolbe simply volunteered to take his place.

With a tragic appropriateness, Wednesday's newspapers told us of the murder of a priest in Liverpool. Christopher Gray was a gifted young man, who had accepted an uncomfortable vocation; and had refused to shelter himself from its risks. He was killed by a man he had been helping.

For the early Church, martyrdom was the archetypal Christian calling. Under the Roman empire, Christians were prepared to face the dramatic choice: worship the emperor or die! What more striking proof of the Christian's love of God, of the power of Christ, in the believer, than the courage to stand firm? There seemed little difference between a true Christian and a martyr.

That is not surprising: for Christians are saints in so far as their lives are conformed to the life of Christ. And the shape of Christ's life was stark: "he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, death on a cross" (Philippians 2-8). When the empire converted and Christianity became safe, the feeling remained that martyrs were the highest form of witness. As the monastic movement grew, for example, ascetics interpreted their own self-denial as a form of bloodless martyrdom. Of course, there are countless types of sanctity; for Christ's life can be reflected in innumerable ways. But steadfast obedience, supremely symbolised by the martyr, underlies them all.

Less than half a century separates Maximilian Kolbe from Christopher Gray. In a striking sense, their deaths were parallel: both a consequence of their faithful and fearless obedience to the gospel. In another sense, a gulf separates them. Kolbe was a martyr in the tradition that stretches back to St Stephen. The heroes of the early church died because they refused to deny their faith. The hostility they faced was hostility to Christianity itself. Kolbe was imprisoned because he refused to keep his faith silent. His Christianity was hated because it would not compromise with a godless state.

The forces that turned themselves against Christopher Gray, as before against Philip Lawrence, were less articulate. They were not attacking Christianity as such. They were not attacking a movement, or an ideal. The violence that lies so near the surface of our society frightens us by its very mindlessness and unpredictability. We are unlikely to die because we are Christians. But we may die because we happen to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Or perhaps the right place. For Philip Lawrence and Christopher Gray both chose to be where they were most needed. The typical saint of our generation is not Maximilian Kolbe, but Mother Teresa: less the brave prophet than the unwearied servant of the poor. Lawrence and Gray were cast in her mould. Christians who obeyed the call to serve in unprivileged places. Gray's talents would quickly have opened the door of a comfortable college common room or die! What more striking proof of the Christian's love of God, of the power of Christ, in the believer, than the courage to stand firm? There seemed little difference between a true Christian and a martyr.

Gray was in the wrong place at the wrong time simply because he obeyed his Christian calling without compromise. Mindless violence strikes the target that is nearest; and therefore the most vulnerable are those who serve the neediest. But the quiet everyday struggles of teachers and of clergy are noticed only when tragedy strikes. I am reminded of another priest I know, a patient and dedicated man, who had served a city parish for a decade, enduring a daily grind of threats and insults from aggressive beggars, repeatedly cleaning up his vandalised or desecrated church. There must be many another like him.

Christian love is shaped by obedience, and fortified by courage. These are unfashionable virtues, proclaimed neither by tired Conservative conservatism, nor by ambitious New Labour. Their implications are too radical, too disturbing, to be embraced by the establishment. They find their form, their justification, their strength, and their reward, only in Christ.

Real concrete sanctity is shocking. For most of us, heroic obedience will remain an ideal to challenge us rather than an example for us to follow. But in another sense men and women like Christopher Gray can comfort us. For they point to the places that seem most desolate, most dangerous, most God-forsaken; and they show us that Christ himself is there.



The New
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Church appointments

The following appointments have been announced by the Church of England:

The Rev Jonathan Adams, Team Vicar, Willington Team Ministry, is charge of St Peter to be Priest-in-charge, St Silas, Byker (Newcastle).
The Rev George Amos, Assistant Curate, St Mary Magdalene, Peshawar, to be Vicar, Emmanuel, West Dulwich (Southwark).
The Rev Roy Fieldhouse, Vicar, St Francis, High Heaton, to be also Acting Rural Dean of Newcastle East (Newcastle).
The Rev Martin Goodlad, Vicar, St Philip, Chess Common and Rural Dean of Sutton (Southwark); to be also in Honorary Canon of Southwark Cathedral.
The Rev David Green, Priest-in-charge, Woodchester and Remembrance, to be Priest-in-charge, Chesham and Chesham, Chesham, Elton, and Diocesan Rural Dean (Gloucester).
The Rev Anthony Hodgson, Curate, St George, Chorley, to be Curate, St Onibert, Lytham (Blackburn).
The Rev David Lingwood, Team Rector, Blakenhall Heath Team Ministry, to be Vicar, Blakenhall (Lichfield).
The Rev Ed Lister, Rector, East and West Tilbury and Lifford, to be also Rural Dean of Thurrock (Chesham).
The Rev John Moore, General Director, Church Pastoral Aid Society, to be International Director and Chief Executive Officer of the International Church Society.
The Rev Mike Nispet, Priest-in-charge, Walcott St Mary, to be Resident Minister, Tenthall Regis Team Ministry (Lichfield).
The Rev Michael Norris, Rector, Heston, to be also Acting Rural Dean of Heston (Newcastle).
The Rev Thomas Nottage, Diocesan Director of Outreach Ministry (Gloucester); to be also a Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral.
Canon Trevor Park, Vicar, Nantwich (Cheshire); to be Canon of St Edmund's, Oslo, Norway (Europe).
The Rev Peter Ramsden, Rector, Gorton (Papua New Guinea); to be Vicar, St Bartholomew, Loughborough (Leicestershire).
The Rev Rostame Roberts, Assistant Curate, St Philip and St James, Lockhampton; to be Rector, Ashchurch (Gloucester).
The Rev John Widdow, Vicar, Barnham; to be Vicar, Walsall Wood (Lichfield).
The Rev Stuart Worth, Rector, Upham with Aversham (Exeter); to be also a Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral.
The Rev Roy Wyatt, Rector, Welford with Weston and Clifford Chambers; to be also Rural Dean of Campton (Gloucester).

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Princess Royal and Captain Timothy Laurence RN, today will embark from HMV Britannia at Aberdeen, and arrive at the Main Gate, Balmoral Castle, where the Queen presents the new Balmoral Colour to the Queen's Guard.

Changing of the Guard

TODAY: The King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Balmoral Castle, 11am. **TOMORROW:** The King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Balmoral Castle, 11am. **TOMORROW:** The Queen's Life Guard at Balmoral Castle, 11am. **TOMORROW:** The Queen's Life Guard at Balmoral Castle, 11am. **TOMORROW:** The Queen's Life Guard at Balmoral Castle, 11am.

FEATURED: CONTROLLED AIR CONDITIONING TO CRUISE CONTROL AND PERMANENT FOUR WHEEL DRIVE.

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Mercury plans big expansion to boost sales

'High-risk strategy' to connect businesses and small subscribers could lift spending to £500m

CHRIS GODSMARK
Business Correspondent

Mercury Communications, the UK's second-largest telephone operator, is planning a large expansion of its network into local areas, installing direct connections to small businesses and even to some residential customers for the first time.

Senior executives are pressing Mercury's parent, Cable & Wireless, to come up with funding for the high-risk plan, which could see annual investment soar by two-thirds, to around £500m.

The expansion strategy follows a confidential review of prospects at Mercury, which has been squeezed by increasingly tough competition for larger business customers.

Managers see an assault on the so-called "local loop" for small business and high-spending residential customers as their best hope to boost sales, which has slowed considerably in recent years. Last year Mercury's turnover rose by just 3 per cent, to £1.7bn.

Currently, only Mercury's largest spending customers, those with phone bills running into tens of thousands of pounds, have direct connections to the company's national fibre optic network, the result of a £3.5bn investment since the mid-Eighties.

The rest have indirect connections mainly using BT's local infrastructure and the "Mercury button" built into the phone. If Mercury installed its own direct connections, customer would receive one bill instead of two.

There are three options under consideration, the most promising of which revolves around wireless telephony,

where the phone is connected to a base station using a radio signal from an aerial.

Mercury has been awarded a licence to operate radio connections, though the terms and conditions have yet to be finalised with the Government.

A trial of 22 small businesses in Reading was completed last month, Mercury's chief executive, Peter Howell-Davies, described the experiment as "successful". He explained: "Mercury has the second-largest local loop in Britain, primarily aimed at medium to large customers. As technology changes, so does the capability to service different segments of the market."

Mercury's second option is to extend its fibre optic links under the ground to much smaller-spending businesses. Another trial took place in Bristol last spring, though in marketing terms it is thought to have been less successful.

The most ambitious proposition remains a deal with the cable companies to use the infrastructure built up since the deregulation of the UK phone market five years ago. This would give Mercury direct ac-

cess to homes for the first time, gaining a firmer foothold in the highly profitable top end of the residential market.

The problem for Mercury is that its preferred partner, the third-largest UK cable firm, Bell Cablemedia, appears on the verge of an alliance with the German telephone giant Deutsche Telekom. Mercury has a 13 per cent stake in Bell Cablemedia and two seats on its board and the negotiations with Deutsche Telekom are the source of growing concern to insiders.

Results of the review are being put to Cable & Wireless's new chief executive, Dick Brown, who joined the company in July after the enforced departure of James Ross and Lord Young and the failure to agree a merger with BT. Mr Brown is conducting a strategic review, but is understood to have reaffirmed that Mercury is "not for sale".

Mr Brown's warmer attitude to Mercury's prospects has pleased managers, who watched with growing frustration as the parent group appeared to vacillate over its long-term future. Mr Howell-Davies said: "Dick came over to our offices on his first day in the job and has spent a lot of time with us since. He's made it very clear that he sees Mercury as a key part of Cable & Wireless's business and the cornerstone of his European strategy."

The expansion would end a long period of consolidation at Mercury, which two years ago announced 2,500 job cuts and an exit from the phone market. The restructuring, which involved an end to high-profile residential marketing campaigns, cost £122m, but reduced Mercury's cost base by over £60m.



Dick Brown: Conducting a strategic review



His master's voice: Sir Colin Southgate tells shareholders the demerger will release two businesses for new growth

Vote solid for Thorn demerger

NIGEL COPE

Shareholders in Thorn-EMI yesterday voted overwhelmingly in favour of the demerger of the company into two separate businesses - Thorn rentals and the EMI music division.

The vote was carried by a show of hands at a well-attended extraordinary general meeting in London. Some 90 per cent of proxies also voted in favour.

Shares in the two businesses will start trading on Monday. Shares in the larger EMI group,

which will include the HMV records chain, are expected to start trading at around £14. The smaller Thorn division,

which includes the Radio Rentals and Crazy George's businesses, is expected to see its shares open at around £10.

As a result of the demerger, Thorn-EMI will disappear from the FTSE-100 list of leading shares, but both of the demerged businesses will join the top tier. Cookson, the engineering and ceramics group, will be removed to make way.

On its last day of trading

Thorn-EMI shares rose strongly, finishing the day 44p higher at £18.33.

Addressing shareholders at the meeting, Thorn-EMI chairman Sir Colin Southgate said he expected shares in EMI group would be "very highly rated" when they start trading. "If not, I'll be very disappointed."

Some analysts regarded the demerger, but Sir Colin said it would unlock shareholder value. He said both businesses would grow faster outside of the group. "Thorn will come out

from under the umbrellas of EMI, which is a glamorous business. It will develop its own strategy and strengths and drive forward faster."

Sir Colin also told the meeting that adviser fees for the demerger had totalled £70m - a relatively small sum for a company valued at £8bn, he said.

Some analysts regarded the EMI business as a takeover target at a possible figure of £20 per share. The Thorn rental business is, however, earmarked for more pedestrian growth.

Comment, p17

Footsie hits new highs as debt falls

MAGNUS GRIMOND

Much better-than-expected public sector borrowing figures yesterday revived hopes that Kenneth Clarke, the Chancellor, will cut taxes in his November Budget.

Analysts had been looking for a neutral PSBR outcome in July. The figures pushed gilts higher and the improved sentiment gave a further push to equities, with the FTSE index of 100 leading companies closing at a record high of 3872.9, up 35.5 points on the day.

Dealers ascribed the stock market's strength as much to futures trading, a strong opening on Wall Street and interest rate hopes, but leading investment houses such as Robert Fleming, Société Générale, Strauss Ziemann and Charterhouse Tilney are predicting the Footsie will break the 4,000 barrier by the end of the month.

Central government, local authorities and public corporations repaid £1.66bn of borrowings in July, the first time the national debt has fallen since January.

Markets have been fretting over the Government's apparent inability to control public borrowing, but some economists said the good July figures put the Treasury's summer forecast of £26.9bn for the year back on target.

The July outcome was accompanied by news that June's borrowing requirement has been revised downward by around £200m to £3.48bn, bringing the cumulative total for the year to date to £8.5bn, down from £12.1bn for the same period of 1995/96.

The figures were swollen by the proceeds of the first instalment of the British Energy privatisation, around £600m, and the £200m repayment of a Rail-track debenture. But even stripping those out, tax receipts were strong last month, with VAT returns up 29 per cent.

This confirmed other signs that high street sales are reviving. Both the corporate sectors and private individuals are doing well, judging by the 33 per cent rise in corporation tax and 14 per cent rise in income tax receipts last month.

Adam Cole, economist with brokers HSBC James Capel, said the figures could give the Chancellor scope for perhaps a 1p cut in basic rate taxes in November. "The trend that is emerging now puts the Treasury almost bang on target... Given the receipts coming through in the second half, we could see the final figures coming in as an undershoot."

Cynics might suggest the Treasury had been deliberately cautious in its forecasts to provide a background to justify tax cuts. "I think, if anything, they have skewed the risks in that direction. In that connection, today's figures put tax cuts back on the agenda," Mr Cole said.

However, it was also pointed out that the Government is still over-spending against its official targets.

Hanson poison pill stirs bile of investors

TOM STEVENSON
City Editor

Institutional investors yesterday expressed concern over Hanson's plan to put in place a "poison pill" to prevent a takeover of Millennium, the chemicals arm due to be demerged from the conglomerate in October. Hanson defended the move, claiming it was standard practice in the US and had been used successfully at the time of last year's US Industries spin-off.

One leading institution said: "We don't like it at all. Public companies shouldn't have poison pill arrangements. We plan to take it up with the company."

Others expressed surprise that Hanson, whose very existence had been predicated on the art of the hostile takeover, should attempt to put in place an artificial bid-blocking mechanism.

Christopher Collins, vice-chairman of Hanson, described the arrangement, which prevents a potential predator from taking a stake of more than 15 per cent without entering into negotiations with the company, as "a fairly standard US device". He cited statistical evidence showing that companies using

the poison pill had acted in the interests of shareholders, boosting the price at which takeover targets were eventually taken over.

He denied the use of the device implied that Hanson expected a takeover bid for Millennium. But he said that there would inevitably be a transition period during which some UK investors withdrew from the New York quoted company which might lead to the sort of share price weakness that might attract a bidder.

In the 15 months since US Industries, a collection of non-core American businesses, was spun off from Hanson, the proportion of British shareholders has fallen to only 10 per cent. A similar exodus is expected at Millennium.

According to a J P Morgan study, the median takeover premium of companies employing the block between 1988 and 1995 was 51.4 per cent. That compared with a premium of 35.5 per cent for companies without the protection.

Hanson's shares, down from 211.5p at the time of the demerger announcement in January, closed 3.5p lower at 163p.

Comment, page 17

Wickes suspension to go on into September

NIGEL COPE

Wickes, the DIY retailer whose shares were suspended after a £30m profits-overstatement, will not complete its preliminary investigations into the affair until the end of September. The lengthy inquiry means the shares will not start trading again until at least three months after details of the accounting errors first became known.

The details of the investigation were contained in a letter sent to shareholders yesterday from Wickes chairman Michael von Brentano. In the company's first communication with investors since news of the problems became public, Wickes also said it had appointed a new

finance director and had begun a search for a new chief executive and non-executive directors.

Mr von Brentano said discussions were continuing with Wickes' suppliers and that until those talks have been completed it would not be possible to finalise the company's revised profit figures for 1995. Only then could the shares start trading again.

The company's relationships with its suppliers are the focus of the investigation. The letter states: "As the accounting problems are linked with supplier contributions such as volume rebates, a review of underlying arrangements with a large number of suppliers is part of the brief given to our advisers. At

the same time we need to address our future relationships with our suppliers in a constructive fashion."

Wickes has written to 200 suppliers asking for details on rebate payments and other buying arrangements. Adopting an apologetic tone, Mr von Brentano's letter concluded: "Your board deeply regrets what has taken place. We are determined to identify those responsible and to take appropriate action at all levels."

Henry Sweetbaum resigned as executive chairman in June the day after the accounting scam emerged. Two other Wickes' directors, Les Rosenthal and Chris Miles, have been suspended pending the completion of the investigation by Price Waterhouse.

One Wickes insider said there was no evidence so far to implicate board members. But the source was more circumspect about whether there would be legal proceedings against any other employees. "That will come out as part of the preliminary investigation," he said.

The new Wickes finance director is Bill Hoskins, former finance director at speciality chemicals company Laporte. He will replace Stuart Stradling, who has already stated his intention to stand down. He will relinquish the finance director's post but remain on the board as an executive director until the investigation is completed.



Henry Sweetbaum: Stepped down in June

Foul-mouthed trader applauded on to the floor

NIC CICUTTI

Colin "Ned" Kelly, the London International Financial Futures and Options Exchange trader fined £500 for abusing a member of staff, was cheered by colleagues on the trading floor after details of his offence were publicised.

Fellow-traders in the FTSE-100 pit, where Mr Kelly works, were among a group who applauded him when he appeared for work on the day *The Independent* ran the story about him.

It is understood that photocopies of the story, which described how Mr Kelly swore and shouted at a female Life pit "observer" in June, were widely distributed among traders.

It was also confirmed yesterday that Mr Kelly, who reportedly earns £250,000 working for Hills Independent Trading (HIT), a top Life member, was fined £150 for another incident 18 months ago, in which he was said to have made baboon-like gestures and noises at a black trader.

Steve Hills, founder and joint managing director at HIT, said Mr Kelly had been fined for the offence at the end of 1994. The general category under which the fine was levied by Life was "language and behaviour likely to cause offence".

Mr Hills added of the applause for Mr Kelly: "Everyone is famous for 15 minutes, aren't they?" He added that his employee regretted both the offences which led to action being taken against him. Mr Kelly himself declined to comment.

Meanwhile, another Life trader is being sued by a colleague over an attack at a Christmas dinner, in which he smashed a bottle over the other trader's head.

The incident took place at a meal for between 15 and 20 Life traders at the Pont de la Tour, one of London's top restaurants. The meal broke up in disarray after Simon Calvert, attacked Ashley Moore.

Diners at the Pont de la Tour, which is owned by Sir Terence Conran, the design guru, watched in amazement as

Mr Calvert, who is said to earn millions from his trades in the Exchange's *bund* (German bond) pit, was persuaded by another trader to stay in the restaurant after the incident.

Four of Mr Moore's teeth were broken in the attack and he suffered complete loss of feeling to the side of his face for two weeks. He was off work for several months after the attack, in December 1994.

Mr Moore received 25 stitches for injuries to his head. His assailant was suspended from trading by Life until he pleaded guilty to assault before London magistrates last summer and was fined £1,000.

Moore said that he was called to see Life officials last year and told his attacker would be returning to the pit. "I was told he was coming back and they hoped I will be prepared to turn the other cheek," Mr Moore said. "He is in there every day about 12 feet away and always smiles at me."

He is now suing Mr Calvert for loss of earnings.

STOCK MARKETS					
FTSE 100	Dow Jones	Nikkei	1996 High	1996 Low	Yield (%)
3872.90	7372.50	22070.00	3872.90	3632.30	4.04
3860.40	7366.40	21900.00	3860.40	3615.20	3.45
3850.00	7350.00	21800.00	3850.00	3600.00	3.91
3840.00	7340.00	21700.00	3840.00	3590.00	3.11
3830.00	7330.00	21600.00	3830.00	3580.00	3.85
3820.00	7320.00	21500.00	3820.00	3570.00	2.21
3810.00	7310.00	21400.00	3810.00	3560.00	0.781
3800.00	7300.00	21300.00	3800.00	3550.00	3.451
3790.00	7290.00	21200.00	3790.00	3540.00	1.801

INTEREST RATES					
Short sterling	UK medium gilt	US long bond	Money Market Rates	Bond Yields	
5.75	6.13	7.75	1 Month	1 Year	Long Bond
5.75	6.13	7.75	3 Months	2 Year	10 Year
5.75	6.13	7.75	6 Months	3 Year	20 Year
5.75	6.13	7.75	9 Months	4 Year	30 Year
5.75	6.13	7.75	12 Months	5 Year	40 Year

CURRENCIES					
£/\$	£/DM	£/¥	Pound	Dollar	
1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	Yesterday	Yesterday	Change
1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488
1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488
1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488
1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488	1.5488

Computer blamed for Somerfield mix-up

Yet another hitch in the troubled flotation of the Somerfield supermarkets group emerged yesterday when Lloyds Bank Registrars admitted that a computer error had deprived private investors of the opportunity to buy the company's shares, writes Nigel Cope.

Lloyds blamed the mistake on the mayhem that followed Hargreaves Lansdown Asset Management while another share shop, Dealwise, also blamed Lloyds.

Lloyds said it would compensate investors who were affected, at a cost or around £10,000.

Internet waits in wings for banking dinosaurs



JEREMY WARNER

'By the turn of the century, some 15.7 per cent of households in the US will take Internet banking. Furthermore, because these people will be drawn mainly from the upper income brackets, they will represent some 30 per cent of retail banking profitability'

Whether you are plugged into it or not, most of us have in some way or other already been touched by the Internet. Not so traditional high street banking, whose forays into the Net have so far been reluctant and half-hearted. If the findings of a report published this week by the management consultants Booz-Allen & Hamilton are to be believed, it is not hard to see why. According to Booz-Allen's vice-president of information technology, John Boochever, the Internet poses a very serious threat both to the customer base of the traditional banking oligopoly and to its profits. I would go further. The Internet promises a revolution in retail banking of monumental proportions, one in which high street banks as we know and hate them may largely disappear.

On Monday, Barclays is planning to launch what it claims to be the most advanced banking facility so far to be offered in Britain across the Internet. Using your Barclaycard, you will for the first time be able to pay utility bills through the Net. It can readily be seen that this falls a long way short of full Internet banking. Indeed, it is scarcely more than a gimmick, which only fanatics and snobs might want to use.

Most European banks worth the name are represented on the Web already, but their presence rarely goes beyond what Booz-Allen calls "entry level", similar to a glossy

brochure telling you what the bank can offer. With full Internet banking it is possible to envisage a world in which it will not only be possible to access your statement, mail your cash, pay your bills and transact all the usual business associated with a bank, but one in which it might also be possible to have your custom chase the best deposit rates and lowest overdraft rates automatically.

Banking services would be unbundled enabling unfettered promiscuity of custom. Banks would lose their proprietary grip on their customer base, bringing about a reversal of the present position where customers are made to feel grateful to their bank for providing a service. Instead, the customer's financial profile would become the property of middle men and software providers, with the result that banks would genuinely have to compete for your business. In short, retail banking would become much more like wholesale banking.

If all this sounds like futuristic fantasy, don't be misled; it is not. The technology already exists. Booz-Allen estimates that by the turn of the century, some 15.7 per cent of households in the US will take Internet banking. Furthermore, because these people will be drawn mainly from the upper-income brackets, they will account for some 30 per cent of retail banking profitability. Computer ownership in Britain is not yet

as highly developed as in the US and, according to Barclays, its customers in any case demand a plurality of different kinds of banking. They still want branch banking alongside all the new services on offer. Barclays insists. Well, perhaps, but once everyone learns how cheap Internet banking is, I'm not so sure. Through the branch network, the average payment transaction costs more than 60p. With telephone banking it is 35p. The cost through committed computer banking is around 17p. With Internet banking it is even better - just 5p.

That gives the Internet bank a very considerable competitive advantage. The cost-income ratio of the best of the high-street banks is something like 50 per cent. With Internet banks, it can be as low as 15 per cent. No contest. So why is this service not already on offer in the UK. Er... technology, mutter the big clearers. We can't get access to the encryption technology which allows secure Internet banking. Undoubtedly this is part of the explanation, but there is another rather more obvious one. The fact is that for existing retail banks with their extensive branch networks, Internet banking offers no cost advantages. Rather, a bit like telephone banking, it merely adds to costs until the service reaches sufficient mass to allow other cost centres to be closed. Herein lies part of the danger to the estab-

lished banks. Unencumbered by the high-cost branch network and infrastructure of the traditional banks, the pure Internet bank can undercut with abandon and still make good profits. The high-street banks are hard enough to distinguish one from another already, most customers cite convenience as the chief factor for choosing one bank over another. Once the advantages of geographical proximity go, all brand loyalty and value falls away. The traditional banks will find it increasingly hard to hold on to their market positions.

All this is for the future, but it is not so far away as to be only a distant concern. For the time being the old dinosaurs of banking are making record, many would say excessive, profits. A new, smaller, faster moving reptile is waiting in the wings. Twenty years from now, they may have inherited the earth.

A cautionary tale of two demergers

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than the two big demergers working their way through the City at the moment. Thorn EMI's share price has never looked back since the demerger of the EMI music business from the Thorn TV rental side was first mooted a couple of years back. For Hanson,

the story has been the reverse. Its share price has fallen steadily against the market since proposals to split the once acquisitive conglomerate into four were announced seven months ago.

This is partly because the market reckons the demerger of EMI will ripen it for takeover by the likes of Disney or Bertelsmann. Not so any of the Hanson quadruplets. It hardly seems necessary for Lord Hanson to bring ridicule on himself by inserting a poison pill into the Millennium chemicals business that forms one of the four. Nobody would want to bid for these under-invested, cash-squeezed companies, anyway. But chiefly the contrast between the two stems from EMI being a class act in a very high growth business.

The same cannot be said of any of the Hanson four. Indeed it is much worse than that. Hanson may never have been what it seemed. Its success may always have been as much a result of acquisition accounting and tax avoidance as anything else. Now that it is breaking itself up into four distinct companies, each individually making some kind of sense, comes the final reckoning. And it is not pleasant. It may be that the four collectively cannot afford the dividend the whole has been blithely paying out to shareholders all these years. Even the greatest illusionists cannot keep it up for ever.

Airtours buys third liner to corner budget cruise market

TOM STEVENSON
City Editor

Airtours has paid £26m for a third cruise ship to add to the pair of liners it currently sails out of Palma in Majorca.

The *MS Song of Norway*, which has just over one thousand berths, is the sister ship of the *Caravel*, which Airtours acquired, also from Royal Caribbean Cruises, in October 1994.

Airtours entered the cruise business only two years ago, attempting to create a new niche market for seaborne packages priced around £500.

Until then, cruises had been pitched at a wealthier audience and priced accordingly. The cheapest cruises then started at about £1,400 a head.

Harry Coe, Airtours' finance director, said Airtours was able to offer cheap packages because its existing tour infrastructure

enabled it to sell cruises at little extra cost.

The company already operates dozens of charter flights to Palma every weekend through-out the summer and, with a chain of 700 travel agents, it can run the cruise operation with a dedicated staff of only 10.

Mr Coe said: "We've not made any secret of the fact that our cruise operation has been an outstanding success since we launched it two years ago. We

are carrying 100,000 people a year. It will probably rise to 150,000."

Airtours' initial plan is to operate the *Song of Norway* with its two other ships in the Mediterranean after the ship completes its final winter cruises for Royal Caribbean, which will leave it from Airtours until next March.

It is expected, however, that the ship will join the *Caravel* on winter tours to the

Caribbean, which Airtours sells mainly to the Canadian market.

Airtours acquired the ship through the purchase of two separate tour operators. The company said it had already sold 90 per cent of its cruise capacity for the 1996/97 winter season.

Mr Coe estimated Airtours had won a quarter of the total cruise market. He also believed the company had 90 per cent of the new market for budget cruises.

Airtours faces little serious competition at the budget end of the market, although Thomson entered the cruise business this summer by chartering a ship in the Mediterranean.

Airtours' latest acquisition comes at the end of a week in which the company, in line with other tour operators, reduced capacity and increased the price of late summer package holidays by about £20 to £30 a person.

Airtours led the industry into capacity cuts of about 15 per cent this summer, reducing the number of available holidays from about 10 million to 8.5 million.

That move followed a disastrous 1995 in which overcapacity forced the main operators to slash prices at the end of the summer season simply to cover costs. The result was a collapse of margins and profits.

Maxwell claimants net £44m

CHRIS GODSMARK
Business Correspondent

Administrators to the Maxwell Communication Corporation, part of the business empire of the late tycoon Robert Maxwell, have settled their claim against LLP, the US arm of accountants Coopers & Lybrand, netting \$68m (£44m) for creditors.

The out-of-court settlement with the administrators, Price Waterhouse, comes three months before the case was due in court in New York. It brings the total amount recovered in the winding up of Maxwell Communication to more than \$1bn for the first time.

Price Waterhouse said the settlement increases the projected final payout for creditors to between 46 per cent and 51 per cent of their original claim, excluding litigation which are the subject of funds which are the subject of litigation, compared with the previous range of 44 per cent to 48 per cent.

The case against Coopers & Lybrand LLP centred around its role as auditor to the US publishers Macmillan Inc, which was a subsidiary of Maxwell Communications. Price Waterhouse alleged Coopers had failed to spot the transfer of shares in Berlitz International from Macmillan to the Mr Maxwell's private business.

The settlement, which was considerably less than Price Waterhouse's claim, is separate to an outstanding legal claim against Coopers & Lybrand's UK operation.

DUNFERMLINE BUILDING SOCIETY

RATES OF INTEREST from 17 August 1996

INVESTMENT ACCOUNTS		Interest payable annually	
Premium Plus Shares*		GROSS RATES	NET RATES†
(Including Bonus Interest)		ILLUSTRATIVE	
	£100,000+	5.95%	4.76%
£50,000 -	£99,999	5.75%	4.60%
£25,000 -	£49,999	5.40%	4.32%
£10,000 -	£24,999	4.95%	3.96%
Premium Shares			
	£100,000+	4.85%	3.88%
£50,000 -	£99,999	4.65%	3.72%
£25,000 -	£49,999	4.25%	3.40%
£10,000 -	£24,999	3.75%	3.00%
£5,000 -	£ 9,999	3.35%	2.68%
£500 -	£ 4,999	2.85%	2.28%
Dunfermline Gold			
	£25,000+	3.45%	2.76%
£10,000 -	£24,999	3.20%	2.56%
£5,000 -	£ 9,999	2.95%	2.36%
£2,500 -	£ 4,999	2.70%	2.16%
£500 -	£ 2,499	2.45%	1.96%
£100 -	£ 499	0.50%	0.40%
HeadStart Account			
£1 or more		2.50%	2.00%
Dunfermline Direct (Postal Account Only)			
	£100,000+	5.55%	4.44%
£50,000 -	£99,999	5.40%	4.32%
£25,000 -	£49,999	5.20%	4.16%
£10,000 -	£24,999	5.00%	4.00%
£5,000 -	£ 9,999	4.80%	3.84%
£2,000 -	£ 4,999	4.15%	3.32%
Dunfermline Tossas (Fifth Issue)			
	£3,000 +		
£100 -	£2,999	5.50%	
Dunfermline Tossas (First, Second, Third and Fourth Issues)			
		6.50%	
Maximum Capital Option			
		5.50%	
All other options			

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Interest rates for this account include bonus interest of 0.75% gross p.a. payable if no withdrawals are made in the 12 months prior to the annual interest due date of 30 September.

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Where interest on Premium and Premium Plus Accounts is payable monthly (or on Premium Account half yearly), the above annual rates are reduced by 0.50% gross.

OTHER INVESTMENT ACCOUNTS

The rates of interest payable on Gold Deposits, Scotgold Accounts, Treasurers Deposits and Special Deposits for Charities and Exempt Pension Funds will be in accordance with the rates and rates shown above for Dunfermline Gold, except for balances in excess of £50,000 where the rate will be 4.05% gross p.a.

Details of the rates of interest applicable to all other investment accounts including closed issues are available from any branch office.

TAX ARRANGEMENTS

Interest payable on or after 6 April 1996 will be paid or credited after deduction of income tax at the lower rate of 20% or, subject to the required certification gross. Where the tax deducted exceeds an investor's tax liability (if any), a claim may be made to the Inland Revenue for repayment of tax. For details and a registration form for payment of interest gross, please see Inland Revenue leaflet IR110 or call in to your local branch office. The net rates quoted are for call in to your local branch office. For further information on the Society's investment services write to the Society at the address below or call in to any branch office.

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BAe and Lagardère to merge missile sectors

British Aerospace and French defence and communications company Lagardère yesterday signed an agreement to merge their guided missile activities in a joint venture.

The deal will create Europe's largest guided weapons business, Matra BAe Dynamics, with an annual turnover of around £1bn and a £2.6bn order book. It will employ about 6,000 people.

BAe and Lagardère said the signing marks a big step forward in the privatisation of the European defence industry. It will enable the industry to compete against US giants such as Lockheed Martin, which have emerged from a series of multi-billion dollar mergers in recent years.

Analysts gave the joint venture the thumbs-up: "Putting these two businesses together makes a lot of sense," said Gray

Kekwick, aerospace analyst at Lehman Brothers. "The deal gives critical mass to British Aerospace's Dynamics (missiles) business which has been missing for some time."

The companies said they hoped Matra BAe Dynamics would draw in Thomson SA's guided weapons business if Lagardère succeeded with a proposed bid to buy the French state-owned defence and consumer electronics firm as part of a privatisation programme.

Under the final details of the deal, BAe will make an initial cash payment to Lagardère of £80m to reflect the current difference in value between Lagardère's Matra Defence and BAe Dynamics.

But the final amount to be paid will be adjusted to no less than £50m and no more than £10m, depending on who wins which

orders over the next four years. The announcement is the culmination of more than three years of negotiations between the two companies, which first announced that they were in talks in early 1993.

Industry sources said it is widely believed that political factors delayed the deal. The breakthrough came when Britain announced last month that it would buy Matra's Apache air-launched cruise missile in an order worth £800m, to be awarded to the BAe/Matra joint venture.

The joint venture is still subject to governmental and regulatory approval and both companies said it might be some months before it went ahead. Both are, however, confident of securing approval.

The head of BAe Defence, John Weston, will be chairman



John Weston: Set to be chairman of Matra BAe

at Matra BAe, with Noel Forgeard, chief executive at Matra Défense Espace, as chief executive. BAe's finance director, Richard Lapthorne, and Philippe Camus, the Lagardère director, will complete the four-man board.

British Aerospace shares closed up 11p at 964p.

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Gullit promises a thoughtful revolution

Glenn Moore meets the new manager with a mission to make multinational Chelsea both sophisticated and successful

Kharin, Johnsen, Leboeuf, Clarke, Petrescu, Gullit, Di Matteo, Wise, Phelan, Hughes, Vialli. Eleven names, 10 nationalities. One team?

Getting Chelsea's polyglot collection to blend is Ruud Gullit's task for the season, beginning with tomorrow's match against Southampton at The Dell. A taxing one, surely, even for a such a gifted multilingual communicator. It did not appear to worry the Dutchman unduly when we met over lunch this week. "I am very relaxed," he said. "I will not know how different it is being a manager until we lose a match. Then I will see if I can cope with it."

In the flesh, Gullit is just as engaging and expansive as he appears on television. He also has presence, that indefinable something which marks someone out from the crowd. Add the respect earned by his achievements, and you have a formidable combination.

'These are not Continental ideas, these are my own ideas. I have my experience and I want to use that'

It needs to be - Gullit has introduced afternoon training at Chelsea (as well as the customary morning session). While a common enough practice abroad, it is rare here and not many managers would risk such a drastic change to players' routines.

However, he is not, he insists, looking to change all English habits overnight. To illustrate, he referred to an incident during the recent Umbro Cup, when Chelsea played on Saturday and Sunday.

"After the first match I allowed them a beer. They did not ask for it but I said if someone wants a beer they can have one. On a normal Saturday they would have a beer. It depends on how you drink them, it is not so good if you have a lot of them but if you have a beer with your food it is OK. Everyone knows if you do not eat the proper things and drink the proper things you will get tired."

"Last year I told them what I was used to and they know I won all these things. I am not demanding things of them but now some players do it [change their eating and drinking habits] by themselves - some won't because they are used to it. That is OK. Everybody has their own way, but they must know their limits."



Ruud Gullit: 'Being injured, though not good for me as a player, is good for me to see to where I need to attend to things in the team'

Photograph: Robert Hallam

"These are not Continental ideas, they are my own ideas. I have my experience. I have played under many good managers, and I want to use that on the team." Those managers form quite a masterclass - Rinus Michels, Johan Cruyff, Wim van Hanegem, Arrigo Sacchi, Fabio Capello, Sven Goran Eriksson and Glenn Hoddle.

Sacchi's influence is clear in the way Gullit is looking to encourage a sense of responsibility on the field. Chelsea frequently lost last season and Gullit and Graham Rix, the first-team coach, have been busy both improving fitness and emphasising the need for discipline.

"It is the 'what if' principle," Rix

said. "We want players to ask 'what if we lose the ball now - will I be in a position to do something about it?' We want to play good, attacking football but we won't, for example, have both wing-backs bombing on at once so often."

"I want players to think first of what they can do for the team," Gullit added. "Everybody has an assignment. They have one for when we don't have the ball and one for when we do. It is like the pieces in a clock. If one piece is wrong, the clock does not work."

"It was the same with Milan. Every day the same thing, every day your assignment. The team move like that, the team move like that, the

team move like that," Gullit said, stressing the repetition. "All of a sudden you could dream it, without thinking you did it. Then, when you had the ball you could explore yourself because you were not thinking about it. Then you make a dummy, you score a goal, everybody is happy. Simple, really - but only after the hard work has been put in."

"In the Umbro Cup, I let them play two different styles, each with their own assignments, and it worked for them," Gullit added. "So it is now easier for me as a coach to change things, they will accept it more easily. First you have to prove it works."

Shades here of the England players walking off the pitch after they

had beaten the Netherlands in the European Championship. They exclaimed, in near awe, that everything Terry Venables had predicted would happen if they performed their own specific tasks had happened.

Gullit, when he recovers from last week's minor leg operation, will play in midfield. Chelsea are likely to play an adaptation of Glenn Hoddle's 3-5-2, though Gullit is still tinkering.

"I have to see in which formation they play the best," he said. "It was the same with Milan. Milan started with 4-3-3, then [Marco] van Basten was injured and we had to change something. It was against Verona, we played 4-4-2 and we played so good

it was 'ah, we've found it'. The same with Chelsea. I want to see what they do the best. Being injured, though not good for me as a player, is good for me to see where I need to attend to things in the team. The team are more important than myself."

"This season is starting a new adventure. Every season excites me but this one is different. There is more to do, more everything. You must always look for challenges in life otherwise you will get bored."

Much of Gullit's positive approach comes from his father, who emigrated to the Netherlands from Surinam, where Gullit was born. "He worked during the day and went to night school for eight years," Gullit

said. "It was not easy. He told me that to achieve things I would also have to work hard."

"The most important thing is talent, whether you are black or white. I was aware that I was black but for me it was a stimulation. If I played with 10 white guys and I was the only black guy, everybody would look at me and for me that was an advantage. If you feel attacked by the way you are different, you have a problem. You have to be positive."

"Sometimes with Milan they whistled at me when I was on the ball, but I took it as a compliment. I said: 'You are so afraid of me.' It made me feel good. You have to be positive because nobody is going to resolve it for you."

That can-do philosophy has taken Gullit a long way. He has won European Cups with his club, European Championships with his country. What will be success with Chelsea?

"If I see on the faces of the play-

'I want my players to think first of what they can do for the team. Everybody has an assignment'

ers that they are enjoying what they do, then I have achieved what I want." A noble ambition, but hardly enough to satisfy Chelsea's supporters and board. However, if the team are enjoying themselves it is likely to be reflected in their results.

Pro-season went well enough. Chelsea beating everyone from Ajax to Sampdoria. The new players have been encouraged to mix with English-speaking team-mates, even Gianluca Vialli having to share a room - despite offering to pay the extra to have his own. Vialli has also negotiated the customary exclusive tabloid contract - he must have been short of a few bob - and appears to be settling as well in London as Gullit.

"London is good for everything," Gullit said. "There are a lot of celebrities living here and people leave you alone. In Italy I had a lot of admiration, which is good, but they also affect your life. I have time to go to the shop and buy something now. In Italy I had to go to the front of the store and rush out. I am not complaining about it, but as a person I also desire sometimes to just go walking on a street, or sit on a terrace and watch the people go by. Here I can do that."

Triumph and trauma at end of Brighton pier

Sky TV has certainly had a major impact on the life of the football supporter over the past few years. A private recreation - watching a match in the comfort of your own home - has entered the public sphere. Those of us for whom football sometimes reaches the point of obsession are now compelled to enter a cold, wet and miserable world in search of the beautiful game.

As an addict of televised football, such is my lot. No longer can I sink in front of my TV at home on a Sunday afternoon, bottle of lukewarm beer in hand, and rant and rave to my heart's content. These days, compulsive viewing takes the ritualised form of visits to the pub, on Brighton's Palace Pier in my case, in search of Sky TV's live coverage.

The glories of the European Championship may somehow have allowed football to penetrate the national consciousness and come home, but the new season brings a return to the big blue world and the bar stool for many supporters. Yet do I and others like me receive any reward for my dedication? No, just derisive cries of "armchair supporter" from those glory, glory boys who frequent the terraces.

For the devoted such as myself, last weekend's clash between Manchester United and Newcastle offered a return to normality after a close season of scanning the back pages and

FAN'S EYE VIEW

No 149: SKY TV

Simon Carroll

Teletext for transfer speculation and days of ITV: a pointless existence. However, from last Sunday, I was once again thrown into battling along the seafrost, through the hordes of day-trippers, loving couples and rollerbladers, come rain, shine or hurricane to see the twin towers of the Palace Pier beckoning on the horizon. It may not be Wembley but it is a home fixture. All those dreams of total football and hopes of silverware are fired once more and the belief that "our name" is written on the cup is born again.

A televised football match can assume the role of an event as games are turned into social occasions watched with friends. Hair of the dog, friendly banter and the elixir of football are mixed into a heady cocktail of entertainment. Of course, it can be fraught with problems as heads bob up and down in front of the television screen, sending you straining and squirming in a desperate attempt to see the action, but it does offer great rewards.

Who can forget the pulsating Liverpool-Newcastle game of last season? Or the sight of friends, such as my mate Denis, with head in his hands, as

Fowler scored yet again against his beloved Arsenal?

Then there was the experience of two years ago, when Manchester United lost the title on the final day of the season, and I half expected to see their supporters throwing themselves, lemming-like, into the sea as they left the pub in misery. More mundanely, if everything has turned sour by the final whistle, you can always comfort yourself with a consolation prize at the bar.

Yes, the big kick-off is nearly here. I have, of course, indulged myself in some pre-season training which has consisted of picking several Fantasy Football teams. Yet this has led to a rising sense of frustration as, after having studied my team, I would have to be richer than Jack Walker to win the Premiership. This appears to be extremely unlikely under the present circumstances and I am not keen on paying £4m for Stuart Pearce in fantasy money, let alone cash.

The new season is dripping with promise following the European Championship and last season's Premiership, which was undoubtedly the most entertaining for many years. If you add exotic new names such as Di Matteo, Ravanelli and Emerson to the recipe, you have a truly mouth-watering prospect for the coming winter.

Cue fanfare, mine's a pint and, as Ruud Gullit might say, "Bring on the sexy game."

MAJOR WEEKEND FOOTBALL FIXTURES AND POOLS CHECK

Top League	25 Fulham v Huddersfield
20 United States	26 Hull v Darlington
21 Arsenal v West Ham	27 Leyton Orient v Southend
22 Blackburn v Tottenham	28 Mansfield v Exeter
23 Coventry v Nottm Forest	29 Scarbrough v Cardiff
24 Everton v Newcastle	30 Swansea v Rochdale
25 Middlesbrough v Liverpool	31 Torquay v Lincoln
26 Sheffield Wed v Aston Villa	32 Wigan v Northampton
27 Southampton v Chelsea	
28 Watford v Reading	
29 Wrexham v Grimsby	
30 York City v Luton	
Second Division	
31 Blackpool v Chesterfield	
32 Bournemouth v Watford	
33 Bristol Rovers v Peterborough	
34 Gillingham v Bristol City	
35 Luton v Burnley	
36 Millwall v Wrexham	
37 Notts County v Preston	
38 Plymouth v York	
39 Walsley v Rotherham	
Third Division	
40 Brighton v Chester	
41 Cambridge Utd v Barnet	
42 Colchester v Harlepool	
43 Doncaster v Carlisle	
44 Exeter v Torquay	
45 Forest Green v Weymouth	
46 Grimsby v Notts County	
47 Harrogate v York City	
48 Huddersfield v Walsley	
49 Kidderminster v Walsley	
50 Lincoln v Grimsby	
51 Notts County v Grimsby	
52 Peterborough v Grimsby	
53 Rotherham v Grimsby	
54 Southend v Grimsby	
55 Torquay v Grimsby	
56 Walsley v Grimsby	
57 Weymouth v Grimsby	
58 York City v Grimsby	
59 Grimsby v Walsley	
60 Grimsby v Walsley	

Arsenal v West Ham

Last season: 1-0
Last five League matches: PS-99: Arsenal LDDWW; West Ham WLDL
Burgess and Seaman have been passed fit but Gurnea's goalkeeper-manager Houston will not risk new signings Vieira and Gardie. Adams is out for at least three weeks after knee surgery. David de Gea, West Ham's record signing (Barnet), is out for at least three weeks after knee surgery. Adams is out for at least three weeks after knee surgery. Adams is out for at least three weeks after knee surgery.

Blackburn v Tottenham

Last season: 2-1
Last five League matches: Blackburn WWDWW; Tottenham WLDLW
Galloway could be asked to fill Shearer's striking role in partnership with Forster but Blackburn are without injured Wilcox and Sutton, while Tottenham are doubtful with a hamstring strain and another midfielder, McInnes, is suspended. The 17-year-old Duff is in the squad. Tottenham are without full-back Austin, who is recovering from a knee operation. Campbell is set to deputise. Anderson and Rosenthal have both been passed fit.

Coventry v Nottm Forest

Last season: 1-1
Last five League matches: Coventry WLDWW; Nottm Forest LDDWW
McGlashan will make his debut for the Sky Blues following his £3m transfer from Leeds but O'Neill, a £300,000 signing from Hibernian, is likely to be among the substitutes, as is reserve keeper Duggan. Gernae and Ndlovu are injured. For Forest, Roy is ruled out by a hamstring injury but summer signing Jermain and Saunders will play. Manager Clark will hope that striker Campbell can continue the form which has seen him score eight goals in eight pre-season matches.

Southampton v Chelsea

Monk will miss tomorrow's game against his former club because of a calf injury. Dryden or Dodd will deputise in defence. New Chelsea manager Gullit, still short of fitness after his knee injury, will be without Phelan, Sinclair, Rocastle and Newton.

TEAM SHEET

Derby Co v Leeds Utd

Last season: Did not meet
Last five League matches: Derby WDDWL; Leeds LLLD
Derby's captain, Neil MacFarlane, is facing surgery on his knee and will be expected to miss the first few weeks of the season, but may be expected to play because of his long-term injury. Leeds is doubtful with a back injury. Striker signings Levenson, Aspinall and Duff are set for their debuts. Leeds will introduce new signings Rush, Bowyer, Sharpe and Mayne. The injury situation at Leeds is expected to be a major factor.

Everton v Newcastle

Last season: 2-2
Last five League matches: Everton WLDWW; Newcastle WLDLW
Everson's injury casualty is the defender Newcastle, defender: "I thought Southall is set to make his 700th appearance for the club despite the recent signing of rival goalkeeper Gerrard. Newcastle's local fight in a 2-2 draw at Blackpool is a significant boost for the club's morale. Newcastle's local fight in a 2-2 draw at Blackpool is a significant boost for the club's morale.

Middlesbrough v Liverpool

Last season: 2-1
Last five League matches: Middlesbrough WDL; Liverpool WDDWW
Juninho has recovered from a knee ligament injury sustained in the Olympic Games and is expected to line up in a home side which will include Renshaw and Emerson for the first time. For Liverpool, Beagrie is unlikely to be played despite his season. The £3.2m Czech midfielder has recovered from a calf injury and should be named as one of the five substitutes, with Redknapp, Blackburn and Wright all back in contention. The £1.5m forward, Straker, Kennedy and Stiles are all injured.

Wimbledon v Man Utd

Last season: 2-4
Last five League matches: Wimbledon WDL; Man Utd WWDWW
Two Wimbledon strikers, Goodwin and Edo, are struggling with ankle injuries as their team-mates prepare for a Saturday Park rally. A 25,000 sell-out Ferguson is waiting for fitness checks on Gigg, Keane and Butt. The wealth of talent at Old Trafford is reduced in a 16-man squad which includes new summer arrivals Pobocny, Johnson, Cruyff and the Dutch goalkeeper, Van der Gouw.

Sheff Wed v Aston Villa

Last season: 2-0
Last five League matches: Sheffield Wed WLDL; Aston Villa WLDL
Wednesday manager Priest has named his four summer signings, Booth, Collins, Clarke and Oakes. In his squad and with their injuries, could give a full home debut to teenage striker Humphreys. Defender Newsome is out with a thigh strain. England Under-21 goalkeeper Oakes is set for his Premiership debut for Villa because Booth has a knee injury. Milosavljevic has an Achilles injury so Johnson is set to partner Taylor in attack. Newsome is ruled out with a thigh strain.

Sunderland v Leicester

Last season: 1-2
Last five League matches: Sunderland WDDWL; Leicester DWWWW
Sunderland include newcomers Conn and new record signing Quinn, but purchase Rae misses the first three matches because of a suspension. Conn and over from last season with Milne. Midfielder Parker is Leicester's main worry - he is fighting a chest infection - while striker Clarke is also doubtful with an ankle injury. Leicester manager O'Neill is set to give debuts to American goalkeeper Heller and former Norwich defender Prior.

مكتبة من المجلد

McAllister loss leaves Leeds cold

Simon Turnbull visits the Yorkshire city where enthusiasm for today's Premiership kick-off is in short supply

If you wanted to buy a player mobile for your bedroom at Leeds United's city centre shop on Thursday lunchtime the choice, at £2.99 a time, was between Gary McAllister, Gary McAllister and Gary McAllister. You could have also invested £8.99 in a copy of *The Captain's Log*, helpfully subtitled on the dust-jacket as *The Gary McAllister Story*. Not so much sent to Coventry as voluntarily lured there, Leeds United's captain once removed had been left on the shelf. His former worshippers feel they have suffered a similar fate too. As Ian Dobson put it, over a pint in the Scarborough Hotel: "I think we realise this is not going to be our season."

The tattooed gentleman behind the fruit and veg stall, the only animate object to be found parading a Leeds United shirt in the city's vast indoor market (there were a few on hangers at the Leeds Rugby League kiosk) was similarly resigned. "Apprehensive," was his economical response when asked to sum up his mood on the eve of the big kick-off.

He had to be succinct, such was the queue for service. A three-minute stroll away, at The Leeds United Collection Shop in Burtons Arcade, the two ladies behind the till had only each other (and the Gary McAllister collection) for company.

A young boy peered through the window at the white shirt emblazoned with a number nine and the name "Rush". "Come on," his mother said, dragging him in the direction of Habitat next door. "It's just the Leeds United shop."

With the possible exception of Blackburn, where the shorn-off Ss, Hs, Es, As and Rs probably still litter the streets around Ewood Park, it was difficult to conceive of a place on the Premiership map with less collective enthusiasm for the new season ahead. At least on the streets of Sunderland, Leicester and Derby there is the anticipation of a new adventure ahead, albeit tempered by fear of a return ticket to Grimsby and Reading come the May day of reckoning.

In Leeds, even that traditional last bastion of defiant optimism, the club magazine, could not help but betray the gloomy disposition a football city gripped not so much by fever as placid suffering.

On pages 14 and 15 of the August edition of the imaginatively titled *Leeds United Magazine*, Howard Wilkinson pleads for the fans to get behind his team, the rallying call managers usually issue somewhere in between a disastrous start by his players and the arrival of the sack.

Leeds, indeed, kick off at Derby this afternoon as second favourites - second favourites to change their manager before the end of the season, that is. Only Leicester's Martin O'Neill is expected to have a shorter shelf-life than Wilkinson, who has been given 7-4 survival odds by Ladbrokes.

Wily Continentals crossing the divide

Olivia Blair



ON SATURDAY

Forgive me for being a killjoy on the opening day of the season proper (apologies to non-Premiership clubs), but how blasé are we becoming? It was only four years ago that we were excited by John Jensen's £1.1m transfer from Bromley to Arsenal (well, some of us were). Yet on the eve of the 1996/97 season, not content with Vialli, Ravanelli, Emerson, Poborsky and Di Matteo (to name but a few), the back pages of the tabloids were unashamedly screaming: "Give us Cruyff!"



Chris Waddle reckons Arsène Wenger (above) and Arsenal are made for each other Photograph: Empics

Cruyff junior is already a Premiership player. However, that Cruyff senior will become a Premiership manager (at least for now) is about as unlikely as Alan Shearer failing to score this season. Instead it will be the Frenchman, Arsène Wenger, who will be Bruce Rioch's successor. The irony of Glenn Hoddle's former mentor becoming the next Arsenal manager has not been lost on fans either side of the north London divide (and may explain Arsenal fans' decidedly lukewarm reaction to the news). However in everything but name, Wenger appears far better suited to the post than Johan Cruyff. Chris Waddle, who played in many a gritty north London derby before moving to Marseille, where his side pipped Wenger's Monaco team to the French championship two seasons running, reckons Wenger and Arsenal are made for each other. "His teams were well-organised, well-disciplined, very hard to play against. His priority was not conceding goals, to get people back behind the ball. If the fans are expecting cavalier football forget it. He's a training ground perfectionist like George Graham."

Wenger won't find communication a problem (unlike his predecessor, whose lack of communication with the Arsenal board was apparently the reason for his sacking), he speaks at least four languages, including English, fluently. But it is ironic that as we plunder foreign shores, both for players and coaches, our two most successful national coaches have had to take their expertise elsewhere: Bobby Robson to Barcelona (via PSV, Sporting Lisbon and Porto) and Terry Venables (who

claimed no other English club wanted him after *Euro 96*) to, er, Portsmouth.

So what is it that makes us think foreign coaches will succeed where a home-grown coach won't? Do we have such an inferiority complex that we bow to what we assume is a foreigner's better judgement? "Wenger's a superb technical coach," we say parrot-fashion, because we know precious little else, except that his ideals fashioned the new England coach.

Most foreign coaches are more qualified than many of our former players who take up coaching posts. But psychologist Dr George Sik, whose new book, *I Think I'll Manage*, analyses the different management

styles of some of the game's leading gaffers, claims it is just a natural progression that the foreign coaches should follow the players to Britain. "Of course they have different ideas and techniques," he says, "but it's just as much the novelty value, a case of a change being as good as a rest."

Certainly a foreign coach may come unburdened with any preconceived ideas about certain teams and players, but that could as easily be a hindrance, say, if he fails to convey enough of a sense of urgency to his players in the games that really matter.

Foreign coaches in our games are nothing new. Successful foreign coaches are. The Czech, Dr Jozef Venglos, spent an instantly forgettable season at Aston Villa in 1990/91, while when

Ivan Golac took over from the autocratic Jim McLean at Dundee United, one player said it was like "walking out of Golditz and into Berlin". The Tannadice club did win their first trophy in 13 years under Golac but his motivational methods included taking the players for walks in the park to hear the birds sing. Golac's subsequent reign at Torquay was even less successful. The chairman said later: "We made him an offer he should have refused."

The Uruguayan, Danny Bergara, now assistant director of coaching at Darlington, says he had it easier than most when he became Rochdale's manager in 1988, because he spoke good English. "But when people say the game has a universal language,

nothing could be further from the truth. England is very different. It has one of the best leagues in the world, but the technique and traditions are so different, and I don't believe British players want to win enough: how come a country of 25 million people like Uruguay can win two World Cups and numerous South American Championships while Britain, with 55 million people and a lot more money, wins one World Cup - and that's it? For every Nick Faldo and Ian Woosnam, there are many more equally good golfers who come out of tiny Sweden. There's something lacking somewhere."

Bergara is not surprised that British clubs are welcoming foreign coaches, but thinks that those, like Rudi Gutli, who have already played in this country, stand a better chance of success. "I played at the highest levels in Spain and Uruguay, yet over here my name meant nothing and I couldn't get a work permit (in 1974). Coaching was my only option. My problem is that I am called Bergara, not Di Stefano."

But for every foreign coach in the British game, there is a Brit who goes abroad to try his luck. Robson aside, there is Roy Hodgson at Internazionale, John Toshack at Real Sociedad and Terry Yorath, now in charge of the Beirut national side. Some have to travel even further afield to gain the recognition denied them here. The former Lincoln and Scarborough manager, Steve Wickes, coaches the S-League side Woodlands Wellington in Singapore. Both his Football League managerial appointments in England floundered on disputes with the chairman; he says having a job "where you are coach and manager with no interference, in a country where the people are as football-crazy as any I have ever seen, is very exciting."

Brian Talbot, the former Arsenal and Ipswich midfielder, who had fruitless spells as manager of West Bromwich and non-League bound Aldershot ("I was banging my head against a brick wall for eight months"), took the Maltese Premier League side Hibernians to their first title in 13 years in 1994, and again in 1995. "Malta's been an education. Here I'm the coach, my responsibilities are just football. I have nothing to do with contracts, fixtures or bonuses. People look upon me going to Malta as a backward step, say I failed in England. But I didn't want to go back for any old job in some outpost."

At least Gutli and Wenger won't have the problems one well-known English manager had in Portugal. He could not understand why everyone got so upset whenever he shouted corner, until he discovered that in Portuguese "cora" is a female part of the anatomy...

Keegan happy to have Elliott back

Kevin Keegan yesterday celebrated the collapse of Robbie Elliott's move to Blackburn and revealed he was about to re-sign for Newcastle.

Blackburn pulled out, claiming there were question marks over the full-back's fitness, but Keegan believes Blackburn's loss is Newcastle's gain and said: "Robbie is going to re-sign here on a two-year deal. We've got to talk to his agent but it's virtually agreed."

Keegan criticised Blackburn's attempt to buy the £3.5m-rated Elliott on the cheap. "The so-called substantial offer Blackburn made us was £1m. It may be substantial for Blackburn but it's not for us."

"I would have thought the whole thing would have been disappointing for Robbie but he is coming back to a bigger club, that's for sure and I'm just delighted to have him back. I would have had to have sign another full-back to put John Beresford under pressure if Robbie had gone."

Keegan will put Elliott straight into his squad for today's opening Premiership match against Everton at Goodison Park.

Keegan will be forced to make at least one change from the side which beat Anderlecht in midweek because Faustino Asprilla is suspended, but David Batty, who did not train yesterday, is fit.

Brighton have been found guilty by an FA Disciplinary Commission of failure to control their crowd after trouble flared in April. An FA Disciplinary Committee yesterday met with the Brighton chief executive, David Bellotti, at the Goldstone Ground following the riot that led to Albion's home match against York City being abandoned on 27 April.

The Third Division club have had three championship points deducted and have also been ordered to play one match behind closed doors. Both penalties are suspended until the end of the coming 1996-97 season.

But they will be enforced, in full or in part, if there is any serious incidents of misconduct involving Brighton supporters either at home or away.



KEEGAN GAMBLLED £15M ON SHEARER. YOU CAN TOO FOR JUST A QUID!

Kevin reckons that £15m is a small price to pay to bring glory to Newcastle. You can place a spread bet from just \$1 on how many days it will take Shearer to score his first Premiership goal. We predict between 7 - 9 days. If you fancy it will be longer, you win your stake x each additional day (you can also bet on it being less than 7 days). The more it goes your way, the more you win (the reverse applies when you lose).

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Burns battles to field a side

Rupert Metcalf on the weekend action in Scotland's Premier Division

If the ones who are doubtful don't make it then I will have to call up the two young players," Burns said. "We are up against it, but I am sure the players that play will accept their responsibilities and I am looking for the supporters to really get behind us." Burns said. "If their favourites are not playing, they must back the ones who are out wearing the hoops."

Celtic have also announced that their scheduled friendly away to Sporting Lisbon on Portugal on 31 August has been postponed, as both clubs will have several players on international duty.

The champions, Rangers, head for the Kingdom of Fife to face Dunfermline Athletic. There will be a full house at East End Park to see Dunfermline's first game back in the top flight - last week's game against Hearts was postponed.

Dunfermline have waited four years for Premier Division football, and the First Division championship flag will be unfurled by their chairman, Roy Woodrow, before they meet Rangers.

"We had about 850 watching us play Stranraer in midweek," Dunfermline manager, Bert Paton, said yesterday. "Against Rangers there will be 18,300 inside East End Park, and that's what it's all about for me. There's nothing like a full house to inspire players."

Paul Gascoigne could be on the bench for Rangers. The England midfielder, who has had an Achilles injury, has not played since *Euro 96*, and he needs to prove his fitness of he is to have a chance of featuring in Glenn Hoddle's squad for next month's World Cup qualifier against Moldova.

Brian Laudrup, Joachim Björklund and Alex Cleland are also ready to return for Rangers, but their captain, Richard Gough, may be given

time to recover from a head injury sustained against Clydebank during the week.

Barry Levey is in line for his Premier Division debut for Hibernian at Dundee United, after scoring in the midweek Coca-Cola Cup win over Brechin following his move from St Mirren. Brian Welsh returns to Tannadice only 10 days after moving to Edinburgh while United look set to recall Owen Coyle, who came off the bench to score the winner against Stirling Albion on Tuesday.

Motherwell face a Fir Park test against their manager Alex McLeish's former club, Aberdeen. Mitchell van der Gaag could return after injury for the home side, but Chris McCart and John Hendry are ruled out. Aberdeen have their striker Billy Dodds back from suspension but Scott Booth and Stewart McKimmie are injured. Hearts entertain Kilmarnock at Tynecastle Park in their first Premier game of the season, with Jeremy Goss set to return and Darren Beckett likely to win a bench place.

may be only the second week of the Scottish League season, but the Celtic manager, Tommy Burns, is already facing an injury crisis.

Burns has no fewer than 10 top players on the treatment table as he prepares for today's Premier Division meeting with Raith Rovers in Glasgow and next Tuesday's UEFA Cup return leg against the Slovakian side, Kosice. Also, there is no sign of an early end to the problems, with Paul McStay and Phil O'Donnell likely to be out for some time.

Celtic face Raith today with McStay, O'Donnell, Paolo Di Gaudio, Alan Stubbs and two squad men, Stuart Gray and Mark Anthony, all definitely out. Those on the doubtful list are Brian O'Neill, Jackie McNamara, Morten Wieghorst and Andreas Thom. Burns has been forced to put teenagers John Paul McBride, a 17-year-old midfielder, and 18-year-old defender Paddy Kelly on standby for places on the bench against Raith.

"We have a few problems and

SPORT

Everybody has an assignment. They have one for when we don't have the ball and one for when we do. It is like the pieces in a clock

RUUD GULLIT ON CHELSEA'S THOUGHTFUL REVOLUTION

Page 24

FOOTBALL: The Premiership kicks off today but the arguments have already started. Phil Shaw reports

'Bitter' Houston speaks his mind

This time last year, the sense of expectation surrounding Arsenal was almost tangible. Today they launch a new campaign at home to West Ham against a backdrop of unrest which yesterday prompted Stewart Houston, their caretaker manager, to bemoan the "bitter taste" left by Bruce Rioch's sacking.

Houston, who also held the fort following George Graham's dismissal 17 months ago, will oversee first-team matters for five weeks until Rioch's probable successor, the former Monaco coach Arsène Wenger, is free from his commitments in Japan. However, it is clear he does not regard his duties as preventing him from speaking out.

"Of course loyalties have been stretched," Houston said. "I've lost another good friend - two, really, because Steve Burtenshaw, our chief scout, has also gone this week. But what else can I do but get on with it? "There's a lot of bitter taste around when something like this happens to a man you like and respect. People on the outside couldn't see it perhaps, but he [Rioch] was a very caring person who looked after his players and staff and was always very approachable."

Rioch's coup in bringing Dennis Bergkamp from Internazionale to Highbury 12 months ago was seen as the ultimate in transfers from Italy to England. Now another Dutchman, Ruud Gullit, has gone a step further.

In years to come, people may look back on this weekend as a turning point. Will it be remembered as when the first wave of Italians arrived, captivating crowds and changing the game here forever? Or as a cultural mis-match in which a few Serie A stars briefly had their way with the Premiership - in the mercenary position - before the money ran out?

Chelsea's captures, Gianluca Vialli and Roberto Di Matteo, must wait until tomorrow before discovering the realities of the British game at Southampton. Lying in wait amid The Dell's cramped confines will be a team of hungry journeymen (plus Matthew Le Tissier) now under Graeme Souness, whose friendship with Vialli at Sampdoria will not temper the tackling.

Grafting foreign flair on to an average side did not work for Middlesbrough when they went Brazilian. Undaunted, Bryan Robson takes the wraps off his own Italian, Fabrizio Ravanelli, against Liverpool, 10 years



after Boro kicked off before 3,690 diehards at Highbury when the Receiver padlocked Ayresome Park.

There are no Italians at Manchester United, Newcastle and Liverpool, the trio likely to dominate again, although all now have a Czech. The double winners might have hoped for an easier start than Wimbledon away. Joe Kinnear's gang will not stand on ceremony, making Eric Cantona's return to Sel-

hurst Park a test of temperament and his suitability as captain.

Newcastle face an equally arduous task at Everton, where Duncan Ferguson is capable of giving their suspect defence a torrid time. Clubs seeking a striker will be studying Kevin Keegan's line-up to see whether he pairs Les Ferdinand with Alan Shearer. "We're still one of the division's best away sides, are beaten. What should work in Harford's favour is a de-

History suggests that Rioch's exit will be followed by others by autumn, with Ray Harford and Howard Wilkinson under particular pressure. Harford found the switch from coach to manager awkward last season - now he is cast as the man who sold Shearer. His failure to sign a replacement will count against him unless Tottenham, one of the division's best away sides, are beaten. What should work in Harford's favour is a de-

sire, sure to be manifested in the performance of Colin Hendry, to prove that Blackburn are more than a one-man team. Wilkinson, whose sale of Gary McAllister was also largely out of his hands, must hope for a similar response from his Leeds players at promoted Derby. Those who like to see the ball sprayed around in the manner of McAllister will look to Aljosa Asanovic, Derby's £900,000 Croatian, who could be a can-

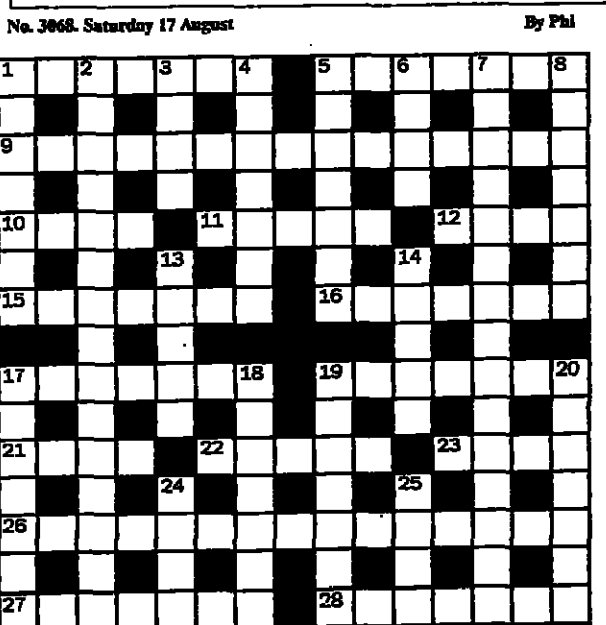
didate for snip of the summer. The weekend's losers can console themselves that first-day results are often poor pointers to long-term prospects. After Manchester United's 3-1 defeat at Aston Villa last August (as Newcastle were keeping a clean sheet), Alan Hansen decreed: "You win nothing with kids." Perhaps, in the rush to judgement, some bold pundit will shortly be substituting "Italians" for "kids".



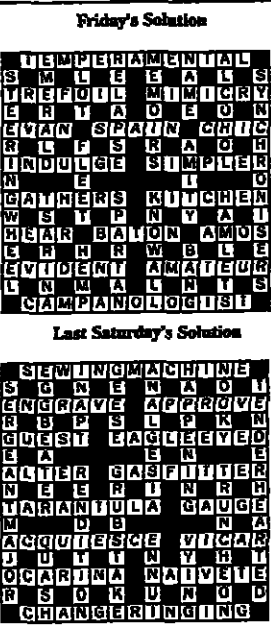
Fabrizio Ravanelli, Middlesbrough's import from Italy's Serie A, keeps a young fan happy at the Riverside Stadium yesterday. Photograph: Victoria Mather

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

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 - Boozy night - see men for it, ultimately? (3, 7, 5)
 - Soft drink has you looking ill (4)
 - Fruit is on the ground round base of stem (5)
 - Family left in prison (4)
 - Can Hertfordshire town produce metal goods? (7)
 - Detectives apprehending Prince returned about item of regalia (7)
 - Aerial transport being mostly seen in take-off (3-4)
 - Tuscans ruined part of mass (7)
 - Students with zero input by lecturer take it easy (4)
 - Resting-place for travellers in a remote location (5)
- DOWN**
- Man, say, one hidden in passage (4)
 - Any teeth sliding out of place? You should have listened to me? (6, 9)
 - Attached to room is a little space - use it carelessly (2, 5)
 - Half of wealth boy acquired from act of betrayal (7)
 - Fluttering, it's caught by father - end of insect (3-5)
 - Bits of Scottish rock formed from all the sands in the borders of Scotland (8, 7)
 - Lout to show disapproval of Queen (4)
 - Solid information given to United in Spain (7)
 - Dark, except in the circumstances that will follow onset of starshine (7)



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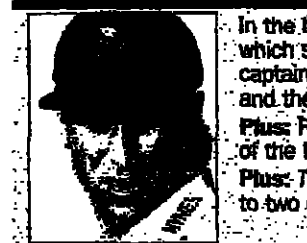
The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday win a Franklin Bookman French Professor worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was Mr R. Caton, Northampton.

European Cup place for finishing second

England have been told they can enter two clubs in the European Cup from the 1997-98 season after Uefa decided to go ahead with controversial plans to expand their flagship competition. The deal for eight of Europe's leading football nations means that this season's Premiership runners-up could have consolation in the Champions League. They will have to take part in a pre-qualifying match next August for the right to take their place in the lucrative round-robin competition, which will be extended from 16 to 24 clubs. The move has angered purists who believe the Champions League should remain the exclusive preserve of exactly that: champions. But the Football Association, represented by the chairman, Keith Winstanley, the chief executive, Graham Kelly, and accompanied by Rick Parry, the Premiership chief, at the meeting of European Football's governing body in Zurich, support the change. The proposal has the full backing of the FA and the FA

Premier League and they were all pleased with the outcome of the day's talks," said an FA spokesman. As part of the Uefa shake-up, winners of all domestic leagues will once again be invited to enter the European Cup, which is good news for the likes of the League of Wales, whose champions have recently had to settle for a Uefa Cup berth. Glenn Hoddie, the England coach, has expressed delight at Ray Clemence's decision to accept the role of specialist goal-keeping coach to the national team. Hoddie said: "I'm delighted to have somebody of his coaching and management experience to join my set-up - it's a major coup. "Ray is somebody who I have both played with and known for many years. He's done so much in football and I'm delighted he will be joining us on a full-time basis." The 48-year-old former Liverpool and Tottenham goalkeeper, who has quit as manager of Barnet, succeeds Mike Kelly in the England role. However, like Under-21 boss Peter Taylor, Clemence has taken the job on a full-time basis and will have wider duties in the new regime. With John Gorman as his assistant, the new England boss now has the nucleus of his staff for the opening World Cup qualifier in Moldova on 1 September - he will name his squad in six days' time after just two rounds of Premiership matches. Terry Venables' right-hand man, Bryan Robson, has stepped down, while the veteran coach Don Howe remains with the FA as technical co-ordinator but is no longer expected to play a part on the England scene. Clemence, the first goalkeeper to captain his country (against Brazil in 1981), would have probably had a century of caps had it not been for the presence of his great rival Peter Shilton, who won the bulk of his 125 caps in Clemence's time. As a club player, he swept the board of honours with the great Liverpool sides of the 1970s before moving to Tottenham in 1982.

IN MONDAY'S 24-PAGE SPORTS SECTION



In the build-up to the third and final Test against Pakistan at The Oval, which starts on Thursday, Michael Atherton, the England cricket captain, talks to Derek Pringle about his end of England's summer and the end of the Highbury era. Plus: Reports from every match on the first weekend of the FA Carling Premiership. Plus: That Was The Weekend That Was, our alternative guide to two days of football action.

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

Frank Williams prefers his drivers to race, and neither need worry any quarter. So Ray Brundage and Damon Hill and Jacques Villeneuve do not drive him one another over the next four races - as Jenson Button and Alain Prost once did while team-mates at McLaren. Williams will maintain his dominance. After all, his eighth Constructors' Championship is already in the bag. David Bruns reveals the inside story of the private duel that is the Formula One world championship and discovers why Damon Hill is suffering gloom on the start line. Plus: Ian Ridley gives the lowdown on the Highbury crisis; Nick Knight, one of England's cricket heroes at Highbury looks forward to the Test and John Collins talks to Andrew Cadogan, the potential answer to a striking problem.

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